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AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1903, TO JUNE, 1903

VOLUME XLIX

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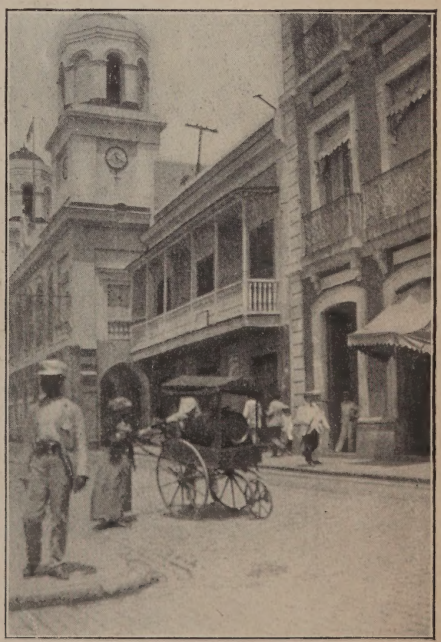
A VENEZUELAN SOLDIER.

BIRD MARKET IN CARACAS.

GEN. FERRO'S CHILDREN BEING SENT OUT OF VENEZUELA BECAUSE THEIR FATHER WAS IN FAVOR OF GEN. MATOS AND THE REVOLUTION.



A STREET IN CARACAS.

See page 77.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. JANUARY, 1903. No. 1

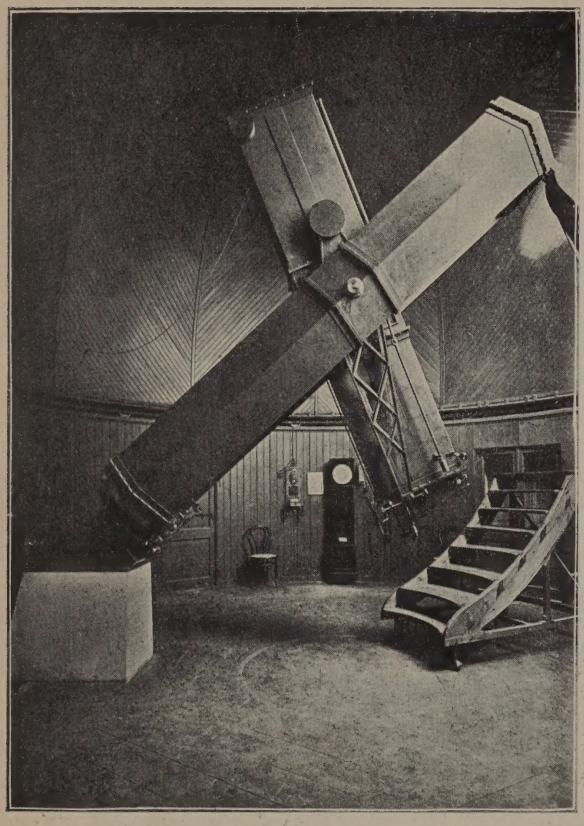
THE LEONINE TOWER.

THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

BY REV. JAMES J. BAXTER, D. D.

On the 14th of March, 1891, Pope Leo XIII issued an important official document concerning the restoration and the improvement of the Vatican Astronomical Observatory. It reads substantially as follows:

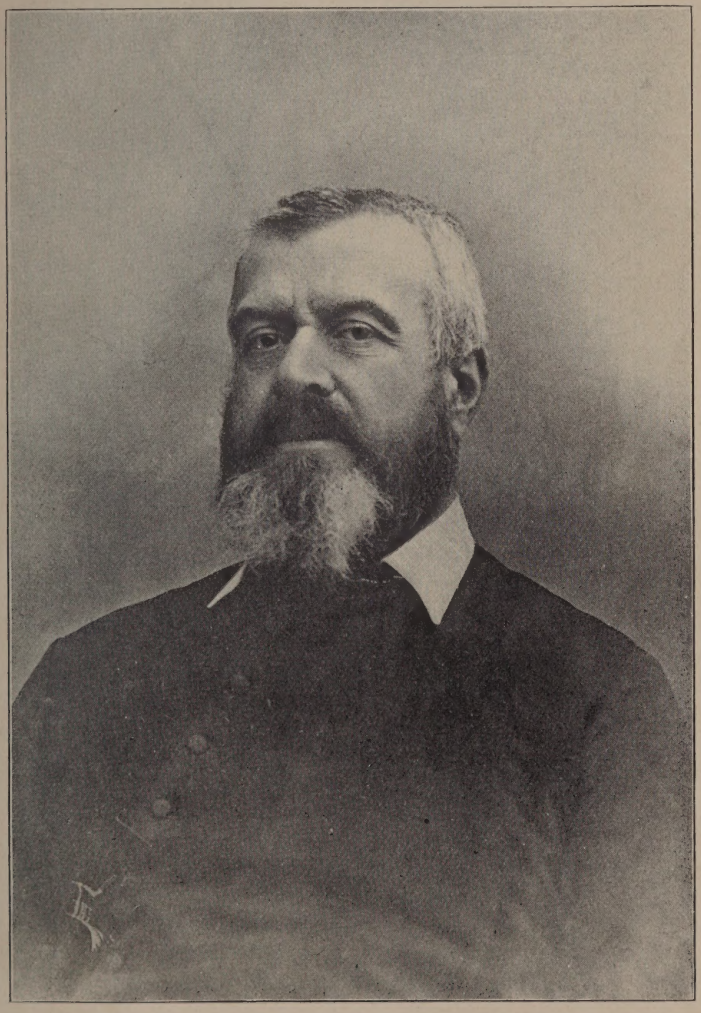
"It has been customary for her enemies to try to arouse popular contempt and hatred against the Church of Christ by representing her as the enemy of scientific progress. The charge is calumnious, and finds its best refutation in the Church's immemorial teaching and practice. While ever active in her own peculiar sphere of theological research, she has so assiduously concerned herself with the co-ordinate sciences that all that is now best in Philosophy and Jurisprudence is due to her, and far-reaching has been her influence on social and economic prob-



PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUATORIAL IN THE LEONINE TOWER.

lems. Nor has she overlooked the natural sciences, especially Astronomy, so calculated by its very nature to turn men's minds to God. The Tridentine Fathers, desiring to settle once for all the dates of the Church's various solemnities, petitioned Pope Gregory XIII to appoint a commission for the reformation of the Julian calendar. Accordingly, Gregory summoned to Rome the leading scientists of that day (A. D. 1582), built them an observatory adjoining the Vatican, and equipped it with the best instruments then procurable. This tower still stands, and within it on the marble floor may still be seen the meridian line constructed by the illustrious Ignatius Danti, and also the small aperture in the roof admitting the tiny sunbeam which enabled him to demonstrate the defects of the Julian and the exactness of the Gregorian calendar. On the adjournment of the commission, the tower was abandoned, but, toward the close of the 18th century, it was by Pius VI restored to its original use, and work was resumed under the direction of Monsignor Philip Giglio. After the death of Giglio, in 1821, the observatory again fell into disuse, a result due partly to the death of Pius VII, and partly to the fact that his successor, Leo XII, was wholly occupied with the introduction of a new system into the schools of the Pontificial States, in which system, nevertheless, ample provision was made for the study of Astronomy. Besides, the old tower, called the Gregorian Tower, was so near the Vatican Palace and the Basilica of St. Peter as to be almost overshadowed by them, and hence, when at a later date other observatories were to be erected in Rome, different sites were chosen. These latter have been confiscated and are now held by the Italian Government. On the occasion, however, of Our Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee, there was presented to Us, among other things, a valuable collection of astronomical instruments, and with these as a nucleus We caused the ancient observatory to be magnificently equipped and restored to its original purpose. Another tower also, part of the garden wall farthest from the Vatican Palace and Basilica and situated on the

extreme summit of the Vatican Hill, We ordered to be converted into a supplementary observatory, and thither We caused to be transferred the great instrument called the Equatorial. Fr. Francis celestial photography. The Vatican Astronomical Association was founded and by Us liberally endowed, and everything has been done to put the Institute for all time on a level with the many other Ponti-



REV. JOSEPH LAIS, DIRECTOR VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

Denza, a Barnabite, was by Us placed in charge of the entire Institute with particular direction as to the necessity of devoting himself assiduously to the art of fical institutions of learning, and the other great observatories of the world."

For the sake of clearness and order, it may not be amiss to divide our disserta-

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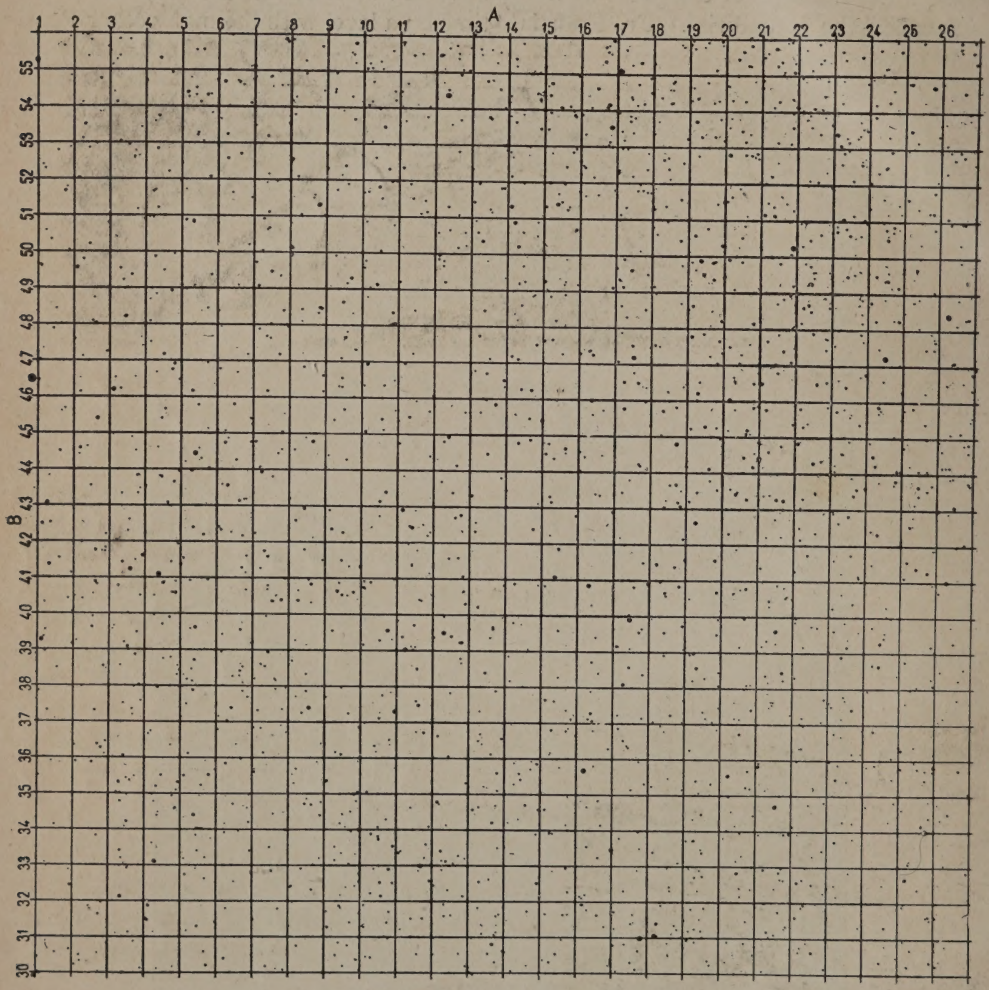


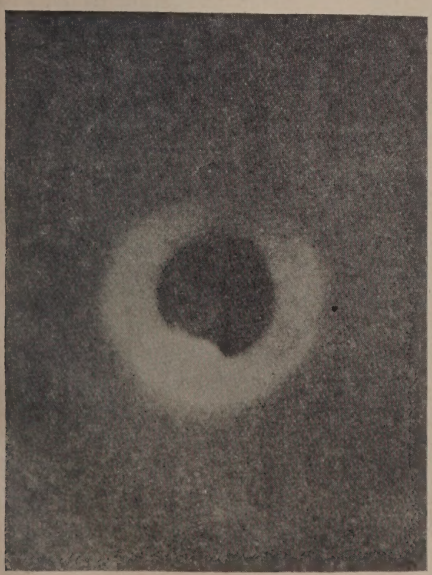
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEAVENS. BY FATHER LAIS.

tion on the Vatican Observatory into three parts, under the headings, *where? who?* and *what?*

First of all, then, *where* is this important scientific work being done? As we have seen from the foregoing document, the first observatory, the Gregorian Tower, was erected by Gregory XIII on a wing of the Vatican library, in 1582. Above, also, are related the various and numerous vicissitudes through which the Gregorian Observatory subsequently passed. About the time, however, of the Papal Jubilee and Vatican Exposition of 1888, things began to take on a more definite and permanent shape. Prof.

Hicks of London, builder of astronomical instruments, had presented the Holy Father with a rare collection, and with these the Gregorian Tower was forthwith furnished and thenceforth given over exclusively to the meteorological department of the Institute. This tower is a lofty and massive building, comprising some twenty spacious apartments adorned with magnificent frescoes. Here the director lives, and here too is the Observatory library made up from correspondence and exchange with Institutes and Societies national and foreign. The size and value of this library today may be conjectured from the fact that one year after its inception it counted 2,248 vols. and 680 records. In the "Calendar Room," as it is called, no change or innovation is allowed. The meridian line of Ignatius Danti still divides the floor, and the small aperture in the roof still admits the tiny ray with which the great Dominican in 1582 was able to show the defects of the Julian calendar and the exactness of the new system thought out by his learned colleague, Louis Lilio of Calabria. In the Calendar Room are held the weekly meetings of the Vatican Astronomical Association. Adjoining the Gregorian Tower is a suite of apartments containing the heliograph and its appurtenances, instruments used in photographing the sun; and on a lower level in the Vatican Gardens is another station for meteorological observations.

STATION IN RUSSIA FROM WHICH THE ECLIPSE WAS OBSERVED.



SOLAR ECLIPSE.

The astrophysical department occupies the famous Leonine Tower on the highest point of the Vatican Hill. This tower was constructed by St. Leo III, A.D. 848, as a fortress against the Saracens, and is really a part of the old Roman wall which now forms the northern boundary of the Vatican Gardens. It is an imposing mass of masonry, 328 feet above the sea level, solid beyond all possibility of vibration, and with walls having a thickness

at the base of no less than fifteen feet. Its interior, with a diameter of sixty feet, is divided into three stories, the highest being the revolving cupola of the Observatory. It stands fully a quarter of a mile from the Gregorian Tower, and from its summit as from nowhere else an unrivaled view of Rome can be obtained and a fuller realization of the stupendousness of St. Peter's. It commands an horizon with a radius of about thirty miles. Its latitude is 41d. 54m. 04s., and its longitude from Greenwich Ob. 49m. 47.7s. The two lower stories are devoted to researches in terrestrial magnetism and seismology, while the top floor or cupola is set apart for celestial photography. The principal instruments in this cupola for photographing the heavens are as follows:

1. A photographic equatorial with an aperture of thirteen inches and a focal distance of eleven feet. It is achromatized for chemical rays and furnished with a lens of eight inches aperture.

2. A heliograph of five inch dimensions for photographing the sun. This instrument is equipped with a reflector and a Janssen blind by means of which can be made a picture of the solar disc twelve inches in diameter.

3. A Henry macromicrometer, micrometrical to the thousandth part of a millimeter, for determining the position of the stars on the photographic charts. It is for this reason and purpose, also, that each chart is crossed by fine lines at right angles to one another.

4. An Amici object-lens, improved by Merz of Bavaria, and with a Merz micrometer.

5. Four excellent Dent astronomical pendulums, and a Kullberg cronometer.

6. A Hertel moving-machine.

7. Two telescopes of four inch diameter, one devoted to the study of the solar spots, and the other, on an equatorial mounting, for the lesser observations such as eclipses, etc.

THE NEBULA IN ORION.

From all this it may be gleaned that the Vatican Observatory is indeed an institution of some consequence, for whether we consider its commanding situation or its glorious past, or its present activity, or its superb equipment, we shall have reason to conclude that it ranks with the finest establishments of its kind in the world.

Secondly, *who* are the men in charge of the Vatican Observatory? First and foremost among those interested in its progress is

he, Leo XIII, to whose farsightedness and enthusiastic love for science, and magnificent generosity, are due both its resurrection from oblivion and its steady progress. Few branches of learning hold more attractions for him than the study of Astronomy, and few projects lie nearer his heart than this: to make the Specula Vaticana an observatory of the very first rank. In 1891 a medal was struck by the distinguished metallurgist, Bianchi, as a perpetual memorial of the patronage accorded the study of Astronomy by the venerable Pontiff, and a testimony for all time to his enthusiasm in the advancement of all the sciences. Not least, perhaps, among the designs of Providence in so wonderfully prolonging his career is the desire to afford this essentially superficial age an object-lesson in profundity, and at the same time to still the voice of calumny by bringing out into bold relief the natural and essential alliance between faith and science. Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, is president of the administrative council of the Observatory, but the Assistant Secretary of State, Cardinal Mocenni, ordinarily presides at the weekly meetings, and in general he is the Pope's official representative in the administrative work of the Institute. The working staff consists of eight persons, viz., a Director and Vice-Director; a Calculator and Measurer, each with his assistant; and two specialists in meteorological observation. Fr. Francis Denza, the first Director, died towards the close of 1894. His abilities and his industry as an astronomer may be inferred from the fact that in his day he was looked up-

THE GREGORIAN OBSERVATORY.

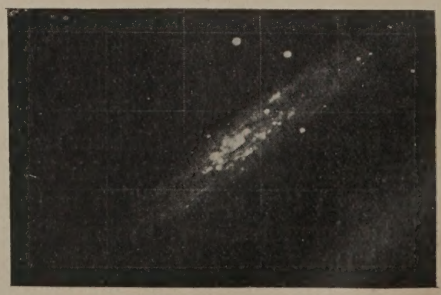
on as the famous Father Secchi's most formidable rival. He was the founder and director of the Italian Meteorological Society, and a member of many scientific associations at home and abroad. He was a profound mathematician, an inventor of no mean ability, a keen and patient observer, and a prolific writer; and altogether his death was a severe loss not only to his august friend and patron, Leo XIII, but to the whole scientific world.

Father Denza's assistant, Rev. Joseph Lais, succeeded him as Director, and still continues to fill that position with equal credit to himself and the institute he represents. By descent, birth, and education he is a Roman of the Romans. Born on the 14th of April, 1845, he in the course

NEBULA IN THE DOG STARS.

of time entered the Sapienza University for the study of philosophy and mathematics, and after a career crowned with the highest honors, he was graduated in 1870 with the degree of a civil engineer. Subsequently he joined the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, was ordained priest, became academic professor in the Urban College of the Propaganda, and an assiduous though unpaid assistant in the Observatory of the Roman College. A protégé of the illustrious Father Angelo Secchi, he had the entrê of that ancient observatory during the experiments in stellar and solar physics and spectrum analysis there instituted and carried on by the famous Jesuit, and on one occasion (March 7th, 1871) while engaged on drawings of the sun's spots and proturberances, he had good fortune to be the first witness who, independently of an eclipse, beheld the Frannhofer lines at the base of a great solar protuberance change from dark to luminous, the solar stratum itself being thus revealed by the upheaval and turn-over. This spectacle, so rare outside the time of an eclipse, had been long and vainly sought after both by Prof. Deslandres of the Mendon Observatory, Paris, and by Prof. George Hale of the Yerkes Observatory.

On the 6th of Dec., 1882, during the passage of Venus across the sun, Father Lais discovered the faint luminous ring which encircles her, and in 1884 he examined with the spectroscope the lines of absorption produced by the celebrated red crepuscules which resulted from the pulverization of the extremely subtile matter which filled the terrestrial atmosphere after the eruption of the volcano Krakatoa in the Island of Sunda. Since then Father Lais has taken part in all the observations of falling stars and solar and lunar eclipses which have been effected in the Roman College and Vatican Observatories. In 1882 he was a promoter of the celebrations in honor of the third Centenary of the correction of the Gregorian Calendar, and in 1900 he pointed out the perfections of that calendar in an article published by the Academy of Sciences, Paris. He was a member of the expedition to Russia organized by Leo XIII for the study of the total eclipse of the sun of August 19th, 1887,—an expedition whose object was unfortunately defeated by an overcast sky. From the very inception of the



NEBULA IN THE WHALE.

Vatican Observatory Father Lais worked (gratuitously) with Father Denza, as his Vice-Director, having been called to that post in 1889. On the death of Father Denza in 1894, he became and continued provisional Director up to the 10th of December, 1898, and in the discharge of the duties of this office he took part in the International Reunion for the Mapping of the Heavens, held at Paris in 1896, and he also directed the publication of the fifth volume of the Observatory's records. His special attention is now centered on preparing a chart of the Heavens, and in this work he is ably seconded by his assistant, Eng. Frederick Mannucci. The examination of the photographic plates is a work replete with surprises; there even appeared, for instance, the track of a small planet which the Observatory of Kiel had registered in its Astronomical Journal No. 3,795, with the annotation 1900. *I C.* From the labors of Father Lais several photographs splendidly executed have already appeared, such as The Great Nebula of Orion, The Nebula of the Whale, The Spiral Nebula of the Dog-Stars, and the first three proofs of the celestial chart. Nor has the study of meteorology been neglected by him; on the contrary he has already published an introductory work on "The Hurricanes of the Roman Climate,"—a work quoted by Prof. Ragona of Modena in his monograph entitled, "Annual Variations of Temperature in Italy," and by Father Ferrari, in his "Italian Meteorology." It was Father Lais who furnished the meteorological instruments with which the Italian missionary, Father Bricco, was enabled to equip his station at Ho-Nan in China. Father Lais is an honorary member of the Pontifical Academy of Archaeology, and a member of the Pontifical Academy of New Observatories, of the Italian Meteorological and Geological Societies, and of the Arcadian and Tiberine Academies. Of his other writings, thirty-four papers are incorporated in the Acts and Memoirs of the Pontifical Academy of New Observatories; six others are found in the Monthly Bulletin of the Italian Meteorological Society; and eighteen more on various subjects have been separately published.

Our third and last query: *What* has been, and what is being, accomplished by the Vatican Observatory? is partially answered in the foregoing sketch of Fathers Denza and Lais, and although much more might be written on this point, our space will admit of but a passing reference. The importance of this institution in the scientific world may be learned from the fact that it exchanges reports with over 300 Astronomical Observatories, and is in constant correspondence with 122 Italian, and 259 foreign Institutes and Societies. Its own astronomic and physical records, enriched with numerous photographic and lithographic views, have been published in six volumes entitled, "Publications of the Vatican Observatory," bearing the dates 1891-93-94-98 and 1902 respectively. These volumes comprise the results of much valuable work in photographing the moon and planets, comets, nebulae and stellar spectra; and of the clouds also have been made many pictures of deep interest and great value to meteorologists. The event of greatest importance immediately connected with the Vatican Observatory must ever be, of course, the substitution of the Gregorian for the Julian Calendar, for thereby a revolution was accomplished in the method of computing the flight of time for all ages and for practically the whole civilized world. But the Church's task did not end with the introduction of the new calendar; hardly had it been adopted when attempts were made to

show that it fell short of the end in view, and these attacks have been ever since periodically renewed. The most recent charges of inexactitude were instituted against it by Sir Beckett Denison, now Lord Grimthorps, and Prof. Glasenapp, President of the Commission for the revision of the Russian Calendar. Under date of July 2nd, 1900, the French Academy of Science published a brochure by Father Lais, in which he learnedly and successfully defended the Gregorian system, and exposed the shortcomings of the spacious but radically defective method proposed as a substitute by the above-mentioned experts.

But the great work to which the Vatican Observatory has devoted its best efforts and which, in fact, has been its specialty from the beginning, is that of photographing the heavenly bodies. That Father Lais took such a prominent part in the Russian expedition for the observation and photographing of the total solar eclipse of Aug. 19, 1887, will not be wondered at when we remember that his official predecessors were the pioneers in just this species of work. Mr. Rayet, speaking of this matter, says: "The first photographs of total eclipses, really good and showing the protuberances and the coronae with precision, were obtained in Spain by Mr. Varren de la Rue and Father Secchi, and the writings of these two astronomers on this subject are still classics and may be consulted with advantage." The records of that expedition were published by Father Lais in 1888, in a pamphlet on "Solar Photography in its Relation to the Eclipse of Aug. 19, 1887," together with a fine photograph of the eclipse itself and a picture of his temporary astronomical station in Central Russia. In 1887 also, the International Convention of Astronomers, held at Paris, resolved to make a chart of the entire stellar sphere, and accordingly the work was portioned out among the eighteen foremost observatories of the world. The number of photographs to be taken was at least 40,000; for each station was directed to make a double series of pictures—one for the chart and the other for a new catalogue of the stars. To each observatory its own particular zone of the heavens was assigned, and thus the labor of each was greater or less in proportion to its distance from its neighbors. The Vatican zone lies between 55° and 64° north declination, and in this zone 1040 most excellent photographs were taken. The time of exposure differs according to the atmospheric conditions and the objects; in the plates for the new catalogue of the stars, none less than those of the eleventh magnitude are taken account of, and hence 5 or 6-minute exposures suffice; in the plates for the chart, however, even stars of the fourteenth magnitude will figure, and hence the need of exposure of one or two hours duration. The plates are six inches square and specially prepared for the purpose. Some of the other photographs taken by Father Lais, such as those of the above-mentioned nebulae, required a total exposure of from ten to nineteen hours. Night after night, therefore, the operator must lie in his reclining chair, his eye at the ocular of the equatorial and his hand either steadying the clock-work revolving machinery or controlling the right ascension and declination lever. It is a work that calls for great patience, mighty powers of concentration and infinite enthusiasm, but when carried on in the Leonine Tower it is attended with at least this advantage, that it has overhead the astronomer's greatest boon—the proverbial blue skies of Italy. As I take a parting glance at the Leonine Tower, I cannot but think what a figure

it is of its creator and patron, the present Leonine Pontiff,—of his strength and enduring defiance of time, of his lofty purpose, deep penetration, and wide range of vision. To my mind, the old circular Tower with its recent equipment is the wedding-ring of immemorial conservatism and modern progress; of faith and knowledge; of the Science of the world and the Religion of God.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Thou know'st not what is best,
Then be thou e'er content
To let thy wishes rest
With that which God hath sent;
He knows thy work and place,
He holds thee in His care,
And gives, with helpful grace,
Not more than thou canst bear!

The future, all unseen,
Is His, and sweet 'twill be
Upon His strength to lean
When sorrows come to thee;
Then do thou not complain,
Or deem thyself alone,
One Heart absorbs all pain,
One Love is still thine own!

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"There's nothing interesting in that," said Jennings, slowly, "it's extraordinarily commonplace."

"Is that true? It's most unfortunate," said Walford, roused to keen interest. "I knew Ralph Somers well, and I met his sister, years ago. She came to one of the college commencements."

"Was she really beautiful?" asked Kate.

"Everyone said so."

"If I were pretty I believe I could be pious," said the girl, meditatively, looking straight at the fire. The flames shone full on her. Her features were large and heavy, but she was redeemed from actual ugliness by her white teeth, and by the roguishness in her small grey eyes. "Don't try to compliment me," she added quickly as Jennings took his pipe from his mouth. "I know my own deficiencies too well to be contradicted. Occasionally I like to explain my lack of fervor. Tonight I feel virtuous, for I have been sewing for the heathen while my brother slowly sheds his buttons one by one. I would like to go on with my story if I won't be interrupted. I haven't told the extraordinary part as yet."

"Well, go on," said Jennings, encouragingly.

"This comes straight from Miss Melinda Tibbs and, since Miss Melinda Tibbs is a pillar of the church, I suppose it must be true."

"Go on," said Jennings again.

"She says Paul Hampden came to town two weeks ago and that he went to his wife and asked her to get a divorce from him."

"Well—" said Jennings.

"Well," repeated Kate, "doesn't that surprise you? Isn't that reversing the order of things?"

"Nothing surprises me," sighed Jennings. "I long for new sensations and I am always disappointed."

"But there is something more," said Kate, stopping to see if she could not rouse more interest before continuing.

Jennings smoked on calmly, Walford was silent; Kate's story had conjured up his college days, and the lusty flames of the fire brought bright pictures out of the past.

Ralph Somers's room in the grey, weather-beaten old dormitory came back to his memory, a room full of innocent implements of war—boxing gloves, tennis rackets, foils, bats, oars and limp foot-balls; while beneath them hung trophies of hard-won victories in the athletic field. He entered this room. It was a bright summer afternoon and there he found Ralph poring over a Greek book which had been lying neglected in a corner until it had grown hoary with dust. There was to be an examination next day and Ralph was trying to preserve himself from ignominious failure. He looked up when Walford stood directly over him and said,

"I sent for you, but I haven't time to talk. I've just had a letter from home; my sister and aunt are coming up commencement week—I want to get you to look out for them—see

about rooms and partners and things —I'm on a lot of committees and won't have time to breathe."

Walford accepted the mission with little enthusiasm. He was only an under-class man and he stood a little in awe of girls, but when Frances came she had met him with such frank friendliness that his fear vanished and he experienced a genuine satisfaction in looking after her comfort and her pleasure. Hitherto he had always seemed to stand so alone at commencement time; the other students all had mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, who flocked about them with a delightful feminine fussiness, and clung to them with a laudable dependence which charmed their budding masculine souls; while he had looked on and longed vaguely to have someone under his immediate protection, someone who had a claim upon his care. Commencement was a dreary day for him, for after the gayeties were over, he always returned to a deserted dormitory to spend the summer studying. His father had laid aside a small amount for his education and this limited bank account demanded hard work and admitted no vacations.

When Frances came, his attitude towards her was best described as fatherly. He was not used to girls and though she laughed at him for his dignified manner, she seemed to like him none the less on account of it. She confided to him her impressions, she talked of herself with a voluble school-girl egotism, and, though at times she apparently ignored him, she never seemed to be unmindful of his presence.

Truly the fire was playing strange tricks, the crackling of the logs sounded like the mocking echo of girlish laughter. Somewhere, far away, he seemed to hear familiar music—college songs. Through the mist of his memory some of the words floated back to him. Why those words? Then in the midst of the flames a lake was mirrored, the water was gold and crimson. Was it the reflection of the fire? or was the sun going down behind the hills to the westward? Frances was sitting in a boat with a guitar in her lap, and she had been singing. He had been rowing her about for hours. He wondered why he felt no sense of fatigue.

Then the sunlight changed to moonlight. He was standing on a wide veranda looking in a long window which led into a ball-room blazing with light. Frances was leading the German and he was watching her. Every now and then she was lost to him in the meaningless maze of the crowd. He did not know how to dance, it had always seemed to him a foolish pastime, but, with dutiful old-fashioned courtliness, he had escorted Frances to all the hops which were considered by some the main features of commencement week. With a blare of trumpets and pounding of drums the music stopped and Frances came to the window; a number of students trailed after her.

"I'm tired," she said, "I promised to sit out the next two dances with Mr. Walford."

The students remonstrated. He was silent and she led him away to the edge of the piazza, and, giving a sudden little jump, she perched herself on the wide railing and leaned against the vine-twisted pillar. Her white satin shimmered in the moonlight. What a

breath of jasmine! Was the face in the dark green vines real or was it a fantasy? a bloom of the jasmine flower, purer than the rest? Why was it so still when the wind was rustling the leaves on the trees to a world-old melody?

At last she spoke. The voice was very human. "You are angry with me?" she said.

"Angry?" he repeated, rousing himself.

"You think I told a story to those other students about the dance? I did. I had promised you nothing. You never asked, you know."

"You ought not to have told them so then," he said. He was very blunt, and he had never hesitated to show his disapproval of falsehood. "I'm sorry you didn't tell them the truth."

She was half-angry, but her moods were short-lived and he made his peace in his slow blundering way. They spent a happy hour talking like boy and girl together—there was nothing sentimental in their attitude. She was to be married in the fall, and she had told him so frankly. He had never thought of love or marriage even as remote possibilities. His whole theological course lay before him—that was of paramount importance. He had no time for the romances in which the other students indulged.

There was work in the world for him—work amid the drones. The stern spirit of his Puritan forefathers had claimed him in his cradle, and goaded him onward through boyhood with a sense of ceaseless duty unperformed. Life to him did not stand for ease, for rest, for pleasure. Why had immortality been breathed into senseless clay if man's mission was to be ineffectual? He was animated by no self-conceit, but he had a firm faith in his God-given powers of intellect and soul. As long as he had courage to labor the world had need of his individual energies. He cared for neither recognition nor praise; he was totally devoid of personal ambition, but he longed for power—a power which might not be seen, but which would be felt like a strong current in a turbulent stream.

These were his day dreams, so that when Frances passed, smiling, out of his life, he felt only the vague regret that one feels at the approach of twilight of a happy summer's day. In the years that had followed, engrossed in his books, he had had little time for women's society. Even this boyish memory of one had been almost forgotten until tonight. Occasionally he had wondered, idly, what her life had been, and in his correspondence with Ralph, which had been carried on fitfully ever since he left college, he had asked, conventionally, for news of her. But the answers to his questions were short and unsatisfactory. Now that he had heard Kate's story he understood.

The pictures in the fire were obscured. Kate was talking, her voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"What—what was that you said?" he asked half-dreamily.

"Do you hear that," said Kate, turning to Jennings. "Do you hear a model of the ministry encouraging scandal. Oh, if we lived in the days of our unsatisfactory ancestors I would have my tongue bored through and Charles would sit in the stocks for this."

"Your unsatisfactory ancestors," repeated Jennings. "Why, I find my ancestors my most satisfactory relatives. They are all dead you know."

Kate laughed again.

"Well my ancestors were not satisfactory because they are responsible for many things; they spent all their money on meeting-houses and monuments, and so we live in a state of pious poverty. That's what Charles will always do, for he gave me all the money father left. Did I ever tell you that?"

"The sum was too small to be divided," said Walford hastily. "How you two go on—Kate starts to tell a story, stops in the middle and returns to ancient history. I am too slow to follow you. I believe in natural sequence."

"Well, I'll begin again," said Kate, obligingly.

"Please don't," objected Jennings. "Everyone in town is talking about Paul Hampden's return. You were on the point of telling us the extraordinary part when you rudely interrupted yourself."

"Well, then," said Kate, "she refused him."

"Who refused what?" asked Jennings.

"Mrs. Hampden refused to get the divorce in spite of the fact that her husband asked her to, and when one considers that that same husband spent her fortune, deserted her, left her to support herself and her child for the last three years—"

"But why?" interrupted Walford. "Why did she refuse?"

"Women are inexplicable," said Jennings looking calmly at Kate. "Rascals usually command respect from some one. Perhaps she loved him."

"No she does not," said Kate, emphatically. "It's religion with her—she's a Papist."

"An interesting convert," said Jennings, indifferently, turning to Walford. "And the source of your information, Miss Kate?"

"Well, I heard it at the sewing circle. They heard it from someone who heard it from Mrs. Hampden's house-maid, who heard it through the key hole."

"Then I don't believe it," said Walford. "How can you listen to such stories, Kate?"

Kate fixed her laughing eyes on Jennings. "Now listen to that—the same old story of Adam—Adam—Adam," she said.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING.

Miss Melinda Tibbs was late for church. Everything had gone wrong with her from the instant she had opened her dull blue eyes and looked out at the square of sky that showed above the chintz sash curtain. To begin with it was raining, and Miss Melinda had hoped for this opportune day to show off her new bonnet; then, she discovered that the cook had not come to kindle a blaze in her small air-tight stove. The room was very cold and as Miss Melinda tested the temperature with her toes she half feared to get up, dreading an attack of rheumatism. But in view of the fact that she was alone in the house and that her one domestic had failed her, she had to arise finally to procure some breakfast.

Miss Melinda knew little about cookery. She had never had a taste for this particular housewifely virtue

and it had never been demanded of her; for though the main part of her fortune had flown from her with the abolition of slavery, she still had a comfortable competence, and she had always considered a cook one of the necessary evils of life with which a born lady could not dispense. This morning, as a matter of course, the breakfast was a failure, and Miss Melinda found she had little appetite for the murky coffee and heavy bread which she had made with so much difficulty. She cleared up the remains, with precision and laboriousness; and, after straightening her bed-room, began to dress for church. But it took her some time to decide which dress of her limited wardrobe it would be wise to wear in such weather. If it had been an ordinary occasion she would have put her long rain cloak over her plainest black gown and thought no more about it, but she was going to church to see the new minister and hear him preach for the first time, and she did not want to appear shabby. At last she compromised by buttoning on a made-over silk, which was seeing its seventh season, and carefully covering this with her storm cloak, she drew on her rubbers and started out into the rain.

The grey sky showed no signs of clearing, the uneven streets were full of puddles and, in her haste, Miss Melinda waded through them, walking as fast as her bedraggled skirts would permit. She arrived at the church door an hour late, and giving her dripping umbrella to the sexton who stood, dry and smiling, just inside the vestibule, she pushed open the swinging green baize door and sank down, vexed and weary, in the last unoccupied seat. Her pew was near the front, but she was ashamed to traverse the whole length of the church when the services were about to be concluded. She comforted herself by thinking that she had shown an eagerness to hear her new pastor preach. He could not accuse her of a lack of interest and, perhaps, her dilatory advent would not be noticed. She would be seen coming out of church, and that would be undeniable proof that she was there.

In spite of the rain the church was crowded. The congregation had turned out in a body, animated more by curiosity than by religious enthusiasm. Walford stood before them, a striking figure in his cassock and embroidered surplice. His face was very pale, and the hand which held the notes of his sermon trembled a little as he rested it on the reading desk in front of him. This was the only mark of nervousness he showed at his first appearance before his parishioners. He knew they had come to sit in judgment upon him, he dreaded their criticism for he felt that his future power to work among them and with them depended largely upon this first impression, but he lost sight of one thing—the one thing that Kate, in her womanly pride in him, reckoned on before everything else,—and that was his imposing appearance. He was not a handsome man, but as he entered the chancel in his trailing black cassock and white surplice, which seemed to add to his great height, there was a flutter of wondering approbation, and when he turned towards the anxious congregation the earnestness of his face appealed to them even before he began to speak.

He thanked them for their warm

welcome; he spoke of the trustees' solicitude for his comfort; he told them he feared his ability to take the place of their old beloved pastor, but, with their assured co-operation, he could but try to further the spiritual and temporal needs of the parish. Then he opened his Bible at the gospel of the day, but the dimmed daylight shone so faintly through the stained glass windows that once or twice he had to rely upon his memory. The observing sexton disentangled himself from the umbrellas, and thoughtfully lighted the gas, and Walford began his sermon, reading most of it from notes upon his desk. It was plainly a plea for a higher form of ritualism. The disapproval of the conservative congregation grew more marked, but Walford, with his eyes fixed on his closely-written notes, was so engrossed in his subject that he was oblivious to their critical glances.

When Miss Melinda arrived he was concluding his discourse. The few sentences she caught were enough to astonish her, and give her a clue to the tenor of what had gone before. He was openly announcing his intention of introducing candles into the chancel, and Miss Melinda, knowing the opposition he would meet with on every side, leaned back against the pew and gasped for breath.

"I am asking for nothing new in our worship," he was saying,—"borrowing nothing that is not truly ours by right of inheritance, if we only care to claim our own. In the days when the early Christians sought refuge in the Catacombs tapers glowed upon the altars in these subterranean sanctuaries to light up the darkness, and to serve as well as emblems of faith and purity, and as a symbol of Him who was the Light of the World. And even when the conquering Church came forth from her long hiding-place and set up her altars in the light of day, she still clung to those forms and symbols so hallowed by associations with her persecuted past, and she placed them before the world as outward forms and speaking symbols to typify to her children—as well as to those who were still in darkness without her pale—her teachings and beliefs. And why should we cast these aside—as we have done—and as we have even cast aside the symbol of the cross. These are not—and they should not be allowed to be—the badge of another church alone. Are they not equally ours? Are we not the heirs of the Church of the Catacombs? And is not the cross the symbol of *our* redemption as well as of another's?"

He finished abruptly, and turning quickly left the chancel. The silence of the listening congregation was broken; there was a noise of many moving bodies, a clearing of throats, a coughing, and a swishing of damp cloaks as the people rose from their cushioned pews to sing the closing hymn. The singing was spiritless, and the "Amen" seemed a little hurried, amid the confused hum of whispering voices as the congregation crowded into the aisles. It was plain that the sermon was too astonishing not to demand immediate dissection. Many were in favor of remonstrating openly with the new rector, others suggested that this would be disrespectful and suggested an anonymous letter. All were agreed that his remarks smacked of Popery; someone proposed an examination into his orthodoxy. Miss Melinda longed to

join the critics, but she had thoughtlessly taken off her rubbers and one of them had disappeared, and before she succeeded in finding it nearly the whole of the congregation had passed her by. Mrs. Valkirk had stopped to assist in the search.

"I am anxious to see the minister," she said when Miss Melinda's feet were at last protected from the weather. "Will you wait with me in the vestibule? His sermon was not much to my liking, but I intend to invite him to dinner."

Miss Melinda was emphatic in her willingness.

"I had no idea he was so handsome," she said, in a half whisper, fearful lest the sexton should overhear. "I'm sorry I look such a fright, but it would have been madness to wear one's best clothes out in such weather." "It doesn't matter," said Mrs. Valkirk, enigmatically. "Why, it has stopped raining," she added in a surprised tone as they passed into the vestibule, "but it still looks threatening. I don't like rainy Sundays. No one wears her good clothes and, I must confess, I like to look at the bonnets when the sermon proves too long or dry."

"Well, I was very late this morning," said Miss Melinda, "but from what I heard of the sermon it must have been—surprising."

"It was—it was too surprising. I think I'll warn Mr. Walford that we are not as high as he is."

"Would you dare?" asked Miss Melinda, timidly. "He was sent direct from the bishop. I guess he knows what he's about."

The green baize door swung open and Walford appeared smiling. If he had not heard plainly what the ladies had been saying, he might have guessed from their guilty expressions that he was the subject of their conversation.

"Good morning," he said, holding out his hand to Mrs. Valkirk. "It is certainly gratifying to have so large a congregation on such a day."

Mrs. Valkirk recovered her equilibrium and presented Miss Melinda.

"I am so glad to meet you," he said warmly. "I have heard my sister speak of you."

"I'm sure that's most kind," tittered Miss Melinda. "Such a charming girl. I hope she will remain some time."

"As long as I do, I hope. I have been a lonely bachelor for so many years that it is a great comfort to have her with me."

Miss Melinda said "Of course." She knew the horrors of loneliness. She was an orphan, bereft of everyone. That was the reason she found so much comfort sewing for the heathen—"losing herself," she said.

Mrs. Valkirk broke in upon what threatened to be a mournful autobiography by inviting Walford and his sister to dine with her, "quite informally," on Wednesday. Walford accepted the invitation with apparent gratitude but with inward misgivings. He never felt quite sure of Kate; she had given him such a graphic description of the leader of the sewing circle that he feared she might refuse positively to be bored for a whole evening by this massive woman's platitudes, but he did not wish to express by a doubt any lack of appreciation for this first proffered hospitality.

"So good of you to come to us," murmured Mrs. Valkirk in her most impressive society manner. "Come

Melinda, we have detained Mr. Walford long enough."

"You are not detaining me," said Walford. "There are two questions I would like to ask you—I am sorry to say that they proved a distraction during the services. I understood from the Bishop that there was a very rough element in the congregation—the men from the mines. I did not see any of them in church today."

"I should hope not—the dirty creatures—," broke in Miss Melinda. "They go to the Romish church further down the street. Most of them are Poles."

"They are senseless creatures," spoke up Mrs. Valkirk, apparently apologizing for their deficiencies. "My husband brought them here,—he is one of the mine owners you know. They work so much cheaper than our English-speaking laborers."

"But they ought not to be allowed to do that," said Walford, meditatively. "That's too bad—too bad."

The two ladies looked dazed.

"Not if they want to?" asked Mrs. Valkirk.

For the moment Walford seemed oblivious of her presence.

"Those Poles are forcing down the scale of wages, which God knows are small enough—"

"I don't know anything about it," said Miss Melinda resignedly. "I only hope that they won't mine under my property. As long as they stay in the suburbs, a mile and a half away, I can stand them, but many a night I wake up trembling to think of the dynamite that may explode under me at any moment."

The young minister's face had lost its seriousness.

"I don't believe there is any danger of that," he said. "The other question I wanted to ask was—Where does Mr. Somers live? I thought of calling there this morning. I hear that he is failing very fast—I used to know him very well—we were at college together."

"He is not a religious man, I fear," sighed Miss Melinda. "The Somers used to be such devout church members, but now—"

"Now they need you," said Mrs. Valkirk, turning upon him a flattering smile. "Frances, the daughter,—well, I fear her troubles have weakened her reason, for she left the church altogether two years ago."

"Here she comes now," said Miss Melinda, who was standing at the head of the stone steps; "the Romish church is some distance down the street, no doubt she has been to their Mass."

Walford came close to Miss Melinda's side to gain her point of observation. He was curious to see what development the years had brought. As he stood there his indignation rose towards his two waiting parishioners whom he knew to be the most untiring gossips of the town, and his sympathy went out to this sensitive woman, the friend of his boyhood. What mortification she must suffer if she knew that her most sacred sorrows were prattled about the streets!

As she came towards him the shadows of the years lessened; to outward appearances she had not changed, the same girlish figure, the same vigorous grace to her walk—he could not see her face, clearly, for the broad brim of her grey felt hat shaded her eyes.

"If you will excuse me," he said, turning to Mrs. Valkirk, "I will go

speak to Mrs. Hampden, I am anxious about her brother," and bidding the ladies "good morning," he passed quickly down the wet, shining steps.

Miss Melinda had hoped, despairingly, that he would accompany her to the door of her neat maidenly abode; she had even planned resurrecting a certain wonderful old wine from the depths of the cellar and offering the young pastor some refreshment. When she found herself alone with Mrs. Valkirk, she could scarcely conceal her disappointment.

"I suppose it is his duty as a Christian to look after the sick," she said, as she saw Frances stop and hold out her hand to Walford with a look of real pleasure. "We might as well go home."

Mrs. Valkirk gathered her voluminous skirts about her, and together the two ladies picked their way over the puddles on the steps. As they passed, Frances bowed and smiled as cordially as was her habit, the minister lifted his hat, and with this slight mark of civility Miss Melinda had to be content.

"I knew you at once," Frances said, as soon as the first greetings were over. "Ralph was so delighted when he heard that you had been given the parsonage that he wanted me to write to you that very day and beg you to come to see us."

"I would have come at once," said Walford, "but I have been so busy getting settled. I have been cultivating the liberty of spirit of a pauper and I could have managed to carry all my belongings in a small trunk, but Kate, my sister, decided to bring all sorts of things with her, old furniture, pictures, bags, and boxes. We have had a hard time straightening them out."

"Then your sister has come with you? How delightful that is for us all! I would have called on her if I had known she was here."

Walford found himself studying Frances with a student's close scrutiny. She seemed so calm, even joyous, that the stories told of her unhappiness seemed preposterous, and yet as she talked there were notes of sadness in her tones that he did not remember, and then he noticed faint lines of suffering around the corners of her mouth; her eyes had grown more thoughtful; and when her thin lips closed they showed a firmer outline; otherwise she was unchanged.

"Kate would not have stood upon ceremony if she had not been so busy," said Walford. "I was just on the point of inquiring the way to your house. If you will allow me I will return with you now?"

"Why yes,—poor Ralph will be so glad to see you, and I confess I am curious to know you."

"To know me?" repeated Walford, thinking of that summer so many years ago.

"Well, perhaps I ought not to have put it so bluntly, but you know we can only claim a week's acquaintance and that was—oh! so many years ago—I can't remember—I never like to count the years. You were only an under class man—only a boy, and you were afraid of girls."

"Yes, I believe I stood in holy awe of them," he laughed.

"Yes, Ralph told me that, and I thought it was so funny for a man so tall and big as you were to be afraid of anything, and I said so. You see I didn't take very subtle views in those days. And because you were silent and

reserved I thought you were stupid and dull and I believe I said that too—"

"Not to me," said Walford, good-naturedly. "I think I'm beginning to be afraid again—"

"Oh! you needn't be—I know you better now. You see I've been writing to you for years."

"Writing to me?"

"Ralph's right hand is helpless. I am his amanuensis, that's the reason I have been curious to know you, we have been corresponding for so long. It has been such an impersonal sort of acquaintance that I am glad to see you materialize at last; it will do Ralph so much good to see you. You see Ralph cares for so few people—Mr. Jennings is a friend of ours. Do you know Mr. Jennings? But I forgot, he is not one of your parishioners—he is a religious free lance."

"Yes, I know," said Walford, "but he is a fine fellow and undoubtedly clever."

"Yes, he is clever, that's the reason Ralph likes him. The people here are not clever as a general rule; they are provincial, slow, and so conservative that I am sure they prefer stage coaches to locomotives."

Walford smiled.

"Then it's worse than I thought. I suppose that means I will meet with all sorts of opposition?"

"If you are at all modern," she answered. "If you fly above the beaten track laid out by their grandfathers they will regard you as a heretic, I warn you."

"And you?" he asked.

"Oh! I'm lost," she said gaily. "I'm beyond regeneration. I believe they have, mercifully, stopped trying to understand me ever since I rented out the pew in your church which our family had held for generations. Two years ago I became a Catholic."

"And Ralph?"

"He still belongs to your fold, but I am trying to convert him."

"Then I am surrounded by enemies on all sides?" he said.

She looked up at him with an expression of daring in her eyes.

"Oh, I will meet you fairly," she said, "I won't keep any of my ideas in ambush. We have been fighting it out for over three hundred years; I am sure of victory in the end."

In spite of the half bantering tone she spoke with such easy confidence that Walford turned and looked at her curiously, uncertain whether her faith was real or assumed to contradict him.

"Confidence often leads to rashness," he said, feeling that he must make some sort of a reply.

"And rashness leads to martyrdom," she said quickly. "If one is truly spiritual what more can one desire? The trouble is, we are all so human." She gave a half-perceptible sigh as she turned to enter the Somers's old garden.

Walford held the gate open for her to pass through, and, as she brushed by him, he noticed how pale she had grown, and he saw, by the altered expression on her face, that she was thinking of her own life's martyrdom when she spoke.

Silently they walked up the narrow gravel path between the hedges of ill-kept box bushes. There was something depressing in the appearance of this old home and its surroundings. Poverty, lost prestige, and ruin were here, and the wide doors of the house, which

had always been open to receive strangers and friends alike, were closed as if ashamed of family secrets. In the two rambling wings which were unused and deserted, except for the thrifty spiders, the shutters were barred even against the sunlight, and in the west side of the garden there were the remains of a broken fountain, in which stood a decrepit Cupid toppling on his broken bow.

As Walford followed Frances up the steps of the porch the heavy door was swung open and ruddy-cheeked Tommy appeared, smiling, upon the threshold.

CHAPTER VI.

A MORNING CALL.

"Run back, Tommy," said Frances. "You will take cold, there is such a draught through this hall."

Tommy flung his short arms around his mother's neck.

"Come and talk to me then," he said, and Frances led him into the library, which was on one side of the square hall.

"This is Tommy, my son," she said to Walford, with a suspicion of pride in her tone, as she ran her fingers playfully through Tommy's bristling hair. "Shake hands, Tommy; this is Mr. Walford, who played with your Uncle Ralph when they were boys together."

"My hands ain't very clean," admitted Tommy, holding them out for the visitor's inspection; "I've been in the cellar playing on the coal."

Walford took both the grimy palms in his.

"I don't mind," he said, "I've been a boy myself."

"Were you?" asked Tommy, looking up at the towering visitor, apparently very much surprised at this unexpected piece of intelligence. "It must have been a long time ago."

Walford had been studying Tommy's face attentively; he had been impressed, more than he cared to believe, by the story Kate had told him, and for some reason, unexplained even to himself, he had been prejudiced towards this child. But Tommy claimed friendship as his due, he had his mother's soft brown eyes and they met Walford's so fearlessly and frankly that the minister's attitude softened at once.

"Why, Tommy, do I look so very old?"

"'Tain't that," said Tommy, hastily, "but you grew so high. It takes a long time to grow. Billy Bates measured me, and I ain't grown an inch since the last time we went sleigh riding. I'd like to be a giant."

"Why?"

"Oh, then I could scare everybody, and when there was a parade or a circus I could look over everybody's head, and I could eat whole turkeys without getting sick, and I could live in the circus and ride on the elephant—"

"If you start him talking, he will never stop," warned Frances.

"You're most a giant now," continued Tommy respectfully, edging along the centre table to where his mother stood. "Did—did you ever get in a fight?"

"Your mother tells me I'm going to get into several—"

"Can I go?" pleaded Tommy, eagerly.

"It isn't the kind that anyone will see."

"Is it going to be at night?"

"Tommy goes to bed at eight," explained Frances. "He fancies that all sorts of unexperienced delights are open to grown-ups whose day does not end so soon. I tell him that if he remained awake until nine we would all be lying prostrate, exhausted by trying to answer his questions. He must be the reincarnation of some ancient philosopher, for he is always

thirsting for information, and when he establishes one truth he is not content to rest upon it, and he does not allow us to rest either." She put her arm fondly about the boy and laughed happily.

"Perhaps I have made too much of a companion of him," she added, half apologetically. "Mothers never know how foolish they are, and Tommy and I try to amuse each other when Ralph is suffering and we can do nothing to help his pain."

She spoke with so much of her old girlish simplicity and her words seemed so expressive of the loneliness she had suffered, that Walford heard her silently, feeling that he had no right to suggest an understanding or a sympathy which was based, chiefly, on the idle rumors of the town.

Tommy had perched himself on the arm of his mother's chair, and his small round face rested close to hers. A feeble ray of sunlight, breaking through the storm clouds shone on them both and brought out their strangely-contrasting profiles, distinct and clear cut, against the dark covering of the high-backed chair.

As Walford looked at them the gloomy wainscotted room seemed to grow more shadowy and unreal. He was facing a phantom of a dream he had long ago forgotten; the outside world, the struggling years, the barriers of life were banished. This dream was his. Had he conjured up a scene like this—somewhere—long ago—in his sleeping or waking moments?—he could not remember, but he was startled and silenced by the strength and vividness of the old impression.

"We will go upstairs to Ralph," Frances was saying. "Tommy will stay down here and look at picture books; he annoys Ralph when he is in a questioning mood."

Tommy objected to remaining in a state of banishment, but Frances comforted him with promises of cake for tea, and playfully tumbling him into the chair she had just vacated, she piled some bright-colored fairy books around him, and telling Walford to follow her, she led the way up stairs. As Walford pased through the wide hall he smiled at his perturbation in the library. It was a common experience, he told himself, for a man in the midst of strange scenes to be suddenly impressed with their past familiarity. He had heard the fact explained in a scientific way—that the two hemispheres of the brain did not always act in perfect unison.

"It almost makes one believe in the doctrine of metemphychosis," he said to himself.

"What did you say?" asked Frances, stopping on the landing of the stairs.

"This place seems strangely familiar," he answered. "I feel as if I had been here long ago."

"That is because you asked me to tell you about the house the summer we were together. I remember you said you had not had a home for so long that you would like to hear what one looked like. Here is Ralph's room. You will find him sadly changed I fear—"

As she turned the knob of the door a petulant voice called out: "Is that you, Frances? There must be some sort of wild animal in the cellar. The coal has been rolling in a deafening way."

"It was Tommy," said Frances. "I have brought an old friend to see you, Ralph. Guess who it is?"

"Walford," cried Ralph, joyfully holding out a long thin hand to welcome his guest who came hurrying forward. "Walford, I have been expecting you for the past ten days. Why haven't you been here?"

As Walford grasped the cold outstretched hand in both his own and explained his delay he saw that the invalid was not the only occupant of the room.

A middle-aged man, with iron grey hair and pointed beard, had risen from his chair near the window, and now came forward to speak to Frances.

"This is Doctor Aberly, Mr. Walford," Frances said. "I am so glad you have met here this morning. Mr. Walford is one of Ralph's oldest friends, Doctor. You have heard us speak of him often."

"Indeed I have," said the doctor cordially. "I have been looking forward to this meeting with a great deal of pleasure. am an unknown quantity to you, but you have been a real personality in this house for years."

"In spite of the fact that your letters were unusually unsatisfactory," laughed Ralph, who lay comfortably back among his pillows, wonderfully brightened up by his old friend's presence. "You never were egotistical and egotism is always an advantage when it comes to letter writing and, of course, I was always more interested in you than I was in your theories."

"I believe I am all theories," declared Walford, smiling, as he took a chair by the bedside. "Wasn't I all theories when you knew me, Ralph?"

"Chiefly, but they were impersonal theories. Now I could never do or say anything without having recourse to my own petty self. Do you remember how the ego entered in. Now it's the same thing, but my ideas have all dwindled into a state of chronic moaning, which, of course, is only a more unpleasant form of egotism."

"We all moan together," said Frances gaily. "Even Tommy comes to Ralph to pour out his troubles."

"Ralph is a useful receptacle for other people's woes," asserted the doctor, "I use him as a safety valve."

"Why Ralph, this is a new talent you are developing," said Walford. "I used to look to you for sanity, not sympathy. Do you remember how you used to stick pins of your cooler judgment into my ambitious balloons?"

"Which were filled with a windy argumentativeness. Are you still trying to sail them?"

"I have a few left, but perhaps I have always tried to fly too high and have hoped that laws as merciless as gravitation might be suspended."

"The same old Walford, you always wanted to alter the universe. A second Joshua asking the sun to stand still."

"Can hopes fly too high?" asked Frances, who sat on the foot of the bed, listening attentively. "Hope is an immortal virtue. It has no limitations."

"Neither has despair," said the doctor parenthetically.

"Don't let us get into a virtuous controversy," objected Ralph. Tell me about yourself, Walford. What have you done? What have you felt in the last ten years?"

"Andover first," replied Walford. "You know what a theological seminary is, then I became the bishop's assistant, now I am here."

"I hope you will never try to write an autobiography. Haven't you had any sensations?"

"Several—heat, cold, disappointment, opposition, resignation—"

"Are you sure about the last?" asked Frances, looking up.

The question, asked upon impulse, surprised Walford. She seemed to regret it as soon as it was spoken.

To be Continued.

FIRST DECORATION DAY IN MANILA. REV. JOSEPH McQUAID, CONDUCTING SERVICE AT GRAVES.

THE CHAPLAIN IN THE ARMY.

BY REV. PETER MACQUEEN, M.A.

"The men who have dropped their sweet home ways out of their hands to grasp a star."

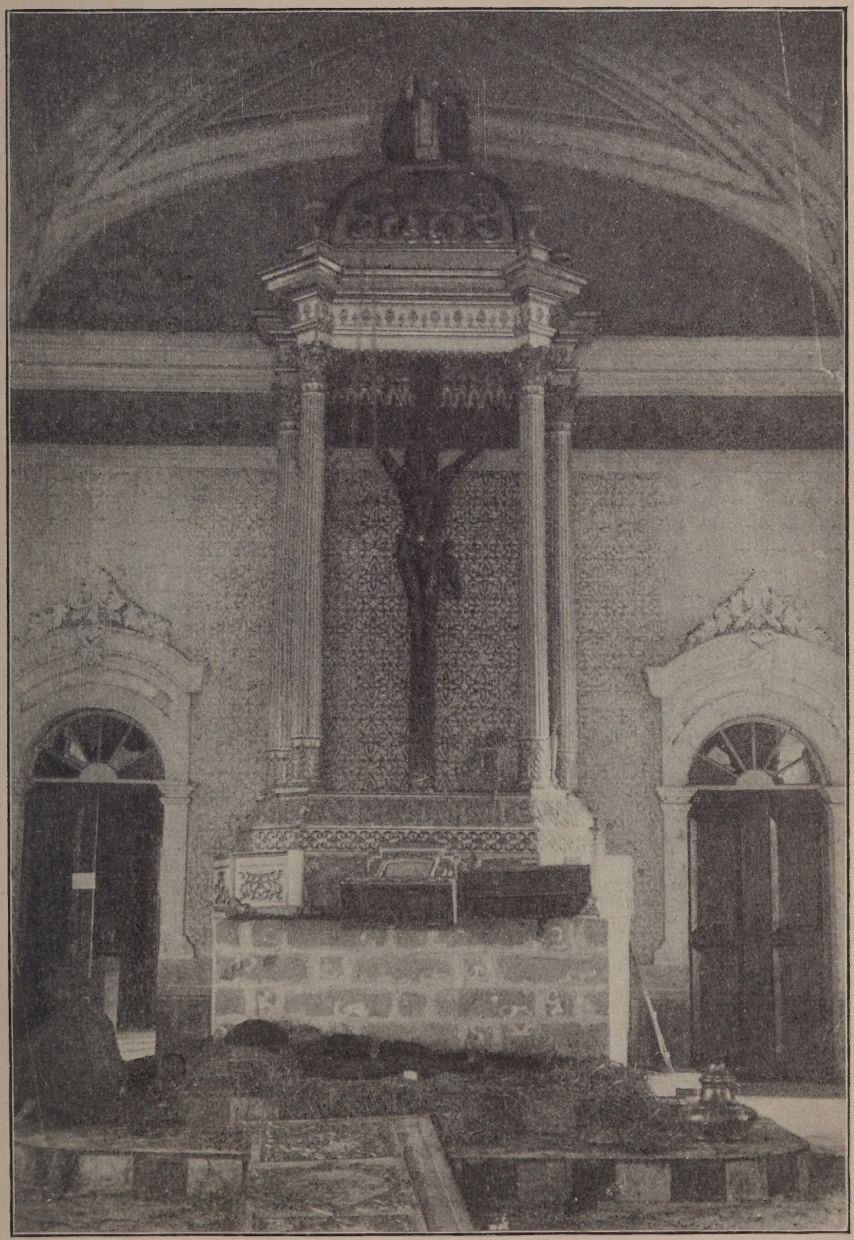
The Chaplain is the true knight of the battlefield. His high duty it is to march with the soldiers, assist the weak, succor the wounded, administer to the dying and bring the consolations of God to the horrid edge of the battle-field.

There were not wanting in our army in the Philippines splendid and heroic clergymen, who abandoned their homes and their pleasant work, in order to be of use and blessing to the soldiers fighting in the distant land. I have seen these soldiers of the cross upon the firing line, with the Hospital Corps, in the Military Reserve Hospital and beside the soldiers'

PARANAQUE CHURCH SHOWING RESULT OF BOMBARDMENT.

graves. No men behave with more gentleness and chivalry than they. It would be invidious to select from so perfect and able a body of men any particular ones for consideration and praise; but I have to speak of those I saw and met in my own work, and from a few the reader may gather the character of a host of valiant and chivalric men.

In Manila I was in much trouble as to how I should get along for rations; for I joined, in the middle of the night, a party of light-armed scouts who were hastily ordered to go into the enemy's country, on a long and dangerous march. So quickly had I left my lodgings that I had but few of the necessities with me. At midnight I found myself in the camp of the First Californias, at San Pedro Macati. I gave my credentials to the genial Colonel, and told him how I was fixed. "Go down to Chaplain McKinnon," said he; "the Chaplain is all right. He will look after you. He will give anybody his last mouthful." So down to the Chaplain's I went. Would you believe it? that man had the decency to make me take his own cot, and he insisted on living on half rations just to let me go along with the expedition. Rev. Father W. D. McKinnon was not a spectacular man. He did his duty in a gentle and modest way that attracted to him the hearts of the stout soldiers who defied climate and the horrors of the tropic deaths. He it was who entered Manila under the murderous fire of the Spaniards, walking along the shore near old Malate, in order to interview the Archbishop, and to ask him if the city could not be surrendered without loss of life. He told me that on this expedition he received a wound in the fleshy part of the leg, which he tried to treat himself, and which, after two days, gangrened, nearly costing him his life. But he did not tell me, what the soldiers



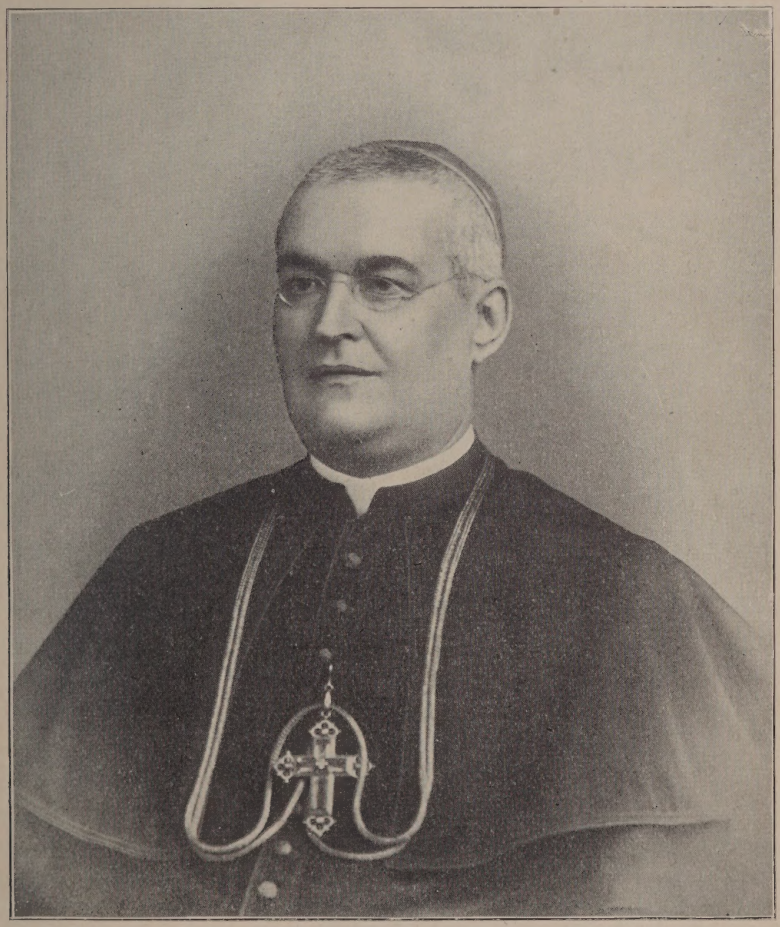
ALTAR OF CHURCH AT LONGOS. WOUNDED SOLDIER LYING BENEATH CRUCIFIX.

CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ IN MANILA.

knew, that he tried to cure the wound so that the Archbishop, who was a Spaniard, might not be grieved at the fact that Spaniards had fired upon him under a flag of truce.

Together we trudged along the dusty roads and through the rice-fields, in the hot noon-tide and under the cold wet dews of night, over the canebrake on the dusty battle-ground between Caloocan and Malolos. I remember one morning, as we came along the railroad beyond Bocave, we found a poor Filipino lying with his leg broken at the thigh. He must have been running and have fallen into one of the ravines, for his clothes were saturated with water and his hands and feet were all bare and white. Two soldiers had brought him from the swamp and laid him on the dry ground beside the railroad. I was very much touched by the way in which Father McKinnon, with the aid of Mr. Waage, of the California Red Cross, worked at the restoration of this poor man. The 'Padre' went across the scorching fields to get some branches of bamboo to shade the man, while Mr. Waage, from his medical kit, gave restoratives and a hypodermic injection to the sufferer. During a single afternoon this good priest prepared for death fifty-seven of the wounded Filipinos.

Again upon the Santa Cruz Expedition I met Father McKinnon and Mr. Waage. There was no duty too menial, no work too hard and no task too perilous for the Chaplain to undertake. He would walk by the side of a soldier and encourage him for the Artillery to come up, a great big fellow over six feet tall broke in from the cocoanut groves, saying that he was prostrated by the heat. It was evident that he was thoroughly demoralized, and perhaps his brain was touched by the sun. It was



MOST REV. P. NOZELADA, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA.

in a kindly way, help him with his knapsack, or try to get food or medicine for the poor fellows who fell out from the heat of the sun.

Between Santa Cruz and Pagsanjan, while we were on the road-side waiting a telling sight to see how Father McKinnon encouraged him and by a few restoratives brought him around, so that by afternoon this same man was fighting away on the firing lines, as if he had never been injured.

CHAPLAIN McKINNON IN JAPANESE COSTUME. THE THREE FILIPINO BOYS ARE BEING TAKEN TO A COLLEGE IN AMERICA. REV. PETER MacQUEEN AT EXTREME RIGHT.

I shall never forget the night that reporters, chaplains, and military attaches encamped at Longos Church on Laguna de Bay. That day part of the North Dakota Regiment had been ambushed and five of its men killed and many wounded. The killed and wounded were brought back as the evening shadows turned to grey around the old church walls. One poor fellow was shot through the lungs; another through the spine; still a third was shot in the neck. They were still alive.

From five o'clock in the afternoon until after midnight Father McKinnon was engaged at the holy work of Christian help. He heard the confessions of some; to others he brought tea and such restoratives as we could get ready; to those who had to die he administered the last consolations of the Church. It was a wonderful influence in that tragic place. Here in the dim church aisles were stretched, in pathetic windrows, the living and the dead. Under the altar, where the light of the candles threw a spectral shadow, lay the man who was wounded in the lungs, while in a little sacristy were two of the mortally wounded, propped up by their knapsacks.

When the Chaplain told the young men that they were beyond all human aid they calmly gave him messages home, rings and watches and letters which I saw were dabbled with their own blood. After they had been prepared for death, they asked for a sip of tea; and then one turned to the other and encouraged him with manly words: "Jack, old man, we were not afraid of the Spaniards, we were not afraid of the Amigos, now don't let us be afraid of God; let us die bravely." And at the hour of twelve their dauntless souls went out to God. It is something to com-

fort a death like that. All that is God-like in us leaps out to honor such a sacrifice.

I remember looking along the aisle in the dead watch and middle of the night. The shadow of the sentinel passing to and fro mingled with that of the priest as he bent above the agonized and dying. The air was stifling. The ordor of chloroform and decomposition was terrible. I looked up at the sky and saw the Southern Cross. It seemed to me a sign from God, as if the Infinite knew our hearts were torn and weary and set His symbol in the sky. Out in the firmament gleamed the bright constellation, worlds of peace beyond the turmoil here; and under the dim, black shadows of the old church a wounded soldier lay and moaned all night beneath the feet of the blessed Christ, who taught us that we should love one another.

After a brief and troubled sleep I wandered from the camp back to the church and found the chaplain there. He had been up all night. There was a certain grandeur in the spectacle which I shall never forget—the self-effacing nobleness of the clergyman, the pained faces of the living, the peaceful faces of the dead, which showed no beauty save that which comes from the sublimity of death.

Father McKinnon was of Scotch ancestry, and came from Prince Edward Island. He was the first American Superintendent of Public Schools in Manila. We returned to America together, and traveled through Japan on our way home. Later Father McKinnon was appointed to Malate, a suburb of Manila, and only a few weeks ago he died from the ravages of the cholera plague. He was heroic, constant, Christ-like always. Farewell, dear friend, thy going doth make Heaven seem near! Full many a thought of comeliest deed I treasure in my heart as witness to the greatness of thy soul! Thy loving words shall live with me like sweet forget-me-nots in Memory's garden; and I will hold the broken thread of our discourse until we meet again!

In Lawton's Northern expedition there campaigned with us Fathers Hart and Fitzgerald. In the expedition to San Isidro we traversed a country that was

REV. PATRICK BOWEN MURPHY, CHAPLAIN OF THE NINTH MASS.

A DYING COMRADE.

almost impassable. Few armies would have been able to cross it, except under such a brilliant and determined man as Major-General Lawton. To watch the battle was interesting, and to march with, and talk to the men was the education of a life-time, but as a change I sometimes fell back to talk and interchange views with the Chaplains. In places these men were under severe fire, because the Insurgents fire high and usually send bullets back among the Hospital Corps and Signal Service men in the rear.

At San Rafael we had a fierce skirmish, but you could see the Chaplains moving to and fro along the road, which was a very exposed and dangerous place, helping the men and cheerfully doing any task or duty that came their way.

One day we were led off into an ambush by a spy, who was our guide. After the army had wandered two or three miles across the country we discovered a native priest, who offered to show us the way to San Josè, our next town. It was impossible to get very much out of him, as he did not understand Spanish very well, but Father Fitzgerald was in the expedition and I suggested to General Lawton that perhaps Father Fitzgerald could understand the priest's way of expressing himself. General Lawton sent me back about two miles to find Father Fitzgerald. He was at his dinner, which consisted of one slice of bacon and one and one-half hardtack. He immediately left his luxurious meal and accompanied me across the hot, stifling country in the middle of the day. Reaching the tent where General Lawton and the Filipino priest were, Father Fitzgerald engaged the priest in a conversation in Latin, and in a few minutes was able to find out from him the various trails and roads leading to the town we were looking for. General Lawton spoke to me in terms of highest commendation of Father Fitzgerald.

It was upon a dark night in front of

San Rafael. I reached the camp at midnight, worn out with the journey of thirty-five miles, and lay down upon the road beside a carabao wagon. The bull was tied to one side of the wagon, and in between the shafts was a heap of hay. As I lay down, with a groan, I was surprised to see this heap of hay move and Father Fitzgerald extricate himself from the shafts of the wagon. "I know you have come all the way from Manila," he said to me in a kindly voice, "get under this hay. I will sleep on a board which the Chinaman, our cook, offered me this evening." It rained that night, and as I was a sick man I fully realized how good a turn the priest had done me. I should have been very comfortable under my coverlet of hay only that the old bull became hungry in the middle of the night and ate up this unusual counterpane.

After the fall of Malabon Father Hart was stationed in that town for some time. The natives were a little shy of him when he came in an American uniform, but when he brought his vestments and conducted their service for them they opened their hearts and houses to him, and he told me that never in his life had he been received with such courtesy and loving kindness as by the inhabitants of Malabon.

There was no more genial soul among the Chaplains than my old friend, Rev. Father McQuaid. The suffering and friendless could find no better ally than he. He would retain his marvelous cheerfulness in the dreariest days. But like the bravest, he was the tenderest also. I was present at the first Decoration Day service in Manila. High Mass was said at the little church in Paco Cemetery, and in the afternoon several of the clergy assembled in the graveyard around some newly-covered mounds. Near where we stood I noted a young man, a member of the famous 20th Kansas Regiment, placing flowers upon the grave of his brother who had been killed fighting under that gallant little wisp of a man, Fred Funston. Father McQuaid saw the poor boy, friendless in his sorrow, and left the group of strong men who were conducting the services. He spoke such heartfelt words of cheer that I noticed the lad's face light up with a gleam of hope. It was Father McQuaid who, when the bodies of the dead were piled up in the First Reserve Hospital unburied by reason of some rigmarole or regulation, engaged a dozen natives, and with them set out himself to Battery Knoll, performing the burial services by the dim light of lanterns. By the surf-beaten beach, on battlefields where life was flung away as if it had been no use, beside the fever-cot, amid the fetid swamps, Father McQuaid was to be seen, proclaiming that where Death seemed mightiest there was a Mightier than Death.

In broken health this good priest left the Philippine Islands; but his work will be remembered here and hereafter, when the questions of Imperialism and anti-Imperialism are forgotten. He introduced me to Archbishop Nozelada, the Primate of the Philippines. I found the Archbishop a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows. Although not a Chaplain, he was so much interested in our Chaplains and their work that he rightly belongs under a discussion of our army clergy. Although a Spaniard, he looks to see a new and better civilization from the American government in the distracted islands. He said that the climate of Luzon and its neighbors was mild for a tropic region, and that our young men with temperate habits could form colonies there. The Spanish women, however, had never been strong enough to stand the debilitating influence of the continuous summer, and he doubted whether the

American women could. He did not decry the experiment of striving to Americanize the islands. The advance in the science of naval warfare as demonstrated in the battle of Manila Bay (where ironclads met wooden ships) drew from the Archbishop the exclamation: "Your Olympia could have plowed through the entire Spanish fleet. The Spaniards were brave. They went to the battle of Cavite expecting to die, and Admiral Montojo and his officers received extreme unction before they left Manila to meet Admiral Dewey." Archbishop Nozelada reminded me somewhat of Bishop Brooks.

Rev. Father Doherty, Rev. Joseph P. Gleason, and many others whom I met here and there in the death-swept jungles were all men of supreme power, the power of faith and Christ-like kindness, the anchor that holds in the wildest storm. We were justly proud of our soldiers and the Church was worthily honored by her representatives in the Philippines.

In Cuba there were fine examples of this courageous class. At Siboney and Santiago I well remember the hearty, helpful gentleman who was Chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers—Rev. Father Patrick Bowen Murphy, now the priest of Saxonville. In my own hour of dire distress, when I was suffering from an acute attack of home-sickness and hunger, I heard his cheery voice during a tempestuous night, encouraging the men in the dark, and saying the kind word which is the soldier's balm in the fierce clash of war. I had lost clothing, money, credentials, and note-book; and had no blanket nor food. I heard the men addressing the cheery priest as "Father Murphy," so I approached and asked him where food and shelter might be found. "Come this way, my son," he answered, and I followed through the gloom the figure of a large, strong-looking man. In a few minutes I was at a camp-fire, with some steaming oat-meal and bacon and coffee before me. "This is not Delmonico's, but we make the best of it you know. The Spaniards took away all our spring chicken, when they went. Come, now, have something more." The good priest did not notice that I had cleaned the plate by this time and that there was nothing more to be had.

Through days of agony that were not less agony because patiently borne, Father Murphy labored among the wounded and the helpless. Now it would be to turn the pillow of a suffering soldier; now it would be to bring soup or some delicacy to a sufferer too weak to stand the rough army ration; again it would be, with holy words, to soothe the dying and administer the last sacraments to those who would soon meet death for country and the nation's honor. When Father Murphy returned to the United States, his friends perceived that he was but the shadow of his former self.

Chaplain Pierce was, for a time, in charge of the burial of the dead at the First Reserve Hospital in Manila. We have lost ten thousand dead in the army of the Philippines; and five thousand died from the rigor of the Cuban campaign. In the Paco district was the cemetery called by the martial name of Battery Knoll. I watched these cities fill up with their silent guests. A new cemetery was opened near Malate Fort. At first one saw only a long trench, nearly empty; it looked like a deep gash in the face of nature. A month later I visited the spot; and now the wound seemed growing together. That quiet afternoon we saw four hearses. There were no mourners, although a nation later on would mourn their warriors dead. Four had been done to death with the fatal bolo-knife.

The Chaplain stood bare-headed while four coffins were lowered. The flag was wrapped around each bier; then a mili-

tary salute was fired; and then came the prayer, followed by the benediction, for the dead.

As I went away from that sad place the grand words seemed to mingle with the air and make it holy: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live."

THE STORY THE HOLLY WREATH TOLD.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

A wreath of holly, with its bright, red berries showing like rubies against the shining green leaves,—Yule-tide's herald.

On the table lies a holly wreath, the first of the season; but the house it will deck is low and far-away, and the woman standing by gazes at it with wet eyes. A few evenings later, in the same room, she sits before an open fireplace, with a man by her side. Wreaths of holly decorating the room, and sprigs of mistletoe suspended from the chandelier, bespeak the Christmas jollity; drained glasses and fragments of cake tell that the room has again witnessed the Christmas cheer, and the echo of light talk and laughter seems to linger on the silence. As the minutes had crept toward midnight, one by one the others had retired, and the man and woman find themselves alone.

"Yes," she says, answering his remark, as he lifted a dying ember with the long, brass tongs, "we take down the stove and open up the old fireplace for Christmas. Usually our Yule-log is discarded railway ties. This fall, however, one of the trees in the yard was so accommodating as to let itself be blown down, and thus you happen to see a sure-enough wood fire. We do this," she concluded, with a flicker of mockery in her tones, "because we like to make believe though we are grown-up, like to deceive ourselves into thinking we are having a Christmas like in the old times, while reality sits smiling before us!"

"Christmas-keeping should be banished from among our customs!" he replies, giving the fire a vindictive thrust.

"I'd second the proposal," she answered, "if we could be born grown men and women. You wouldn't want to part with the memory of your childhood's Christmas keeping?"

He looks at her quickly, but she is gazing at the sparks he had made to fly up the chimney.

"'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,'" he quotes.

A silence hangs between them for a brief while; then, with her eyes still on the fire, she says: "Do you ever wonder who walks the ways we knew so well? What other little girls search for the early spring flowers, to carry, on running feet, to their mothers?"

"And what other little boys turn the old team into the weed-taken clover-field on raw April mornings? Thank God, not I!"

She laughs at his cynical interruption. He had always hated to plow. Her laugh has a glad, youthful ring. It dispels his moodiness.

"What sun-bonneted, check-aproned girls, with willow dinner-baskets on their arms, trudge down the white road to the little gray schoolhouse between the hills—'

"And run off at noon time," he again interrupts, "because the teacher insisted on some delinquents standing on the back bench?"

"And you were sent out to find us—I remember all this as if it were yesterday!"

The wind sweeps by with a blast, shaking the windows of the old house as it passes.

"Even the wind is in league with my enemy, the Real, to prove to you my invitation to spend an old-time Christmas with us is a deception," she remarks. "You know this was not the Christmas weather we had in those times. Snow usually fell a few days before Christmas Eve, a great, gentle, all-enfolding snow. It came in the night, and when you awoke in the morning, you were in an unfamiliar world. You knew something wonderful had happened, even before you got your eyes opened. The old dog's bark had a gladder ring, the crowing of the roosters sounded clearer, and the tramping of feet at the kitchen door meant something unusual. You sat up in bed and glanced toward the window, and lo! the old locust tree was stretching out white arms to you and the ground around its feet was white. You sprang up and ran to the window, shouting back to the other little occupant of the bed, 'It snowed last night!' In an instant another white-gowned figure was beside you, and you both stood looking out on the miracle of nature. You heard, then, your companion's childish treble saying, 'Santa's sure to come, now that he's got such a nice time for sleigh-riding!' and you suddenly remembered that Christmas was coming and you wondered whether you'd get a new sled or a story-book; and as you sat down on the floor to pull on your shoes and stockings, you found the old indecision plaguing you as to which you'd rather have. But when you were dressed and out on the veranda it ceased to trouble you, for all your little heart was filled with the transcendent beauty of yesterday's commonplace world."

"Just as it appeals to you, a few years later, when you're in love," comments the man. He has stood the tongs on the hearthstone, between his knees, and, with his clasped hands on its round head, his chin resting on his hands, gazes dreamily into the fire.

"The next few days," the woman goes on, "were great days in the house. There was unusual bustle in the kitchen, many trips to town by the grown-ups, who returned laden with bundles which were mysteriously disposed of; but you didn't have time to investigate, for, though the old sled was heavy to pull up the hill, it went down all right. By the time Christmas Eve dawned, however, the joy of coasting began to wane, and expectation and curiosity ruled. The old house had on its festive dress; the Yule-log was waiting at the step to be rolled into the big fireplace; cakes and pies and innumerable good things stood in glorious array on the pantry shelves; the turkey hung in the smoke-house. In the afternoon you and the Other Little One were taken to the town to see the Christmas shoppers and all the pretty toys. You felt very small in that big crowd, and you clung tightly to the hand of the Big Person. When the afternoon began to grow cold, you were bundled into the rockaway, and the roan mare turned her head homeward. You rode toward the west, and you seemed to be traveling straight into the land of glory, with those sunset pillars of clouds standing at the gateway. like flaming seraphim. And as you went, a cadenced, tender voice repeated the old Christmas story; as you watched the red light sweeping down the fields of snow you seemed to see Maid Mary journeying down to Bethlehem. You wondered how those Jews could have been so inhospitable as to turn her and Joseph from the door, for you ever beheld the stranger welcomed and entertained with the best in your own home. You saw the shep-

herds tending their white flocks on the hillside, and the glory that was spilled over the scene, as the band of angels, hastening to the stable, paused in mid-air to announce "This day is born your King!' You saw the trail of glory they left after them, as when a star shoots across the sky, and heard the echo of their paeans. You saw the Wise Men coming from afar, with kingly offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, with the star going before them, never pausing until it stood above the shed where the Child Jesus lay with His mother. Then, the bend of the road turned your eyes from the sunset and you were going into the deep, mysterious dusk, and though the voice went on with the story, it did not now fill your ears and soon you ceased to hear it, for other thoughts were in your mind. Was this your familiar world, this landscape wrapped in shadows? Was this the broad road you used to walk, this dim path creeping under the spectre-like trees? Were you and your companions still of flesh and blood, or were you and they unreal as the other things about you? Then out of the gloom came a light; there home stood, and some one was lighting the Christmas lamp. 'Gee-up! Gee-up!' you shouted to the horse, and you began to wonder what Santa would bring you. The hour was late but you had not yet decided. The horse stopped for the gate to be opened. You felt you must make your choice now or never. 'I hope,' you began, hesitatingly, 'he will bring me a—a—a—story-book!' It was done. As you were being carried up the hill, you half regretted that you made that choice. Within how bright and cheery everything was! The great log was burning in the fire place, throwing its red light over the room. The table was set for supper and in the raisin-biscuits, tea cakes, jam and preserves, you found a taste of tomorrow's cheer. There was always company at your house on Christmas Eve, relations and friends who spent Christmas night away from their own homes in order to be able to reach town in time for the first Mass on Christmas morning.

"When the dishes were cleared away, Santa Claus came. He was a very obedient person to you and the Other Little One, you thought, as you remembered how he made some children wait till morning before their stockings were filled. All you had to do was to hang up your stockings and then go out, with the Other Little One, to the parlor and wait. You envied the big folk who could sit in the family room and watch the good, old man come down the chimney with his gifts. But you and the Other Little One waited patiently in the parlor, until you heard the glad words, 'Santa Claus is gone!' You bounded into the room and oh! the sight of those stockings, stuffed to the top, while underneath your pair was the story-book, and underneath the Other Little One's was a big doll in a chair. Well! you had hoped that she might get the sled, but the old one will do another winter, and one can play with a doll, you reasoned, when the sled would be hanging up in the smoke-house, for you and the Other Little One were two full-fledged socialists, holding your goods in common, with neither mine nor thine. You took your book and stockings and sat down on your chair. But the first thing you drew from your stocking was a big potato, and your sub-consciousness told you Santa Claus never brought that all the way from Lapland!"

The man interrupts the words with a smothered laugh that seems to end in a sob.

"It further told you," she goes on, "that it came from the barrel in your father's cellar. You remember now that before you were called you heard the back door open and close; but you thought it

was Santa Claus departing. Across the hearth sat a very young man, looking into the fire. His home was across the hill, and he was there that night because your cousin Nellie was also there. You cried out indignantly to that young man, 'You did it!' and before any one could think what your next act would be you flung the offending vegetable at him. When it struck him on the head you felt suddenly sorry, although he laughed heartily. You looked quickly at your mother, and meeting her eyes you felt that you had done something very wicked, and you would not have been surprised if your stockings and story-book had flown up the chimney. But the Other Little One was screaming with delight, and you forgot about the potato and began to delve into the stockings. What wonderful things they contained! Candy and nuts and raisins and oranges, a beautiful pink handkerchief, with a white lace edge, a blue ribbon, a box of colored pencils—Again you were interrupted by a cry of delight from the Other Little One and you pauseed to examine her treasures; then you both spread your gifts on the floor and lying down beside them you prattled, while the big folk looked on, half-sorry, half-glad—just as we look at children today! Then the nuts and wine and cake were brought in, the Christmas stories were told, the Christmas songs were sung. After a while you fell asleep in your little chair, among your gifts, and you knew no more, until, deep in the night it seemed to you, you were awakened by your mother saying, 'Christmas Gift! Christmas Gift!' And you answered, sleepily, 'Christmas Gift!' As you were falling back to sleep, you heard her saying, 'It's time to get up or we shall be late for the first Mass!' You didn't want to get up. You could not keep your eyes open, but your mother would not give you a chance to go to sleep. You saw the bright fire shining from the family room, remembered your pretty gifts, thought of the long drive to town in the dark, and the church all lighted up, and you sprang out of bed. When you were dressed in your Sunday clothes you ran out into the family room where everybody was waiting for the buggies to be brought around, and you and the Other Little One sang out 'Christmas Gift!' Afterwards, a loud voice called and your mother announced that the buggies were ready, and as you went out, clasping cousin Nellie's hand, you hoped a spark wouldn't fly out, while all were gone, and kindle a fire that would burn down the house and destroy the things Santa had brought to you and the Other Little One. When you and the Other Little One were fixed comfortably, with two grown-ups, on the back seat, the old mare started toward the town. It was very dark and you were much in dread lest she would not keep in the middle of the road, and would throw the rockaway down an enbankment. When you voiced that fear, you were assured that horses could see in the dark. Instantly you wiggled out of your place to ask HOW could they see in the dark, when there wasn't any light? You were told, in reply, that you must not ask silly questions going to church. But it was not silly to you, and as the old mare drew the rockaway over the snow, you pondered on the question. When she turned, of her own accord, into the street in which the church stood, and stopped at her accustomed hitching-post, the marvel of it increased. But you began to see objects yourself, and you knew they were other horses and buggies. You went into the church, still holding cousin Nellie's hand, and the light seemed to blind you. As you passed the stove, in the rear of the church, you heard somebody whisper 'Christmas Gift!' and you knew it was the

man who had put the potato in your stocking; but you did not dare look at him, nor think of him, for the other sight that held your eyes and mind."

"Even so!" says the man, without moving from his position. "The years sped around and brought that little girl, with the questioning mind and quick, imperious nature, to womanhood; and the young man grew to love her. But he had nothing to draw her eyes, her mind, to him. He could not accompany her in her swift flights into the World Beautiful, the World of Thought, nay, could not follow after. Life and Love were all he desired and the exquisite passion of a soul for the Ideal he never knew. Because of this she saw in him only sodden clay, and turned from him in disgust. And—he never blamed her. He went away from the quiet place, left her to pursue the life in which he had no part. He succeeded in gaining fame and amassing a fortune. He married a woman whose soul was as clay-bound as his own. She had rare physical charms and her mind was cultured. They had a beautiful home, with children and friends and society. Still he was not happy, for ever before him seemed to flit a girlish figure, whose sea-hued eyes, turned backward toward him, called his soul to follow. His wife died. Her parents relieved him of the care of their children. He went back to the old home. They told him the girl and her family had left the neighborhood, some years ago."

"Was that all they told you?" she asks. The sticks of wood that have burned so brightly lie a heap of coals. A great cavity is eaten into the Yule-log, and the blue flames, flickering about it, throw fantastic figures on the wall. The man moves from his posture, and, with the long tongs, begins to draw the ashes forward on the hearth-stone. The woman leaning back in her armed rocking-chair looks at the bent head of her companion, with something like a smile in her eyes.

"They told me other things. They told me that the family had had to part with most of its wealth and that the girl and the Other Little One had to work at daily toil for a livelihood. I resolved to find the girl and ask her to become my wife. I found her and—"

"What else did they tell you?" she questioned.

For a full moment he is silent, tracing cabalistic signs in the ashes; then he says: "That is all!"

Her eyes continued to rest on his black head, for a moment, and the smile had something of pity in it. Now she draws back farther in her chair, rests her elbows on its arms, and clasps her hands against her breast.

"They told you more," she says. "They told you how, one year, a stranger, from the South, came to teach the school in the district adjoining the one in which the girl taught. He was young and handsome, of good family and well educated. But beyond this, widely beyond this! was a soul which hers recognized as its elected companion. The things which she loved, he also held as the sovereign good; the Truth which she worshipped was his supreme Deity. The poetry of her nature found its utterance through him, and his reverence and love of the beautiful found expression in her. Their companionship was harmonious, their union meant a note of perfect music. He asked for an immediate marriage; she replied duty to others forbade that. She asked for a few years to work for them; his reply was a denial of this right. Her imperious nature resented this. Word followed word; anger ensued; they separated, never to meet again. With his departure the place grew unbearable and she went away. The war broke out. He enlisted, served to its close, returned with honor, to die of fever in sight of home. Death divides them. Her cry of pardon cannot reach him. Has he pardoned her?"

Her voice has gone on, smooth and low; now it stops short. The man continues to draw figures in the ashes, with the long tongs. Suddenly it drops from his hands, and turning, he faces her.

"You did wrong, a great, grave wrong! You owed it to yourself, you owed it to him, to let nothing, even though it were the sacred name of duty, to come between you two!"

"I know it—now!" she replies, and the erect head goes lower.

"And as you should have let no claim tie your life in the past when Love called you, so, I hold, you should not now tie your future to unavailing regret, when another love stands waiting for you. I love you. I have always loved you. Be my wife. If I cannot make you as happy as he would have done, I can, at least, lift your days from slavery of toil. I can guard you and protect you, who have none to do this for you."

He pleads while the fire burns low on the hearthstone, and at length she says: "Give me till tomorrow to decide."

The man departs, leaving her sitting alone before the fireplace, where the flames sink lower about the Yule-log, down into the gray ashes crossed by his tracings. A stupor comes over her and now she is conscious that a presence, gentle, tender, is beside her, drawing her from her mortal dwelling. She is standing with this presence, which she knows to be her lost love, in a land whose day is as the twilight of ours.

"Oh! is it here you dwell, who loved so well the bright beauty of earth?" she cries, in unutterable anguish.

"Here I dwell, in loneliness and shadows!" he answers her, mournfully. "And here I must wait until that hour when you shall join me, and we, together shall go into new life, to somewhere else fulfil the destiny which the lower self prevented us from fulfilling upon earth."

"Oh! how lonely you are!" she moans. "Are you not lonely, too?" he asks. As they walk on through that land of dismal shadows, she knows that the loneliness of her mortal days is slight compared with what he endures, he whom she had envied as the favored one, because earlier set free from the chain of life. As they wander through the gray land, suddenly a child, like one grown tall from the grave, stands before her, clothed in light. His feet are poised in space. His face is on a level with hers. He bends forward and embraces her, setting a kiss on her forehead. As he vanishes, she turns to the presence at her side.

"That is the Angel of Life," he says. "Death, men call him. That kiss was his summons. You will come here soon."

A great wave, as a strong wind, drives them apart; but as she is borne back, she hears that voice calling to her, sweet, tender, consoling as of yore, "You will come here soon!"

The sleeper wakes with a start. The flames against the Yule-log have died; not even a red coal burns among the gray ashes. She flings herself from her chair and gropes her way wildly to the door, runs upstairs and throws herself, shivering, into bed.

The next day all are gay in the old house, for the one who was wont to be sad received glad tidings last night. It was only a dream, but she knows he is waiting somewhere for her, and she will wait until the Angel of Life shall re-unite them.

It is earlier than on the last night when the man next leaves the woman, sitting alone by the fire; and as he turns into the wild night, he realizes with fierce pain the arms of the dead are strong to keep the quick apart.

* * * * * * *

Such was the story I found woven with the green leaves and red berries of the Holly Wreath.

IS INTELLECTUAL FRANCE DRIFTING FROM THE CHURCH?

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.—PROFESSOR OF ETHICS IN BOSTON COLLEGE.

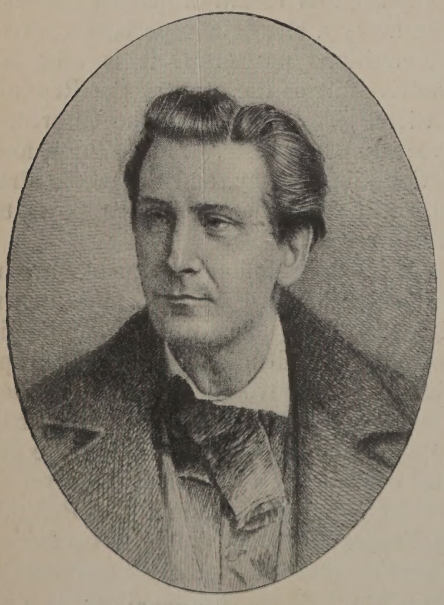
The present persecution of the Religious Orders in France has led to strange verdicts on the part of many non-Catholic writers. Among the strangest is the statement made by more than one author of repute that this agitation is a sign that intellectual France has resolved to break with the Catholic Church. "Those who crave for freedom of understanding, those who are gifted with the spirit of critical inquiry, can no longer," we are told, "accept the guidance of the Church with its inexplicable tenets of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, Transubstantiation, priestly absolution and middle-state expiation. Hence the leading thinkers of France have determined to crush the old Church out of existence, and, in place of mysterious dogmas, of spectacular church displays, and of musical festivals, to furnish the people, whether they wish it or not, with a religion built upon reason and a worship based upon simplicity. To accomplish this result, which will necessitate many a struggle, especially with the superstitious peasantry, it is necessary to drive out of the country the Religious Orders, since upon them the Church, in great measure, rests. Thrust these foundation-pillars away, and the whole structure will, from sheer lack of supports, totter to ruin."

These and similar statements are re-echoed by non-Catholics and non-religious writers, many of whom, unhappily, welcome with fiendish joy any catastrophe that betokens trouble to the Catholic Church. It is not the plan of this article to enter into a discussion about the general causes which have led to the present unjust legislation against the Religious in France; we wish simply to combat the assertion that intellectual France has left the Church of its childhood and is about

to dot the land with the temples of Free-Thought and of Rationalism.

So far is this claim from the truth that the opposite is the fact. Never, perhaps, since the days of the Lutheran apostasy have so many brilliant Frenchmen entered the Church as at the present time, seldom has there been seen so ready an acceptance of the Church's teaching and of the Church's guidance on the part of men eminent for their mental gifts, their literary polish and their social influence.

François Coppée, Ferdinand Brunetière, Paul Bourget and Jorris Karl Huysman are names respected and honored not only wherever the French language is known but even in lands beyond the direct reach of Gallic influence. The very fact that these leaders of thought, with many of their associates, have recently sought rest within the Church is a sufficient refutation of the calumny that in French circles intellectual supremacy is deemed incompatible with practical Catholicity. All these men have had long and honorable careers in the realm of literary fame, and, while we cannot give approval to everything that they have written, we must admire the generosity with which they have cut away from the moorings of the past and the earnestness with which they have embraced the guidance of the world-wide Church, the Church of Newman, of Manning, of Brownson, of Bl. Edmund Campion, of Bl. Peter Canisius, of St. Thomas Aquinas, of St. Augustine and of other intellectual giants.



FRANCOIS COPPEE.

A glance at the diverse careers of these eminent Frenchmen will convince even the unreflecting that the hand of the Lord is not shortened and that Religious Truth has lost none of its power.

There is something inexpressibly pathetic about the early life of François Coppée. Born in Paris, the child of a poverty-stricken clerk in the War Department, his early years were passed amid surroundings little fitted to arouse literary aspirations, or to develop refinement of nature. Nevertheless, the starving lad felt an uncontrollable impulse to write, and this led him, even in boyhood, to try his hand in the building of verse. The death of his father, when he was twenty-one, threw the burden of the family upon his shoulders. Responsibility whetted his eagerness to excel as a versifier, and he was, to his own intense joy, admitted to the ranks of the Parnassians, a society of ardent admirers of Victor Hugo and of Gautier. This association made him strive after something more ambitious than he had hitherto attempted, and his early poems were relentlessly consigned to the flames.

His first public venture, "Le Réliquaire" and "Les Intimités" met a cold reception. Not more than two hundred copies were sold. Still he kept bravely on, polishing and polishing his verse, until

it reached a finish which the mere verse-maker might style perfection. Imagine his overwhelming joy when a simple comedy of his, "Le Passant," was brought out at the Odéon. His dream was realized. Literary Paris began to talk of

His plans for the future were suddenly interrupted by the war with Prussia, and rifle-practice had to take the place of verse-making. The influence of these surroundings led to the composition of many war-poems, which never rise, alas,

FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.

the new addition to the noble Fraternity of Letters, and the name of Coppée was whispered in the loftiest Parisian circles. This pleasing impression was increased when he printed "La Grève des Forgerons," an exquisite dramatic monologue.

above mediocrity. After the war: "Les Humbles" appeared, and in it Coppée showed rare poetic gifts. It is a remarkable poem, full of delicate touches, and bubbling over with sympathy for the down-trodden and the oppressed, for the

PAUL BOURGET.

vast army of the unencouraged and the unhelped who have to struggle alone against almost insuperable difficulties. In simple but vivid language Coppée tells the touching story of the lives of the lowly, with their myriad trials and disappointments, their countless tragedies and comedies, their unfaltering heroism and their long-suffering patience. As natural as Longfellow, as fond of homely phrase as Gray, as pathetic as Dickens, Coppée shows the qualities of the true poet in every line of this striking poem.

He has not been very successful as a writer for the stage. His pieces are too artificial, too inert, too emotional, to please a critical audience. But as a writer of tales, he is, probably, superior to any author of his day. "Le Morceau du Pain," "Une Mort Volontaire," "Le Pain

Beni," La Soeur de Lait," "Un Accident," "Les Vices du Capitaine," "Les Sabots du petit Wolff," "Mon Ami Meurtrier," are exquisite stories, full of interest and full of noble thoughts. Of this portion of Coppée's works Brander Matthews says: "In his tales we breathe a purer moral atmosphere, more wholesome and more bracing than in almost any other of the Parisian story-tellers of today. . . . There is no sermon in his song, or at least none for those who will not seek it for themselves; there is never a hint of preachment. But for all that, I have found in his work a trace of the tonic morality which inheres in Molière. . . . This finer morality comes possibly from a wider and deeper survey of the Universe; and it is as different as possible from the morality which is externally applied, and which always punishes the villain in the fifth act."

Religion has wrought a wondrous change in M. Coppée. He has grasped with striking force the significance of the interior life, the splendid conquests of faith, the close union existing between a devout soul and his Creator. Divine Providence, wisely and gently permitting trials and tests and yet guiding all creatures to their destined end has aroused within him that boundless confidence in God, that utter self-effacement, which are always marks of ardent belief. He has come to God without halt or doubt, without limit or question; he has the simple, frank, sweet devotion of a clear soul and of an honest heart.

Ferdinand Brunetière, whom many of us know personally, through his lectures in the United States, has been drawn to the Church by her utter fearlessness in the reproval of vice. He comes from Toulon, France's impregnable port, and was born in 1849. His studies were made partly in his native city and partly in Paris. It must be admitted that his academic career was not without its drawbacks. He failed in his examination for the Higher Normal School, and this setback rather dampened his yearnings for the position of a teacher. He came into prominence through the "*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" An article upon contemporary French novelists produced an extremely favorable impression upon the editor, and Brunetière was assured that the pages of the *Revue* would always be open to his writings. The opportunity was not lost and the public greeted with enthusiasm the successor of Sainte Beuve. Since then his pen has been very active. His collected writings have appeared in twelve volumes: "Questions of Criticism (two volumes); History and Criticism (three volumes); Critical Studies on the History of French Literature (six volumes); the Naturalistic Novel (one volume). He holds tenaciously to the old principle, so ruthlessly violated by many modern writers, that not everything in life is to be portrayed in art, and that a vivid Naturalism clouds the mental horizon and dwarfs the artistic ideal. He studies French Literature from the Genealogical standpoint. In place of considering the individual author as an individual, he views him as but one of many actors in the growth and development of a national treasure. The author, his surroundings and the influence of the surroundings upon the author's works are the standpoints upon which he bases his criticism. Many will find fault with this method, but the results are valuable and worthy of careful consideration.

Brunetière is marked as a writer by strict adherence to his principles and by a delightful frankness and fearlessness which throws a charm over every page he has written. He is too recent a convert to the Church for us to know the change

his conversion will undoubtedly exercise over his work. Faith will assuredly accentuate that love of genuine art, that steadfastness of principle and that boldness in rejecting the unhallowed, which are traits so acceptable in his books; it will also add to his appreciation of the spiritual life and will solve aright for him the thorny problems which confront every reflecting man. What outsiders judge of his conversion is evidenced by the remark widely made in the leading European magazines, that since the days of Newman, the Church has not received so important an addition as she did when Brunetière entered her fold.

Paul Bourget, another famous convert, a descendant of a Russian father and of an English mother, was born in the busy city of Amiens, in 1852. Bourget was noted in his early youth for an enthusiastic love of travel and for an insatiable desire of reading. He enjoyed nothing more than visiting different cities, studying their history, their monuments, and the local peculiarities of the people. At the same time he was an omnivorous reader, and was nearly always seen with a book in his hand or under his arm. He was especially fond of English and French poetry, of fiction and of philosophy. At the Collège de Sainte Barbe in Paris, he carried off several prizes on account of his excellence in writing and of his thorough scholarship.

He entered the arena of letters as a writer of poems. "La Vie inquiète" was not a success, it was stilted in style, and superficial in conception. In 1883 he published "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine." This immediately made him famous. It struck the popular fancy and was greeted with approval by the Critics. He added fresh laurels to those already won by "Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" and by "Etudes et Portraits."

His love of travel led to his writing two books, which though unreliable for facts, are strikingly thoughtful, when racial peculiarities are considered. These are: "Sensations d'Italie" and "Outre-Mer." The latter deals with our own fair land and provokes laughter by its absurd inaccuracies. His greatest triumphs were secured as a novelist. As a writer of fiction, Bourget belongs to the Psychologic school. He delights to analyze the various factors which combine to form character and to trace the influence of one individual upon another of an entirely different character. The result of this study is seen in the strong personal notes which each character has, and which throw into full relief the peculiarities of the individual. The insincere compliments, the hollow friendships, the horrible selfishness, the incredible intrigues of social life are dissected by him with marvellous skill. He is devotedly attached to the refinements and to the polish of society, and this trait is so marked as to arrest the reader's attention. The mansion has for him greater attractions than the cottage, and the drawing room of nobility is to him a more pleasant scene than the poor man's kitchen.

Nevertheless, we can detect on almost every page an earnest groping after something abiding, a passionate cry for unfailing truth and goodness. That cry was heard when, in the Providence of God, the gift of faith was granted him. In the teachings of the Church he found the answer to the riddle of life which had for so many years agitated his intense soul. Paul Bourget is now engaged upon a new edition of his works. He desires to weed out many obnoxious passages and, in place of the garish and too vivid descriptions which mar several chapters, to throw over his writings the calm and abiding

colors of Christian sentiment. This will be a great blessing to Catholic readers, who naturally shrink from that sensuous style of French writing which hovers constantly on the verge of danger. Bourget never concealed his admiration for the power of faith, and it is consoling to know that, under its guidance, he shows that deep religious spirit, and that clear appreciation of the seriousness of life which will make his work higher, nobler, and more enduring.

Another Parisian celebrity who has recently joined the Church is Jorris Karl Huysman, who was born in Paris on February 5th, 1848. His career has been meteoric. As a young man he devoted himself to the study of law, and served for a time in a governmental position. But the law was too prosaic for his ardent temperament and so he turned his energies to the world of fiction. His novels won him great fame, for they were of that dreamy psychologic phase which has so strong an attraction for many French and English readers.

Huysman's intellectual life has been one of violent change. At first he was strongly realistic, then he veered over to the opposite extreme of idealism, after that he was captivated by mysticism. To the intense surprise of all France he announced one day that the shallowness of society and the passingness of all earthly goods had convinced him that religion alone could offer complete satisfaction to a thinker, that religion alone could quell the wild unrest of the human heart and that religion was the only safe anchorage in the moral tempests which toss humanity's frail vessel. He, consequently, bade farewell to his literary friends and hastened to a Benedictine Abbey, where he is now, as an oblate, leading a life of prayer and of seclusion.

We cannot help thinking that in this retreat Jorris Karl Huysman will grieve sincerely over much that he has written. His works are, unfortunately, fantastic, sentimental, forced and, at times, offensive to good taste. His characters are, it is true, bright, witty and full of information; but they are critical, fond of details about exterior appearances, sentimental, and strangely lacking in reverence for holy things. His pictures of Catholic life are neither artistic nor true. It is absolutely false to say, as Huysman does say in "The Cathedral," "that the clergy of a whole region neither read nor work." It is absolutely wrong to prate of "the incredible ignorance, the instinctive aversion for art, the dread of ideas, the fear of words so peculiar to Catholics." When have Catholics dreaded ideas or knowledge? It is to be hoped that Huysman will, at some time in the near future, recall these baseless and misleading assertions.

Yet, this very defect in the writer's work makes his conversion to Catholicism all the more remarkable. How, we may well ask, could a prejudiced, daring intellect, such as Huysman undoubtedly possesses, be drawn to the Church? It is another example of the striking power of grace, another proof of the ineffable beauty of Catholic Truth which has forced the haughty litérateur to part with his pretty baubles and to seek in Catholic solitude the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is another, and at the present crisis, a startling proof of the attraction which the Church has always possessed for the man of education, of knowledge, of earnest aspiration, and of upright soul. It must be so —the Church is the sanctuary of absolute Truth, and to Truth the final victory is assured. It is not intellectual but political France that is drifting from the Church, not the man of thought, but the man of state-craft and of tyranny.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE SOUTH.

BY M. R. TAYLOR.

As localities differ, so do customs belonging to certain sections. They are as much a part, and belong as entirely to the divisions, as the physical geography. Thus, in the manner of living, in observances, there is as great difference between Maine and Florida as there are miles of variable country.

Regarding the celebration of holidays, three days are allowed in the year—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's—and it is with the first day of the year we have do at present. In New England the day is observed as one of activity in the business world; there is no cessation from the ceaseless grind of every day, and in this there is a sharp contrast between past and present, one which throws out more clearly the difference between the old and new régime, for the story of the strict observance which the Puritans gave New Year's Day, the long walk to the meeting-house, through snow drifts, the wearying hours spent therein, the monotonous harangue of the ministers, supplemented by a cold dinner at the conclusion of the services, has awakened in our childish hearts the deepest sympathy for the boys and girls of the period, and all this in the very territory where the day is now passed as any one of the three hundred and sixty-five.

Little more than twenty-four hours' travel will take you to a different country, a different people, with different customs, a section of our broad land where both from a religious and social standpoint New Year's bears a prominent place in the popular calendar.

From the northern nations of the Old World the South has borrowed the popular custom of seeing the old Year out and the New Year in with the highest demonstration of merriment and conviviality. To but a few does it seem to occur that the day is a memorandum of the subtraction of another year from the little sum of life; with the majority the one desire is to express good wishes for the next twelve months' experience of their friends, and to be the recipient of similar benevolence on the part of others, and to exchange this cordiality, as far as possible, in festive celebrations and surroundings. It is seldom that a family fails to remain up until twelve o'clock on the last night of the year, and quite a necessary feature of the occasion demands that on the stroke of midnight the air be rent with the clanging of bells, the din of whistles from every tower, boat, factory, possessing such, and that canon thunder forth a welcoming salute to the year just born. Already the memory of past mistakes, broken resolutions, and faults has been effaced, and new purposes, good intentions, and ambitions spring into life in every heart. So strong are these resolutions that the services in all the churches are attended by throngs. It is edifying to note the number of devout worshippers, who, although the remainder of the day is devoted entirely to the demands of society, give, with more or less willingness, the first hours of the New Year to God. As long as there has been a people in the Southland, so long has the day been carefully observed in both these particulars, hence the descendants of the first colonists are but following in their footsteps, though of late years the festivities are losing much of their elaborateness.

Hurrying home from the church, matron and maid are quickly gowned and

driven to the house of some friend by whom they have been invited to assist in receiving the guests. As in all up-to-date functions, decorations and arrangements are similar to those of a reception, but no where are the women so well adapted to the beautiful picture as these of the South. Enjoying, as they have, since the days of the famed Dolly Madison, the widest reputation for charm, loveliness and fascination, they appear to advantage in the midst of such surroundings. From noon until long after the pale moon has risen, they welcome with grace, serve with delicacy, and dismiss with charm, an ordeal which would try the patience of the average mortal. But these votaries of fashion seem to become more lovely with the passing of the day, and night finds them undaunted.

The custom of keeping open house is one of the last relics of Colonial days, and as there are not few, but many, who make hospitality a sort of religion, those who accept the invitations of the many have more prowess than good judgment—this to six feet of masculinity—for the famous egg-nog makes its appearance upon this occasion, and the punch bowl, filled with champagne punch, which figured so conspicuously at the Christmas dinner, is constantly replenished, as an offset to the cold collation served to the callers. Perhaps the word collation is misused, and it can scarcely be called cold, for even in homes where but a semblance of wealth remains, owing to reverses, but where the custom of entertaining is cherished with affection, as are all the practices of their forefathers, there may be found the tropical fruits, always two wines, several varieties of cake, and black coffee. In the houses of the wealthy the observance of the day is both elaborate and magnificent, the interior decorations and the service being on a grander scale.

The hallway filled with palms, holly, mistletoe and jacqueminot roses, transports us to another clime. The fragrance of flowers greets the guest, and the palm-hidden orchestra discourses sweet music during the entire day. The doors are thrown open by the stately old butler, who receives upon that precious heirloom, the silver waiter, the cards of the callers. Entering the parlor a scene of indescribable beauty presents itself to our admiring gaze. Long ropes of Southern smilax, banks of maidenhair, and great masses of rich-hued roses crowd every available nook and corner. Before the smilax-draped mirror, reaching from floor to ceiling, stands the hostess, in evening toilette, a half circle of charming debutantes at her left. As the servant presents the cards to the lady, she must bring into play all her Southern wit, read names, distinguish the men, some of whom must of necessity be comparative strangers, and give them over with a few graceful and appropriate sentences to her assistants, by whom they are conducted to the supper room.

After trying to do justice to the delicacies provided by the hostess, but bearing in mind that this is but one of the many houses they must visit, callers pay their adieus to the hostess and her fair assistants, for a time only, because they meet some hours later at the Club for the German. Formality and informality are blended in an affair of this kind in a manner known only to the Southern men and women, and the sharp edges of a conventional reception are well worn off when the day closes, and society's demands are ignored in the merriment and pleasure with which New Year's Day passes into the second of January.

What has been remarked of Christmas in the South, applies in equal part to New

Year's in that section. One reason for these occasions being so different from the same days in other parts of our country, is the spirit of hospitality which marks the celebrations, and the fact that more entertaining is done, and that the holidays do not mean just two days, Christmas and New Year's, but frequently many of constant rejoicing and social intercourse.

RELIGION AND THE PLAY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Everyone is ready to discuss the propriety—perhaps one should say the impropriety—of introducing religious topics and persons into the current drama. It is instructive, and quite peculiar to the times, that the matter should be discussed at all. Why should we not have the religious drama, or religion in the drama? The objections sincerely made are mainly two: that it would be irreverent in itself, or would inevitably lead to profanation of holy things. If there be any force in these objections, that force must come from the actual conditions of the stage today; because in earlier days the stage handled sacred themes frequently and reverently. Why should the same thing be held reverent and proper in one age, and not in the next? Undoubtedly because of some change in the circumstances. But what change has taken place except for the better as far as the stage and the players are concerned? In our time the players are no longer barred by their profession from decent society, into which they find their way on their merits. In the face of the fact that Father Ducey lately denounced the stage in general, it can safely be maintained that the play and the player are in America quite as moral as popular art, and much cleaner than novels and novelists, journals and journalists, taken together. The outcry against the stage reminds one of the philippics our fathers used to hurl thirty years ago at the dime novel and the weekly story-paper, whose entire output had less harm in it than one day's journalism in the present time.

The fact that men are discussing the use of religion in the play reminds one of a far more important question. Why is there no religion in the play? Why has it been left out so long? Who took it upon himself to exclude it? Have not the Crusades, the deeds of Joan of Arc, of Hildebrand, of Brebeuf, as much a right to stage representation as those of civil heroes? Is not the drama an art which may be made to serve God, man, and religion, like music, painting, and sculpture? Who shut it out from that beautiful service, and by what right? This is the question we should be discussing, not the other; and at the bottom we shall find that the exclusion of religion from the drama is only one feature of that conspiracy which set out one hundred and fifty years back to divorce religion from philosophy, then from statecraft, then from art and letters, and finally in our day from education, journalism, and from the common life. The dramatist and the player have been among the first to discover the fact, rather by instinct than by study. The people of the stage found themselves barred from producing plays on religious subjects, though they themselves had been attracted by the beauty of the material, and by the eagerness of the public to witness plays on subjects dear to them. They have been asking why this

should be, and have undertaken to test public opinion and sentiment on the matter. This may explain the number of plays which are appealing this season to public patronage on the strength of their religious features.

The test of public sentiment, so far made in New York this year, has been most inoffensive. The tenderest feelings could not have been hurt by "The Eternal City," "The Cardinal," and "Mary of Magdala." The three plays have helped to prove that a little religion will do a play no harm, and may do it much good. This advance will do for the present, and next year one may be able to report further progress. Mr. Hall Caine's play, called "The Eternal City," is not admirable in any way, except as an entertainment. Mr. Caine himself is vouched for by the venerable Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, who knew him as a boy and as a reporter, and declares him not only capable and energetic, but sincere. One likes to think of this fact while the pageant of "The Eternal City" is moving before the eye. The scenes are beautiful and touching, Rome itself is visible on painted backgrounds and palatial interiors; St. Peter's, the castle of San Angelo, the Colosseum in the sunset, under the Italian moon. The actors are capable and well-dressed; there is a sequence of some kind running through the scenes; one has a story in his mind when the curtain descends: and then comes the painful, the inevitable, the lugubrious question: what is it all about? This is a question which usually attaches only to a melodrama. To ask it at the close of "The Eternal City" is fatal.

However, we have here only to discuss the religious feature of this peculiar drama. Mr. Caine has introduced the Pope into the play, with the title of Pius X. His (stage) Holiness is presented as the centre of a handsome scene in the Vatican gardens on a fine day. The panorama of Rome stretches away in the distance to the purple hills. In his white soutane, white zuchetto, or skull-cap, golden cross, seated on a dais whose bench is covered with red draperies, the old gentleman looks very well, and very stagey. There is nothing of atmosphere in the scene, except in the venerable old monk who attends the Pope as his confessor, and who looks as if he had just stepped out of a Capuchin cell. Many people come and go, observing the most perfect etiquette. Each comer genuflects three times, and usually on the wrong knee, before arriving in the presence. There is an ecclesiastic in the habit of a monsignore, but wearing a pectoral cross, who never removes his skull-cap in the Pope's presence. However, these inaccuracies are trifling, but they arouse in the experts the temptation to laugh. Mr. Caine is at his worst in the language of this scene. At the beginning the Pope, reminded by the name of the hero of the play of incidents in his own life, tells his confessor of the young man, an officer in the Pope's guard, who married, left his wife and child for a little while to go on a political mission, and returned to find his child lost and his wife dead from a persecution carried on by his own family; thereupon disgusted with the world, he becomes a priest, devotes himself to the poor, and finally becomes Pope Pius X. Thereby the audience learns that the Pope is the father of the hero, and gets ready for developments. Pius X has sent for the heroine, Roma Volonna, to persuade her to testify against her lover, as the best thing for her, her lover and society in general. The arguments of His (stage) Holiness are confusing and even ridiculous, but the heroine writhes under them as if Aquinas himself delivered them. When she consents to testify, the

stage Pope is frightfully shocked by learning from her declarations that the hero is his own son. He bears the calamity with Christian resignation, and the scene ends. It is a very wooden affair both in action and utterance. With that we have no concern. Our point is this: the audience liked it, the actors treated the sacred characters with the most touching respect, Viola Allen made her three genuflections and kissed the Pope's hand with the reverence and enthusiasm of a Catholic, and no one seemed to be scandalized. Mr. Caine was scored by Protestants, on the one hand, for making a pope familiar to the people, and by Catholics, on the other, for a kind of sacrilege. The event has proven the incident quite harmless. The weak point in the play, as far as Catholics are concerned, is not in the introduction of sacred characters, but in a confusion of language and incident, which lead the audience to believe that the seal of confession has been, if not broken, at least tampered with.

The same fault applies to "The Cardinal," produced by Mr. Willard, which made a good impression during December in the metropolis. Mr. Willard is the ideal actor when it comes to a discussion of the morality of the stage. His plays are clean, wholesome, forcible, and entertaining, and he himself a conscientious artist. One might be puzzled to explain why other actors took up such a play as "The Cardinal," but with Mr. Willard there is no difficulty. The play and the character appealed to him, and he succeeds in presenting to his audience a charming, human creation, a prince of the Church with all the features of his race and his training, elegant, cultured, high-spirited, and Christian. This is a distinct advantage for Catholic feeling. The one cardinal familiar to play-goers and play-readers is Richelieu, either painted by Lytton as the cunning, heartless, powerful minister with moments of generosity, or by Dumas, as a tricky politician occasionally humiliated by his king. There have been many attempts to popularize a cardinal, but all have failed. Mr. Willard has succeeded, and Catholics may thank him for his human portrait of a real cardinal of the sixteenth century. The character is that Cardinal Medici who afterwards became Pope Leo X. He is a noble, an aristocrat, a prince, a diplomat, and ambitious for the future; but at present he is deeply interested in works of art, and the play arouses his love for his brother, by the plot which is therein developed. The genuine love for art, the tender love of his own, his interest in the happy outcome of his brother's romance, are happily portrayed by Mr. Willard.

The churchman and the priest appear when the man, who has slain the father of the girl he sought to marry, comes to him for confession. The confession is made on the stage in full view of the audience. It is well to remark that only a non-Catholic actor would attempt such a thing, for our Catholic actors develop wonderful timidity when asked to reproduce Catholic scenes, characters, and customs. The reverence of the confession is beyond praise both in the intention and in the act. What an object-lesson for the people who associate this act with the meanest degradation! This scene proves it to be a beautiful ceremony, touching and fitting at the same time. The ritual is pretty well observed. Then comes the crisis of the play. It is such only for the audience, a fact which must be borne in mind. The Cardinal has learned in the confession who the murderer is, and he cannot reveal the secret, although his own brother is to be hanged for the murder. In actual life a Medici would not be

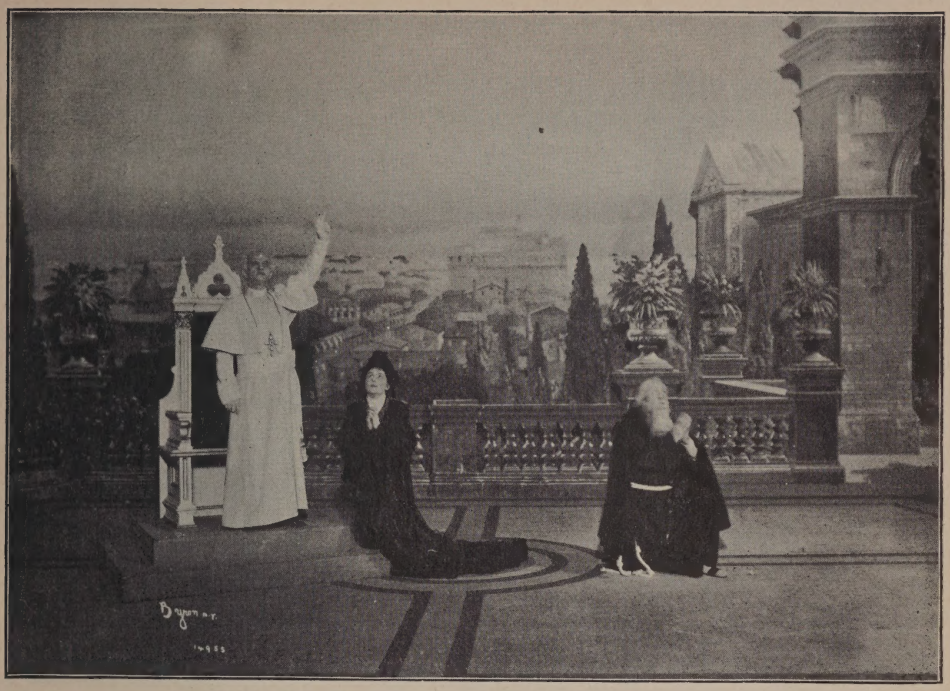


Photo by Byron. "THE ETERNAL CITY." 1st Scene, Act IV.

ROMA: "Is there no one who will oppose this man?"
PIUS X: "Yes, there is one."

hanged for murder in that day, even had the crime been twice as glaring; and the Cardinal would have had no difficulty in freeing him by his assurance to the judges that through confession he had learned of the real murderer. The seal of confession would not need to be violated. So, the crisis of the play is only fictitious. However, that matters nothing to the non-Catholic audience. Their sympathy is with the Cardinal; they know he cannot, will not violate the secret of the confessional; how then is his dear brother to be saved? As the crisis is only a stage crisis, so the solution of the difficulty is only a stagey solution. The Cardinal feigns madness, the temporary insanity of grief, and betrays the criminal into a confession of his crime before hidden witnesses. The brother is saved, the criminal is punished, and the audience is satisfied.

This structural weakness of the play is to be regretted. It is contrary to truth, artistically faulty, and quite unnecessary. The Cardinal's action is really a violation of the seal of confession, even though a non-Catholic audience does not so regard it. Had he not known the real murderer through the confessional, His Eminence would not have been able to set the trap for the criminal. Perhaps Mr. Parker, the dramatist, failed, like so many others, to submit his plot or his manuscript to proper authorities. Without good reason he has left a serious defect in a fine play. There are minor defects in the presentation. The Cardinal wears his episcopal ring on the fore-finger of his hand. He may have warrant for it in the sixteenth century, though in our day a bishop wears his ring on the third finger. The mistakes, even the serious one, are honestly

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS ROMA IN "THE ETERNAL CITY."

made, and run with the good intentions. Bearing in mind that the dramatists are non-Catholics, perhaps even good Protestants, it is wonderful that they should do so well. The feeling left in the hearts of auditors after seeing the wooden pope of "The Eternal City," and the gracious cardinal of Mr. Willard's play, is one of delight and satisfaction. A further testimony to their good intentions lies in the fact that often, where a play has been made up from a book, the play is far more kindly to Catholic feeling and truth than the book may have been. This is quite true of "The Eternal City," which as a book is crammed full of inaccuracies, blunders, trucklings to the spirit of bigotry, balancings of truth with falsehood, very characteristic of a man who must stand well with the English public. These blunders disappear in the play. The most callous actors have a horror of presenting them. When Otis Skinner produced Francesca da Rimini last year, he bought all his ecclesiastical furniture from Benziger's, and found a priest to coach the actors for the wedding procession and the marriage ceremony; so little prejudice has the profession, although it is more than sensitive to public opinion in the production of plays.

The above plays are not to be classed with each other, or with "Mary of Magdala," which Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has brought out at her own theatre. "The Cardinal" is much superior from the literary standpoint to "The Eternal City," but both are flowers of the season and must perish speedily. On the other hand "Mary of Magdala" is pure literature, in which dramatic action is often sacrificed for better things. This is perfectly proper, and in this case does not seem to injure the popularity of the play. The author is a German writer of fifty years' standing, and his productions at home have been numerous. Nothing of his appeared in America until Mrs. Fiske undertook to produce "Mary of Magdala," attracted doubtless by a theme that appeals to any actress. In the original, the play would be impossible in our country. In translating the right adaptation was made, which preserved the scenes and the language while changing the motive.

This fact is mentioned to show the reverence with which managers and actors approach sacred themes, not only to avoid offence to the public, but to satisfy their own standards. This becomes still more apparent in the staging of the play. The merely theatric had to be avoided. Studies were made of costumes, interiors, manners and customs, street and country scenes, so minute and careful as to be really startling. Experiments were made in lighting effects, in the music, in the exits and entrances, until the right key, in which the play was to be presented, had been discovered. The result is marvelous. There is not a false note in the entire play, and the pathos of the mere scenes which transport us to a time and a place so filled with holy memories is beyond expression.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS ROMA; AND F. M. HOLLAND, PIUS X.
1st Scene, Act IV.

The beautiful home of "Mary of Magdala" opens the play, in which appear the son of Caiphas, the nephew of Pilate, and the unfortunate Judas; the second scene is the Roman house of Aulus Plautius, in which the distinguished figure of Caiphas, high priest, takes the central place; the third act is a lovely little street in Jerusalem, so perfect in detail and illusion that the most expert cannot escape the sense of reality; and the fifth scene is a part of Calvary evidently, rocky and wild, where amid the howling of the storm Judas falls into despair and hastens to end his life. This character corresponds admirably with the popular conception of Judas, but gives him a different motive. He was a disciple of Christ only because he thought the Messiah was planning the political liberation of the Jews. An ardent nationalist he could not understand the kingdom of heaven preached by the Master; and when Christ failed to take advantage of the popular tumult of Palm Sunday by raising his standard, Judas deserted him and returned to his passion for Mary of Magdala. Mary rejected him, and all her other admirers, to sit, a

MRS. FISKE AS MARY OF MAGDALA.

repentant sinner, at the feet of Christ. Doubly enraged against the Lord, Judas hands him over to Caiphas, and then overcome with despair puts an end to his life in the garden of Mary's house. Very sad, very powerful is the portrayal of this character by Tyrone Power, who dominates every scene in which he appears.

Mary of Magdala, however, is really the hinge of the piece, and while the dramatist has missed the connecting links here and there in her development, the sure art of Mrs. Fiske has made up for their absence. She appears in the first act as one utterly disgusted with her own life and with the world. Her door is closed to her lovers and friends. Those that force their way in are coldly repulsed. What has disturbed her careless nature she knows not, until Judas describes the famous prophet, the Nazarene. A longing to look upon him seizes her. To the house of Aulus Plautius she goes for that purpose, and the first look of the Divine eyes melts her heart, opens her eyes to her own condition, and makes her from that moment the great Penitent. She turns from her old life, her old friends, her old luxuries with absolute horror. In the third act she appears on the street in robes of penance, carrying her box of precious ointment, a noble and pathetic sight. Lovers and friends rally her, reproach her, mock her, plead with her. She does not even hear or see them. Had she been deaf, dumb, blind, paralyzed, her indifference could be hardly less scornful. Yet it is not scorn, but only indifference, sprung from a more powerful, a truly spiritual passion. She is keenly awake to everything touching the Saviour. In this scene the Mary Magdalene of the sacred writings and of tradition is clearly presented to the audience; yet in almost perfect silence, in the space of a few minutes. Her words are few, she moves patiently across the stage, and seeks entrance into the house of Simon, where the Lord is living. The passers-by jeer and mock at her, and explain to one another her strange madness. Oblivious she enters the house. In the fourth act her last temptation comes. Judas makes an appointment with her for death, and Aulus Plautius declares that he will save the Messiah from Calvary for the reward of

her love. She declines, and in fasting and prayer awaits the end. After the tragedy of Calvary she makes her farewell to the world at the foot of the hill.

It is unnecessary here to point out the faults and omissions of the play, for the point to be made is not concerned with the deficiencies. How does the play affect the audiences? Wonderfully. The mere pagan is touched, as we all are, by the sight of historic scenes and personages in the greatest tragedy of time; the Jew is satisfied with the highly probable motive given to Judas, with the dignity which attaches to the character even in his despair and shame; and the Christian is moved to tears at this wonderful nearness to scenes and personages so unutterably dear to the Christian heart. The respect of the actors for their separate parts is perfect. Caiphas is the high priest from first to last, the lofty though erring prince of his people. No temptation to staginess robs Tyrone Power of that simplicity, that unconsciousness, which enables an actor to merge himself in his part. As for Mrs. Fiske, the subdued manner, the sincerity, the self-effacement which mark her performance, show how clearly she has conceived the Catholic and traditional idea of the character. The effect upon audiences has been altogether admirable; and although the actors cannot see themselves, or get any notion of the ensemble of the scenes, yet I would venture the assertion that the play has had a beneficial effect upon them. In conclusion, the success of the religious plays has been such that we are likely to get an epidemic of them. Epidemics also have their lessons.

MARY OF MAGDALA. SCENE FROM ACT V.

Photo by Byron.

IN WINTER TIME.

RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TITUS.

"ROME AND JERUSALEM SEND THEE GREETING!"

BY MARY B. CORR.

"What a curious candlestick! Is this one of your souvenirs?"

"How very interesting; it seems so primitive!"

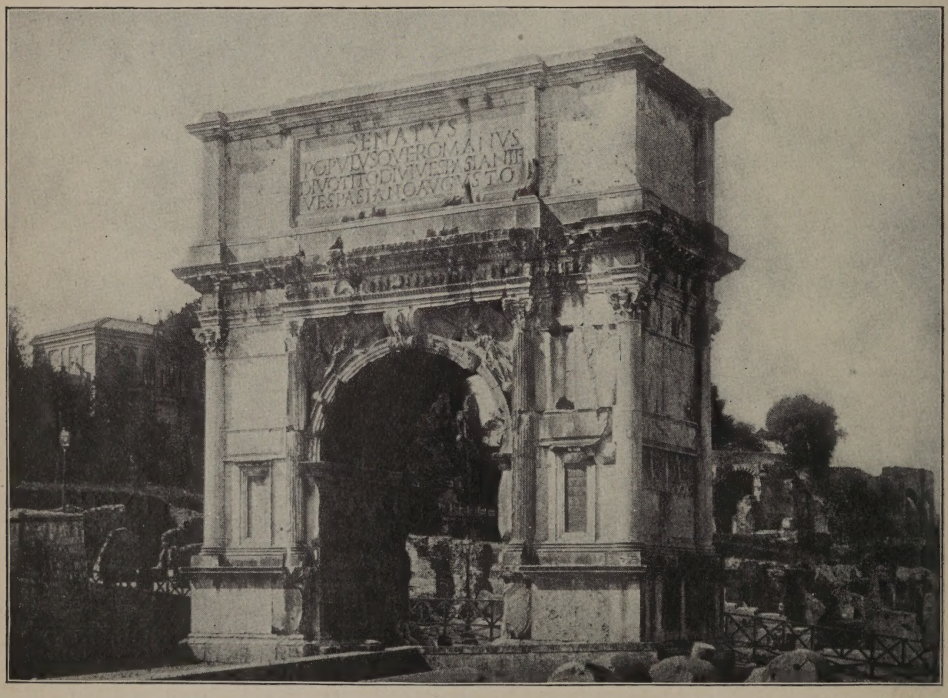
"To me it is beautiful; it has such a sense of dignity and power, and yet is so simple. Where did it come from?"

In some such wise exclaims one after another at sight of a cherished souvenir of travel, the seven-branched candlestick so frequently seen in Rome. As every visitor to that fascinating city has learned, the unique ornament represents the Holy Candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem, and is reproduced from sculptures on one of the famous ruins, the Arch of Titus,—that beautiful triumphal arch sometimes known as the "Arch of the Seven Lamps."

Vividly comes to mind the memory of the first glimpse of that stately monument and of the feeling of wonder at hear-

ing that no Jew would ever pass beneath its shadow. Everything was wonderful then, and there was little time for explanations as we drove rapidly along, new marvels in view at each succeeding instant. Soon, however, a special visit to the Forum was made, and there was opportunity to examine at leisure the Arch of Triumph, which was erected to commemorate the conquest of the Jews by the Roman soldiers;—the silver trumpets, the sacred Loaves of Proposition, and the Holy Candlestick.

The unhappy Jews who graced the conqueror's display were afterwards set to work on the Coliseum, and built their lives into its massive walls, much as did the slaves of the Egyptians, ages before, into the Pyramids. One of their most noted leaders, Simon Bar Gioras, as part



THE ARCH OF TITUS

Romans, A. D. 70. The arch has been restored, but the interior has been but little, if any, changed. It is adorned with marble sculptures in alto relievo—sculptures defaced, though still magnificent, illustrating the return of Titus to Rome—there is the victorious general in his triumphal car, there are the captive Jews in mournful procession, and there are the spoils of war, borne exultingly aloft by

of the ceremony of a Roman triumph met death boldly at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, just across the Forum. As to the trophies, interest centres in the Candlestick which, it is said, lies at present buried in the bottom of the Tiber. Happy were we at Christmas to be made possessors of one of the historic mementoes, and highly did we prize the treasure so laden with delightful associations. The insatiable

curiosity of friends at home led later to further investigation of the history of our trophy, and as the full significance of the quaint emblem became gradually revealed, then did the precious souvenir acquire a new and, if possible, a deeper value.

To no less a book than the Bible do the investigations lead us, and back to the time of Moses are we carried, when, on Mount Sinai, God gave to the great leader the Law in all its minuteness. With awakening interest we read in Exodus (XXV, 31) after directions for the Ark and some of its furnishings:

"Thou shalt make also a candlestick of beaten work of the finest gold, the shaft thereof and the branches, the cup, and the bowl, and the lilies going forth from it.

"Six branches shall come out of the sides, three out of one side, and three out of the other.

"Three cups as it were nuts to every branch, and a bowl withal, and a lily; and three cups likewise of the fashion of nuts in the other branch, and a bowl withal, and a lily. Such shall be the work of the six branches, that are to come out of the shaft:

"And in the candlestick itself shall be four cups in the manner of a nut, and at every one bowls and lilies.

"Bowls under two branches in three places, which together make the six coming forth out of one shaft.

"And both the bowls and the branches shall be of the same beaten work of the purest gold.

"Thou shalt make also seven lamps, and shalt set them upon the candlestick, to give light over against."

We are left in doubt as to the exact meaning of some of the terms used, still the description applies in the main to our souvenir, and with increasing awe do we regard it as we realize that not from the design of man, but from the pattern given by God Himself is it made. Well may it be called "primitive"; truly did he read who saw in the little candlestick "dignity and power." The "nut" mentioned in the Scripture was in all probability the almond plant with its lily-like blossom, and we may imagine the flower sprays of delicate workmanship, crowning the summit of each branch, and supporting the lamps. The sculpture of the arch does not help us here, for the branches in the marble are destitute of all embellishment, and look rough and broken at the top. It may be that the delicate ornaments were broken off in the confusion of pillage, and that they were such as to excite cupidity we may easily understand, since the Lord called by name Beseleel, and appointed him for the work, filling him with the spirit of God, with wisdom and understanding and knowledge and all learning, to devise and to work in gold and silver and brass and to invent all new things. (Ex. XXXV, 30.)

Of the purest, beaten gold was the candlestick made, a voluntary offering to the Lord; both men and women gave bracelets and earrings, rings and tablets. Ex. XXXV, 22.) Thus was begun in sacrifice a work which was carried out in strictest obedience. What the beauty of the workmanship must have been we can only faintly imagine; nor should we have known fully even had we lived in those days of old, for a covering of violet cloth concealed the candlestick whenever the Ark was moved. (Num. IV, 9). Under pain of death was it forbidden any to look curiously into the sanctuary, and this threat was actually carried out in the case of the men of Bethsames (1 Kings, VI, 19), when over fifty thousand people were slain because they had seen the Ark of the Lord.

Even the snuffers for the lamps were of gold as well as the plate to hold the snuffings. The oil was the purest oil of olives and beaten with a pestle. (Ex. XXVII, 20.) To Aaron and his sons was entrusted the care of the lamps, which were dressed every morning and lighted every evening (Lev. XXIV, 4), sweet-smelling incense being burned on

both occasions. This candelabrum of the Sanctuary was thus more properly a lamp-stand, and it has in Hebrew its own distinctive name, "Menorah." Its place was in the Tabernacle of the Testimony, without the veil which concealed the Holy of Holies, on the south side, opposite the Loaves of Proposition. (Ex. XXVI, 35.) The lamps were ranged in order, but whether in a line or in form of a star we are uncertain, and they were the only light in the Sanctuary. To the Jews this Candlestick was something more than a means of illuminating the darkness; it was a symbol of the Pillar of Light which had guided them in the wilderness, a holy sign and symbol of the invisible God, Who dwells in the light no man can approach. We, today, see in it a figure of the sanctuary lamp burning ever before our hidden Lord; as well as a symbol of the Light of the Holy Ghost and of His seven-fold gifts.

"But is the candlestick of the arch actually the Holy Candlestick of Moses?" someone asks. Ah, that is a question that cannot be answered definitely, even though to solve it the entire history of the Children of Israel be followed. We have no reason to think that there were any changes made in the sacred relics of the Ark for about five hundred years, or until King Solomon built his Temple. Then, in accordance with the magnificent scale of that edifice, there were ten golden candlesticks (III Kings, VII, 49), but whether in addition to the first or including *it* is not stated. For over four hundred years after this there is no record of change down to the Captivity and the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchodonosor, B. C. 586. (Jer. LII, 19.) At that time the golden vessels were carried off to Babylon and placed by the King in the temple of his God. (II Par. XXXVI, 7.) It is barely possible that this may refer only to the extra ornaments, and to the various vessels of service, not to the holy treasures. From thenceforth we lose all trace of the priceless relics of the Holy of Holies—the Tables of the Law, the Pot of Manna, the Rod of Aaron;—and we cannot help wondering if all of these may not have been concealed by the Jews. Jeremias, at this time of Transmigration, hid, on Mount Sinai, the tabernacle, and the Ark, and the altar of incense in a place unknown. (II Mac. II, 4-7.) May not the Candlestick have been placed with these?

If the precious lamp was carried to Babylon, then it must have been brought back to Jerusalem, 526 B. C., when Cyrus set free the Jews and restored to them their treasures. (I Esdras V, 14.) If so, it again gave light in the sanctuary of the second Temple, and for another three hundred years burned continually, before its lamps were extinguished by Antiochus, who, 166 B. C., entered the sanctuary, took away the Candlestick of light and all the other ornaments of the Temple, and broke them all into pieces and carried them away into his own country. (I Mac, I, 23.) Not for long did this period of desolation last, for the energy of Judas Machabeus soon restored Jerusalem to its own. The Temple was at once cleansed and sanctified, a new altar was set up, and the altar of incense and the table and the candlestick were "*brought in.*" (I Mac. IV, 49.) When our Saviour walked in Jerusalem these lamps must still have shed their beams in the Holy Place, and on till the final conquest by the Romans and the utter destruction of the Temple. The ancient sculptures of the triumphal arch tell the remainder of the sad story—a proud people led captive, their most sacred treasures displayed to vulgar gaze. Now can we fully comprehend why no Jew will con-

sent to walk under that monument which thus commemorates the disgrace of his nation, the profanation of all he held most holy!

The Emperor Vespasian built a grand temple—the Temple of Peace—as a repository for the trophies and spoils of war, and there the Candlestick of Triumph held a place of honor. At the coming of Constantine, 312 A. D., the reigning emperor, Maxentius, fled, bearing with him the treasures of the city. Near the narrow Milvian Bridge, now Ponte Molle, on the Flaminian Road, the opposing forces met, and there raged a fierce battle, the crucial struggle between paganism and Christianity, in which Christianity, as favored by Constantine, came off victorious. In the contest, men and treasures were together hurled into the flood, which that day flowed crimson. Beneath its waters was Maxentius buried, and there the Candlestick found a hiding place.

With what eager interest shall we now watch the results of the dredging of the historic stream, a project soon to be carried out, so we are told; for whether the lost trophy is in truth the Candlestick of Moses, or whether it be simply a candlestick of the Temple, yet must we hope for it a day of resurrection. Its history has been for us so bound up with the history of that marvellous people, to whom the words of God were committed (Rom. III, 2), whose are the fathers, and of whom is Christ (Rom. IX, 5), who are the natural branches (Rom. XI, 24), that we find ourselves asking if it will be so to the end. We long to believe that when the natural branches are grafted into their own olive tree, then also will the beautiful branches of golden lilies be restored to support the lamps; that when the prophecies are fulfilled and the tabernacle of David is again raised up (Amos. IX, 11) then will the Holy Candlestick once more illuminate the sanctuary. On that day will its rays fall not upon the Loaves of Proposition, but upon the Bread of Life, upon the hidden Lord, Who is Himself the Light of men. (John I, 4.)

LA NOSTRA SPERANZA.

BY REV. P. T. O'REILLY.

O! ye who struggle onward till
The ship of life shall lower the sail;
Forever hoping, trusting still,
For better seas, for friendlier gale,
Be not despondent! One calm bay
Awaits the honest toiler where
Always shines the perfect day.
To that eternal harbor steer
Your fragile bark, where Mary blest,
Our hope and trust, is ever near
To bring the worthy sailor rest.

LEO XIII.

BY REV. D. J. O'FARRELL.

When first I saw him twenty years ago,
Age then had crowned him with a wreath of snow,
Had marked his features with a heavy trace,
But left his figure straight and full of grace,
A motion light, a clear and sparkling eye
That genius told, and purpose strong and high:—
Pontiff and King he stood,—the chosen one
Whom Christ had thrown his sacred mantle on,
To whom his spirit and his power He gave
To feed his flock, to cherish, guide and save.

Pontiff and King!—these titles were but new,
Scarce passed that awe which thrilled him through and through,
When from the conclave's silence trembling came
The voice which said, as pope-elect, his name;
And when, in one, did all their tongues combine—
"Et tu es Petrus! May his years be thine!"
And when the bells rang out and shouts arose
That waked "the seven hills" from their repose,
And missive echoes sent from shore to shore,
As when marched conquering Cæsars home of yore.

Pontiff and King!—What lord of high degree
Could vie with him in state or pedigree?—
What emperor could read the golden page
Of brilliant ancestry, from age to age,
As he?—His line goes back beyond them all,
Back to the day when Christ did Peter call,
To make him chief, on whom He was to build
The Church which should retain His Word fulfilled:
"Thou art the rock, and thou unchanged wilt stay
Amid all change, till time shall pass away."

Pontiff and King!—He looks, with awe and fear,
His field of labor o'er both far and near;
And all is gloom—a chaos seems to reign—
Within, without, it is a world of pain.
Among the nations, Faith seems dead and gone;
Material Hope, the star which lights them on,
Justice and Truth with God are sent away
As actors old who had outlived their day;
And Error, Vice and Greed usurp their place,
And grind and lash the fated human race.

Ah! what a scene of desolation wild
O'er which he weeps, as mother o'er her child
On whom disease a withering hand had laid
To mar the beauty God himself had made.
Ah! what a field of weeds and tares it lies,
With crawling things offensive to the eyes!
And, yet, 'tis his the wasted soil to weed,
To dig and plough, and then to plant the seed
Of future growth—to change the desert bare,
The reptiles' nest, into a garden fair.

And what is he to whom this work is left,
Of wealth, of kingdom, and of strength bereft?—
The King of Rome—and yet rules not in Rome—
And only free beneath St. Peter's dome;
For, at his gates, the enemy struts about
And leers and mocks with gesture and with shout.
A reed is he, and yet an iron rod;
A broken wall, and yet a tower of God,
Whose hand will hold him—Who will nerve his heart
To bear his burthen and to do his part.

. . . . . .

And twenty years have slowly passed since then,
Changing the world, changing the thoughts of men.
Kingdoms have grown in riches and in might,
But led not always by the laws of Right
Proud monarchs propped with shotted guns their thrones
And heard with dread the wretched people's moans,
And, in the streets, the voice of angry strife,
Where oft was red the foul assassin's knife.
So fear prevailed, and want, and discontent,
Defacing all like clouds the firmament!

And changes came, but changes for the worse;
For Progress brought not blessings, but a curse.
It painted sepulchres all full of slime,
It nurtured pride and flung a cloak on crime;
It shouted loud and walked with swaggering gait,
It scorned the weak but fawned upon the great;
It sought to civilize by fire and sword,
Its only object to increase its hoard;
It prayed in temples like the Pharisee,
And thanked the Lord for acts of perfidy.

Now once again, my heart pulsating fast,
I see the Pope, as he is carried past,
Through Sistine Chapel fair—and people cried
As he did smile, and bow from side to side.

Lightly his two and ninety years he bore,
He looked not older than he did before,
His figure just as straight, his brow serene,
His smile as sweetly bright, his glance as keen,
His poise as easy, and his voice as loud,
When he in solemn tones did bless the crowd.

And yet these years were years of toil severe,
As he did o'er the foaming billows steer
St. Peter's Bark tossed wildly to and fro
By adverse winds that never ceased to blow.
E'en, at the first, the elements of hate
Had launched their fury both on Church and State;
The tempest raged when he the tiller took,
And thunderbolts the work of ages shook,
And weaker craft, like frightened doves, did flee,
Till he alone was left upon the sea!

Left on the sea with but a shred of sail,
Yet ran not he before the shrieking gale,
Nor changed he one iota of his course,
But kept the vessel's head against the force
Of waves and winds which seemed as if the breath
Of demons blew them on their rush of death.
And so it raged, and rages still the fight
Between the powers of Darkness and of Light,
And not, perhaps, since angels clashed and fought,
Was such a fight and such confusion wrought.

As, from a height, entranced, we see afar
This saintly leader of a holy war.
Each move that makes the foe he instant sees,
And counteracts the strategy with ease;
Quick to perceive, he grasps at every chance,
Then quick rings out his order to advance;
Always alert, forever at his post,
Yet fires no guns and leads no armèd host.
Justice and Truth and every human right
Alone sustain him in his holy fight!

But of the end no Christian soul may doubt—
The Lord will bring his Church in triumph out
From all her woes, without a stain or break—
He passed his Word, his Spouse he'll not forsake;
And time may fly and men may die, but He
Will come some day, and set the captive free.
So, Hail to thee, O Chief! Long yet thy years
To guide us through this darkened vale of tears!
Long yet thy virtues, our example, shine
Till peace and glory shall, at length, be thine!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

XIV.

Some Doctrines That Are Not Understood by Non-Catholics. The Promise of the Holy Eucharist.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

This doctrine of the Catholic Church—which to my mind is the most important, the most beautiful and the most perfect of all our dogmas of faith—has been exposed to more misrepresentation, scorn and odium, than any other doctrine. The Council of Trent teaches that in the Blessed Eucharist that which was originally bread and wine is, by the act of consecration, changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of our Blessed Lord together with His Soul and Divinity—which change is called Transubstantiation. Such, dear Protestant friends, is our belief, which to many of you appears most incomprehensible and repugnant, and which unfortunately forms for many the greatest difficulty to their entering the Catholic Church; but which to every Catholic is the most consoling, the most cheering, and the most blessed portion of his creed.

Before proving this proposition it would be well to lay down some principles to guide us in examining the scriptural texts which I propose to bring forth in support of our belief. Among Protestants there is a vague and insufficient way of interpreting scriptural texts, which leads to a multiplicity of contradictory opinions. When reading these texts they are sure to attach to them that meaning which seems either to absolutely support their views or at least not to be in conflict with them. It is in this way that the most opposite opinions are equally held by the various sects today. Now there must be some means of interpreting it more intelligently. I shall lay down then a few general and simple principles which have their foundation in common-sense and which will guide us in our examination of this great question.

Every one will agree with me that when we read a book our object is to understand what was passing in the author's mind when he wrote the book. We want to know the meaning he wished to give to certain expressions he then wrote into his book. For instance, in writing this essay on the Holy Eucharist for the Catholic and non-Catholic readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE it is evident to any one with common-sense, that I want my readers to understand me: otherwise I should be trifling with their good sense, their feelings and their rights. It therefore follows that I will try to express myself to the best of my ability in the way that I consider the most helpful to convey exactly to the minds of my readers the ideas passing in mine as I pen these lines. The object of all human intercourse is to infuse into other minds the feelings and ideas that exist in the mind of the speaker or writer. Language is nothing more than the process whereby we endeavor to establish this communication. Here we have two terms which are to be equalized, namely, the mind of the speaker and that of the hearer, so that the one will thoroughly represent the other. Take a simple illustration. I take up a book and examine the print of the type impressed upon the page, and I reason infallibly that these words were first set in type and afterwards electrotyped on the cylinder. In like manner. if I see only the plate I reason just as correctly as to the impression which must be thereby produced.

Therefore, the object of any person who addresses others, either in writing or in speech, is to convey as clearly as possible his meaning to their minds. If the process of language be correct and we understand one another we receive the impressions and ideas which the writer or speaker wished to convey, and hence we can accurately reason from the meaning attached to a discourse by those who heard it to the ideas passing in the speaker's or writer's mind.

Now if we wish to ascertain the meaning of any passage written in a book three hundred or two thousand years ago we must not judge it by what we might understand such words to mean today. We must know what their meaning was at the time they were spoken. If I open the works of Shakespeare I shall find many words that have changed their meaning since his day, for words which now are trivial and in common use were then dignified. Thus in some of the old English translations of Holy Scripture the word ballad is used instead of canticle. This would make the title of the great song of Solomon, "the Ballad of Ballads," which would sound strange. Thus we see that were any one to argue on a passage written at those times it is evident that he would err.

The true rule of interpretation therefore is to know what must have been the only meaning which the actual hearers who were alive and present at the time the words were addressed to them could have put on any expression and if we find that they gave a certain definite signification to these words, the only one possible, it is evident that it must be the true one. If in our studies of language we learn that the Jews must have attached a certain meaning to our Saviour's words and could have conceived no other He must have used them in that sense if He wished to be understood.

I.

In this essay I shall examine the expressions used by our Blessed Lord and Saviour on different occasions. I shall try to put you in possession of the opinions of those who heard them, and thus make you understand the only signification which they could possibly have attached to them. Whatever we shall find to have been the exclusive interpretation given to words and phrases by His auditors must be considered their true meaning. I shall apply the same test to every objection, and by that ordeal only must they be justified.

In studying ancient phrases and words we must carefully weigh the character of the teacher, for every professor has a method of addressing his hearers; and it becomes necessary to make a sort of an individual investigation to see whether the explanation given can be reconciled with the ordinary method of the teacher. Moreover it has been justly observed that he who would lead others must in some respects follow, for no wise teacher will run counter to the habits and ordinary feelings of those whom he addresses. Without sacrificing one particle of principle or opinion he need not go out of his way to make them odious. With these considerations we will enter upon an examination of what we consider the first proof of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist as contained in the sixth chapter of St. John.

The interpretation of this chapter of the Gospel reduces itself into a simple inquiry, in which Catholics and Protestants are agreed that the first part of the chapter (from the beginning of the 26th verse) is simply historical and gives us an account of the miracle wrought by our Saviour in feeding a multitude of persons with a small quantity of bread. We are also agreed as to the next portion of the chapter, from the 26th to the 48th verse, that our Saviour's discourse is about

faith. Here a material difference of opinion enters. We say that at that verse a change takes place in our Saviour's discourse, and that from that moment we are not to understand Him as speaking of faith, but of the real eating of His body and the drinking of His Blood sacramentally in the Holy Eucharist. Protestants, on the other hand, maintain that the same discourse is continued and the same topic kept up to the conclusion of the chapter. This is surely a question of simple fact. It is like any legal question regarding the meaning of a document; and we must establish by evidence whether the latter part can continue the same subject as the preceding.

Our Blessed Lord made use of every opportunity He had through the performing of some miracle to inculcate some doctrine which seemed to have some special connection with it. For instance, in the 9th chapter of St. John, having cured a blind man He reproves the Pharisees for their spiritual blindness. In the 5th chapter, after restoring to a man the use of his limbs, He takes occasion most naturally to explain the doctrine of the resurrection. Again in the 12th chapter of St. Matthew, after having cast out a devil, He discourses upon evil spirits. These examples would naturally cause us to infer that if ever He did wish for an opportunity to propose to His hearers the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, He could not have found one more suited to His purpose; for in the miracle of the multiplication of loaves, by blessing the bread He made it sufficient to feed several thousands. We cannot suppose anything more parallel to the sacrament wherein His body is in a manner multiplied so as to form the food of all mankind the world over. This therefore makes it not at all improbable that if such a doctrine was to be taught this was the favorable moment for preparing His hearers for it. How naturally He introduces the subject. The Jews asked Him for a sign from heaven and the sign they insisted on was: "What sign therefore dost thou show us that we may see and believe thee,—what dost thou work? Our Fathers did eat manna in the desert as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven to eat." To which He answers: "Amen, amen, I say unto you, Moses gave you not bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from Heaven." Now the Jews in one of their commentaries on the Book of Ecclesiastes assert that one of the signs which the Messias would give was precisely this; that in the same manner that Moses had brought down the manna from heaven, so should He bring down bread from heaven. This being the belief of the Jews it was natural that they should look for a heavenly food whereby men should be nourished by something more excellent than manna—by a true living bread from heaven.

Now we shall examine this question. In the first place I must meet an objection. It is agreed among Protestant commentators that in the 24th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew there is a discourse of our Saviour's on two distinct topics—the first regarding the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, and the second the end of the world. We naturally ask where does the transition take place? The most accurate commentators place it at the 43rd verse of the 24th chapter. I will give you the preceding verse and one or two that follow. "Watch ye therefore because ye know not at what hour your Lord will come. But this know ye, that if the good man of the house knew at what hour of the night the thief would come he would certainly watch and would not suffer his house to be broken open." Here you perceive no transition between these verses and yet these commentators

place the transition exactly in the middle of them. The same imagery is still continued from verse to verse and yet it is agreed that a transition takes place from one subject to another, as distinct as the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, which took place 1900 years ago, is from the end of the world which may not happen for centuries. This removes the preliminary objection that there must be a strong and marked transition—to mark the passage from one subject to another.

On what ground do we say that in the preceding part of the chapter (VI St. John) and in the latter, a different topic is treated of? Well the question is one of fact and resolves itself into two inquiries: first, is there a transition here? and secondly, is it to the true eating and drinking of the Body and Blood of Christ? To the first I would say that I believe the first portion of our Saviour's discourse to apply to faith, for this reason: that every expression He uses throughout it is such as was familiar to the Jews, as referring to the subject. The idea of giving bread and partaking of food was commonly applied to teaching and receiving instruction; consequently there was no misunderstanding it. Thus it is said in the Book of Isaias: "All you that thirst come unto the waters, and you that have no money make haste, buy and eat. Harken diligently to me and eat that which is good." (Is. IV 1, 2.) "To eat" is here applied to listening to instruction. Our Saviour quotes Deuteronomy: "Not on bread alone does man live, but on every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." (Matt. IV, 4.) Again, God used this remarkable figure when He said that He should send forth a famine into the land —not a famine of bread nor a thirst of water, but of the hearing of the word of God." (Amos. VIII, 2.) In like manner the Book of Wisdom is represented as saying: "Come eat my bread and drink my wine which I have mingled for you." (Prov. IX, 5.) Jewish commentators observe that whenever the expression is used among the Prophets or in Ecclesiastes it is always to be understood of doctrine. Therefore when our Saviour simply addresses the Jews, speaking to them of the food whereof they are to partake, I have no difficulty in supposing that He could be understood by all as referring to faith in Him and His teaching. Now in order to contrast these expressions more strongly with those that follow, read carefully the 35th verse. Throughout the first part of this chapter you will not once find our Saviour allude to the idea of eating. He does not once speak of eating "the bread that came down from heaven." On the contrary, He carefully avoids the use of this harsh unnatural figure. Notice that wherever the figure of food is applied to hearing or believing doctrine the inspired writers never say, "come and eat or receive me." Our Saviour does not even speak of eating this figurative bread of His doctrine; and at the same time cautiously escapes from applying the phrase to His own person. For in the 35th verse He says: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger and he that believeth in me shall not thirst." The very phrases selected indicate doctrine and belief. Our Saviour is most careful to explain them in this sense. For the Jews made an objection and murmured at Him because He had said that He was the bread which came down from heaven. The objection referred not so much to His calling himself bread as to His saying He had come from heaven. For their objection is: "Is not this Jesus the Son of Joseph whose father and mother we know? How then sayeth he, I came down from heaven? (VI 42.) Observe how our Saviour answers this objection. He makes use of no less than eight verses in removing it. From

the 35th verse to the 47th, He speaks simply of faith in Him. Read them carefully: "Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me except the Father who had sent me, draw him and I will raise him up at the last day. Every one that hath heard of the Father and hath learned, cometh to me, not that any man hath seen the Father, but he who is of God, he hath seen the Father. Amen, amen I say unto you he that believeth in me hath eternal life. (VI 42-47.) From this passage we conclude that His conversations up to this moment were of faith. Notice that He closes the first part of His discourse with the words: "Amen, amen, I say unto you he that believeth in me hath everlasting life." At once He begins an explanation of another doctrine. He abandons the figurative language He had been using—on seeing that some misunderstanding had resulted from its use —and suddenly returns to it in a much stronger manner. He does it in such a way that His hearers could not have conceived from the words the same meaning as before. He says: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world." Then He continues: "Amen, amen I say unto you except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him. As the living father hath sent me, and I live by the Father so he that eateth me the same also shall live by me." Here we have evidence of a transition in the discourse to a new topic. In the former portion of His discourse our Blessed Saviour speaks of this bread as given by His Father. He says: "This is the bread which his father had sent from heaven and given to the Jews." (VI 32, 33, 39, 40, 44.) In the latter portion he no longer speaks of His Father as giving this bread, but says that He Himself gives it. The giver is different in both cases and consequently the gift is supposed to be different.

II.

In the first part of the discourse our Saviour speaks of the consequence of this partaking of the bread of life as consisting of our being brought or drawn unto Him or coming to Him (Verses 35, 36, 44, 45.) In a number of passages where persons are brought to Christ it is always understood that they are brought to faith in Him. This corresponds to our interpretation of the first part of the discourse. But in the second part our Saviour never speaks of our being brought to Him, but always of our abiding in Him—which expressions are used to denote love or charity, (Verses 57, 58.) Here we have some institution alluded to which is to unite us to Christ, not merely through faith, but still more through love. These are striking distinctions between the first part of our Lord's discourse and the second, but there are more important ones. One of the most delicate points in the interpretation of Scripture is the explanation of the figures of speech. It is supposed by Protestants that by eating the flesh of Christ and drinking His Blood, nothing more was meant than a figure of believing in Him. If this be the case, I might observe that if to eat the bread of life simply meant to believe in Christ, it follows that the verb 'to eat' is equivalent to the verb 'to believe.' When therefore our Saviour speaks of eating His flesh, we must suppose that He meant believing in His flesh—a doctrine which no one has ever imagined our Saviour to have taught. There is nothing in which we are less at liberty to vary from ordinary acceptation than in the use of conventional figurative language—so

long as we are using terms in their literal sense there may be some vagueness, but the moment usage has fixed any certain figurative adaptation of words, we are no longer free to depart from it without risking the most complete misunderstanding of our words. Nothing is easier than to test this statement. We attach, for instance, certain characteristic qualities to the names of some animals. Thus when we say that a man is like a lamb, we understand the force of the expression—that he is meek and patient under his afflictions. If we used it in any different sense we should necessarily deceive our hearers. Again we understand by the figure of a lion, a man composed of a certain mixture of strength and prowess combined with a generous and noble character. On the other hand, by the figure of the tiger we understand great animal strength united with fierceness, cruelty and brutality. Now these two animals have many qualities in common, and yet if we say that a man is like a lion, our hearers understand from the ordinary received acceptation of the word what is meant. In like manner if you called a man of great strength of limb and nobleness of character a tiger, you would be doing him a positive injustice because your hearers would not depart from the ordinary acceptation of figurative language.

If therefore we can establish that any expression in any language, besides its own simple, natural and literal meaning, had an established and recognized metaphorical one—we have no right to hold any meaning between the literal and the figurative one: and we have no right to create another figurative one, unless we can prove that it was in equal use. Now the term eating a person's flesh besides its sensible carnal meaning had an established, fixed, figurative signification among the people whom our Saviour addressed, and therefore we cannot depart from the literal meaning, and if we do it can only be to take without choice the figurative one. On this ground we maintain that a change of phraseology took place at verse 48; because after that verse our Saviour uses expressions which allow no choice between the real partaking of His body and blood and a settled figurative signification which no one will, for a moment, think of adopting. Now whether we examine the phraseology of Scripture or the language spoken by our Saviour, or the dialects spoken in Palestine at the time of our Saviour, or even today, for there is little change in customs, manners or feelings among the people, one will find the expression 'to eat the flesh of any person' to mean the doing of some grievous injury to an individual. For instance, we have in the 27th psalm this expression: "While the wicked draw near against me, to eat my flesh"—that is to oppress, to vex, to ruin me. Again in the 19th chapter of Job: "Why do you persecute me and are not satisfied with my flesh?"—that is with eating my flesh, calumniating and persecuting me by words which is the most ordinary meaning of the metaphor. In the prophet Micah we read: "Who also eat the flesh of my people," that is who oppress them and do them serious injury. In the New Testament, St. James (2, 3) speaking of the wicked, says: "Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you and shall eat your flesh like fire." In every case it has the fixed figurative signification of doing some serious injury or harm, especially by the sin of calumny.

We should also examine the meaning given to this phrase by the people who have inherited, not only the country our Saviour lived in, but also the manners, customs, opinions and feelings of 2,000 years ago. I mean the Arabs who now

occupy Holy Land. It is acknowledged by all Biblical scholars that they closely resemble their ancestors, and consequently they form a rich mine for the illustration of Scripture. Now it is singular that among these men the most common form of expression to designate calumny is to say that a person eats the flesh of another. In the Koran, the Mohammedan law, we find this expression: "Do not speak ill of one another in his absence. Would any of you like to eat the flesh of his brother when dead? Verily you would abhor it." That is to say equally should you abhor calumny. One of their poets writes: "You say that you are fasting, but you are eating the flesh of your brother." In another we read: "I am not given to detraction or to eating the flesh of my neighbor." This runs through all Oriental literature and is rooted in the spirit of the language.

It is remarkable that in the Syro-Chaldaic—the very language spoken by our Lord—there is no expression to accuse or calumniate, except to eat a morsel of the person calumniated. The Syraic version of the Scripture which was made one or two centuries after our Saviour bears out this statement to the letter. Whenever the Jews are said to have accused our Saviour, they are said in this version to have eaten a portion of him. All modern writers on Hebrew and other Oriental languages leave no doubt on this question.

We conclude therefore that the Jews gave to the expression, eating a person's flesh, a definite figurative meaning, in the sense of doing a grievous injury to another by calumny. This is according to the natural rule of interpretation, and we have no choice, except between the literal signification and the only figurative one that prevailed among them.

Thus far we have found in our examination of our Saviour's words one class of phrases in the first part of the discourse which could be understood only of faith; and in the second part, expressions of a totally different character which could not be interpreted in any sense but a literal one.

III.

There is another proof in our favor—the expression used by our Saviour of drinking His blood and eating His flesh. Now I will ask is it credible that our Saviour when proposing and recommending to His hearers one of the most consoling and amiable of all His doctrines, would voluntarily have chosen to conceal it under such a frightful and revolting image? Can we suppose for a moment that He would use an illustration, of all others, the most odious to His audience and one which appeared to command something against the positive and sacred law of God? It is obvious that as He had before used the ordinary figure of food to signify belief in Him and His redemption—there was nothing to prevent His continuing the same phrase, or if He chose to depart from the figurative meaning of His words, can we imagine that He would have selected of all others the one most likely to convey to His hearers' minds the most disagreeable and painful idea? Such a supposition is repulsive.

The simple drinking of blood under any circumstances was prohibited by the oldest law known to man, (Gen. IV, 4). In the law of Moses we read: "If any man whosoever, of the house of Israel or of the strangers who sojourn among them eat blood I will set my face against his soul, and will cut him off from among his people." (Liv. VIII, 10.) From this we learn that the partaking of blood was always considered a dreadful crime. When the army of Saul had slaughtered the cattle, it was told to him that the people had sinned against the Lord; and he said: "Ye

have transgressed." (1 Sam., XIV, 33). In the book of Judith it is said that the people of Bethula, that for drought of water they are to be counted among the dead, and they have a design even to kill the cattle and drink their blood, therefore because they do these things it is certain they will be given up to destruction, (Judith, XI, 10, 11.) Thus we see that even in cases of last extremity it was supposed that if men proceeded so far as to taste blood they had no chance of escape, but were sure to be delivered to utter destruction.

When we come to speak of eating human flesh or drinking human blood, we find that it is never mentioned except as the final curse which God could inflict on his foes. "Instead of a fountain and ever-running river, thou gavest human blood to the unjust." (Wisd., XV, 7.) In the Apocalypse it is written: "Thou hast given them blood to drink for they have deserved it." (Apoc., XVI., 6). The prophet Jeremias foretold a plague that would astonish and shock the world as every man would be obliged "to eat the flesh of his friend." (Jer., XIX, 8, 9.) With such feelings on the part of the Jews can you suppose that our Saviour would have clothed a doctrine that He was desirous of proposing to them under such imagery as was never used by them except to describe a heinous violation of the divine law? We can conclude again, dear Protestant friends, that our Blessed Saviour was obliged to use such expressions if He wished to propound the doctrine of the Real Presence; in fact, He was driven to them, no matter how revolting, because He could not adequately state it in other words.

(To be Continued.)

VENEZUELA AND ITS TROUBLES.

BY A. PASTEUR.

It is an old corner of the Spanish Main, with a land like El Dorado. Its government is not fit for Dante's Seventh Circle of the Inferno. A climate like the gardens of Saadi, and the population starving! An army and navy equal to that of Don Quixote defying the armies and navies of the world. In 1845 Venezuela was declared free and independent; in 1846 revolution began and lasted until 1870, when Guezman Blanco was made president. In ten years he had formed a fine government and prosperous country. Since his death revolution has been the rule.

From my hotel in Caracas I could see the ragged starved boys called soldiers, bearing the yellow government flag of Castro, symbol of a pest-house rather than of a civilized government. The people of South America must eventually tire of revolution and corrupt government. Already the men on the streets in Barcelona, La Guayra, Caracas, Valencia and the rich cities of Venezuela are grumbling over the internal and interminable revolutions. Under the aegis of the Monroe Doctrine the Venezuelans take every kind of advantage both of America and Europe. They know we will never allow a European country to take an aggressive attitude or proceed to colonize in the western hemisphere; they also are adepts at the diplomatic art of playing off one government against another. The Turk alone is equal to the Venezuelan statesman in the fine art of international deceit.

At La Guayra I noted the warships of France, Italy, Germany and America. The people of the city were living in perpetual apprehension. The trade of the place was stricken down as by paralysis. Where formerly 10,000 bags of coffee went on the European steamer they were sending only 900 on the steamer on which I sailed. There has been constant war for three years, and intermittent hostilities for twenty years. Only the old inhabitants can remember a time of peace. Yet ten years ago the country held thirty million head of cattle, and in coffee and other rich products the land which the Spanish buccaneers christened "Little Venice" was a leader in the trade of South America.

La Guayra is finely located at the foot of a great mountain nearly 9,000 feet in height. It is the port of entry to the Capital, Caracas, a city located high on the mountains three thousand feet above the sea. Outside of La Guayra there is an aristocratic suburb called Macuto. As an instance of the way in which the Venezuelans carry on their war, it may be noted that last summer the army of

Castro, the President, and that of Matos, the Revolutionary leader, fought in the streets of Macuto and paid no attention to the safety of women and children. Houses were fired into and non-combatants wounded. The station master showed me his lamp riddled with bullets; the residents next day moved away, and the place was practically deserted in less than a week. Castro also bombarded the defenceless coast cities, because insurgents had been seen in their neighborhood. The President has lost caste with the best part of the nation, and is no longer received in the best homes.

Matos is on much better terms with the aristocratic classes. He belongs to the famous Ybarra family, scions of which are represented in Boston. The people of Caracas would have hailed him with delight as a liberator if he had entered the city last summer. But not without its comic side is all this war. While I was in Caracas, the train between that city and La Guayra was held up by the insurgents. The leader of the rebels was excessively polite as he asked the English conductor for the twenty thousand dollars of bullion which the car contained. When the money was passed over, the insurgent leader gave the conductor a present of fruit and some vegetables and told him to hurry up and not miss his mail boat.

Caracas, the Capital, is set in a lovely valley of the Cordilleras. It is a quaint rambling old Spanish town, with narrow streets, and sidewalks wide enough for one man to walk upon. Some of the churches are richly decorated, and in one I saw a marvelously beautiful picture of Christ feeding the five thousand. The painter was a Venezuelan, and he had painted the scenery of Judea to resemble that of the rocky, picturesque shore land near La Guayra.

In the great Square of Caracas stands a striking equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Venezuela. Bolivar was born at Caracas in 1783, and was the best ruler Venezuela has known. The money of the Republic is named after him—The Bolivar. The exchange is very good; almost on a par. This is vastly better than in Colombia, where you can buy two dollars and forty cents in silver for an American dollar. The national debt is not great, a matter of forty-eight million dollars. What wears the country is this waiting war. Coffee merchants who were growing large crops at a profit of forty per cent are now growing small crops, with only a profit of nine per cent. Every kind of industry that might thrive is crushed by wanton waste and wicked misrule.

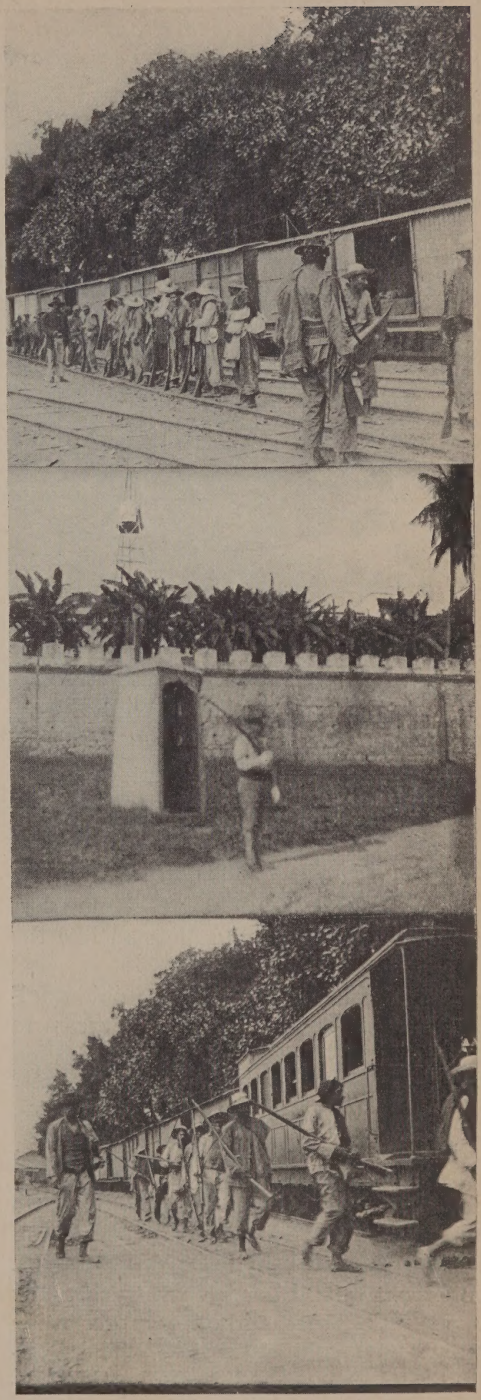
From the Calvario Hill one gains a view of city, valley and cloud wreathed hill that is seldom equalled. The far-off, winding streets, the theatres and business houses, the homes of men, and then the fresh green country, the colors softer than a dove's wing on land and sky, make this a most enchanting country. The valley is named Encantado,—The Enchanted. We needed heavy blankets in the month of August. The temperature is quite cold at night. By day, the air of Andalusia stirs over the land. Seldom in my life have I seen a city more beautifully situated than this one in a cup of the Andes. It seemed like Florence on an Italian summer day, seen from Fiesole. The Calvario Hill is itself a public garden and has a zoologic collection. There we saw the deer that roamed in the vast llanos or flats of the Orinoco; the condor, proud bird of the Andes, the aigrette, the pelican, the rare birds of the Amazonian wastes. This might be made one of the most attractive spots in South America. No doubt with a good government Caracas could be made a health-resort. It has a fine water system, but

the sewerage is the natural open gully of the mountain side.

A walk through the markets of Caracas was instructive. Here, where most abundant fruit and vegetables grow in four crops to the year, hundreds are starving. I halted in front of a bird vender's store, and watched him move his birds from cage to cage. Then I remembered, as the little feathery captives fluttered from perch to perch, the story of the released prisoner who bought, in a market, a whole cage of captive birds and let them fly, saying: "I was a captive once myself." Some rude pottery next attracted me. It is made by the native Indians. There were machetes, and horse-hair bridles, and native slippers and hats of strange and curious plaited work. The place was busy, and the hum of voices was like from a hive of bees. I almost fancied myself in the Halles Centrales in Paris. Sweet it was to walk here in the gloaming, pleasant to hear the sound of the guitar, quaint to join the humming crowd in the Plaza Bolivar and listen to the music of the martial band.

Yet even as we strolled about in apparent safety we heard the roll of guns. I saw that men blanched, and women held their babes closer to them; and there were tremulous looks in the faces of the young women as they bade adieu to their sweethearts that night, brave lads who might be called to war at any time, and who might never meet their lovers in the cool enchanted eventide again. The red tide of battle was indeed upon us; and only a few miles from the scene of melody and love, a hundred ghastly corpses were lying beneath the red sky of the twilight.

What the war is about no one seems to know. It is evidently nothing more than the "ins" against the "outs." Undoubtedly the end is not yet. If Europe would call for America to intervene and to establish a protectorate the destiny of Venezuela would indeed be bright. The Venezuelans should, however, be consulted. Many of them have now lost all



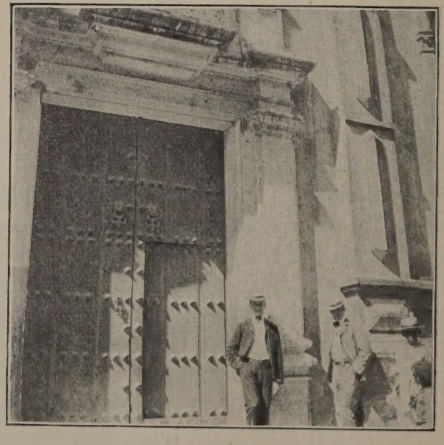
(1) CASTRO'S ARMY AFTER THE DEFEAT AT BARCELONA, IN AUGUST 1902. STATION OF LA GUAYRA.
(2) ON GUARD.
(3) SOLDIERS OF VENEZUELA.

MINISTER BOWEN AND MRS. BOWEN.

hope of a good government from any of their leaders. If there were a strong government established such as we carried on in Cuba, and jealousies could be avoided among the nations, this fine corner of the world would blossom like the rose.

The Germans have put ten million dollars into the railroad from Caracas to Valencia; the Venezuelan administration guaranteed seven per cent upon the investment; but today the German stockholders receive only the half of one per cent. The English investors have been fleeced in the same way. The French and Italians have lost money in the country, but not so heavily as the Germans. American capital has been very carefully invested, but yet with every precaution our people are likely to lose. The taxation and chaos which are the concomitants of such a government are ruinous to legitimate business. The ship on which I sailed from La Guayra to Porto Rico, "The Caracas," pays eight dollars every time she enters La Guayra for the use of the water supply of that city. But the water is so impure that the ship takes water at Curacoa. The Venezuelan government, however, has passed a law that the tax must be collected whether ships get the water or not.

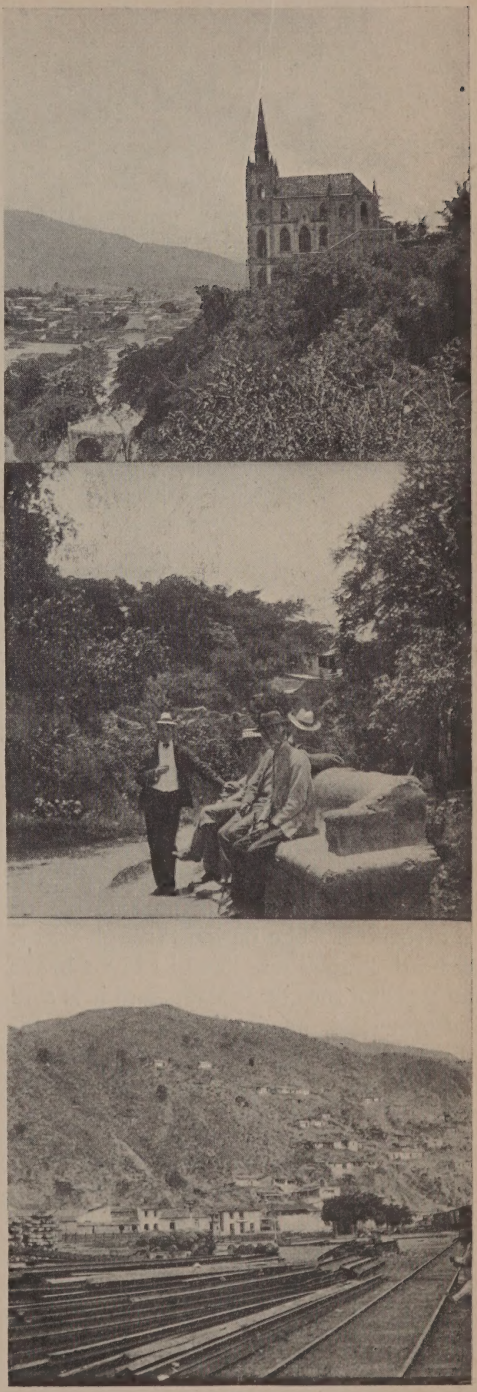
Venezuela produces the finest of hard wood, gold, copper, cacao, hides, coffee, tea, tobacco, and a kind of Manila hemp, almost as fine as that which we get from the Philippines. Copper ore, dyewoods, tonka beans and rubber are only a few of the many riches of that favored land. The countries doing most trade with Venezuela are Germany, England, France and the United States. The population of two and a half millions is not one-tenth the number which the country is capable of sustaining.



CHURCH DOOR, SHOWING KNOCKER OVER 300 YEARS OLD.

Along the Orinoco River there are many rich plantations and some well-paying mines. In fact, with a strong and settled government, this is the best country in South America for the United States to trade with. It is near our trade and manufacturing. It has, in the uplands, a climate well suited to the northern races. The Germans have a colony near Valencia, and that hardy Teuton race find the air bracing and the climate delightful.

I do not think that the present conditions can long continue. The barbarism of these little wars is incredible. No such convenience as an ambulance corps is ever thought of by either side to a combat. The day I passed over the Caracas line ten poor fellows lay near the railroad wounded. Neither friend nor foe paid any attention to them, but after twelve hours of this agony, some tender-hearted Germans took pity on them and carried them into their own houses. Boys fourteen years of age are often kidnapped off streets to recruit the army of either side. These soldiers are equally loyal to the government or the revolution. The government troops carry the national flag, and a yellow flag which means war. The revolutionists carry the national flag likewise, and a red flag which signifies their side of the war. As for the citizens, they take neither side, although perhaps the best part of them would favor Matos and the revolution. General Matos pays more respect to the war code of civilization than his opponent Castro. In Caracas the families of formerly well-to-do people were starving. They could not dig, to beg they were ashamed. They had much of the old honor and honesty of the original Spanish grandee. The worst feature of the whole trouble is that no party promises peace. As soon as Colombia has settled its own revolution it promises to fight Venezuela. Because of the aid the latter is supposed to have



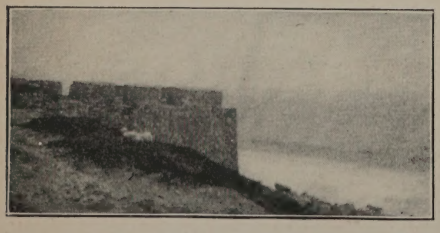
(1) VERY OLD CHURCH AT CARACAS.
(2) A BIT OF VALLEY SCENERY.
(3) THE RAILWAY AT LA GUAYRA.

STREET IN CARACAS. WOMEN WEARING SPANISH MANTILLA.

given the Colombian insurgents, Nicaragua is going to have a whack at Colombia, and so the comic opera goes. About a year ago, when the Colombians were fighting the Venezuelans on the border land, both sides committed frightful atrocities. The region through which the battles raged was inhabited by a brave and warlike race of Indians, and it is said that the Indians finally rose and annihilated both armies.

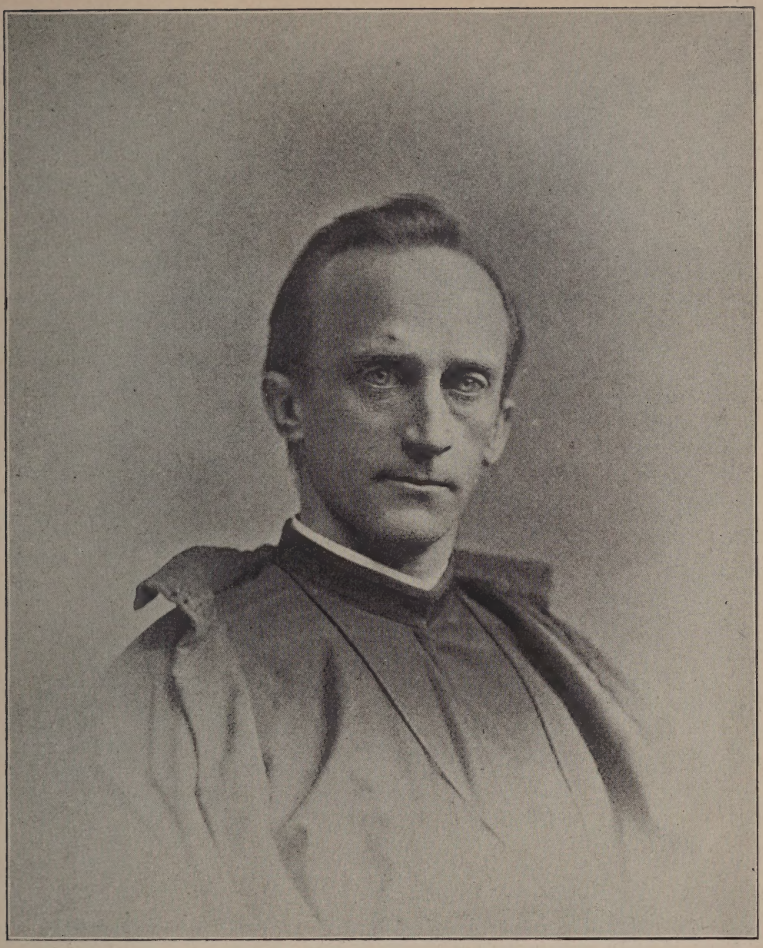
Porto Cabello has a convenient harbor, and so have Barcelona, Maracaybo, and La Guayra. The opening of the Panama Canal is going to bring these ports all near to Asia and the western part of America. The destiny of half the world already lies in the hands of the United States.

Germany and England have found it necessary to send their fleets to blockade Venezuela and collect $300,000 which was due them in December. At first these powers had the sympathy of the civilized world. But their high-handed acts, especially the wanton destruction of the Venezuelan navy and the uncalled-for bombardment of Porto Cabello changed sympathy into suspicion. One thing is sure; American people and government will support the Monroe doctrine at every cost. The new Venezuelan situation brings face to face the two great dynamic statesmen of the world—the German Kaiser and the American President, Theodore Roosevelt.



OLD FORT CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DRAKE.

NEWLY MARRIED.



REV. WM. O'BRIEN PARDOW S. J.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

"We Catholics haven't been proud enough of our own educational history," said Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., addressing 3,000 Catholics in the Auditorium, Chicago. "Jeanne Baptiste, Sieur de La Salle, the founder of the order under whose auspices I speak tonight, gave to the world the rules which allowed the world to know how to train its teachers to teach. We Catholics do not object to the world's public schools. They are all right as far as they go, but we can not send our children to schools that take no account of the human soul."

The subject of the lecture was "Saint de La Salle and Modern Education," and in the course of his remarks the reverend lecturer impressed upon his audience their duty in asserting and claiming certain rights. "The reason why the American government has done nothing for our schools," said Father Pardow, "is because we have never asked it to do anything. We Catholics should all pull together and make the country realize our power. * * * As it is now, we Catholics are paying double taxes for our schools. One tax is for the public schools, which we can not use, and another for the schools of our

REV. MATTHEW POWER, S. J.

Church, which we do use. The remedy for this unjust and un-American state of affairs lies at the polls."

The lecture was given under the auspices of the Saint de La Salle Auxiliary, and Brother Adjutor of the Christian Brothers, who had the management of the affair, reported at the close of the evening that $25,000 had been the net amount raised. This sum included the $10,000 offered by W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, conditionally, upon a like amount being raised by the sale of seats. An additional $1,000 was also given by John P. Hopkins, with a similar proviso.

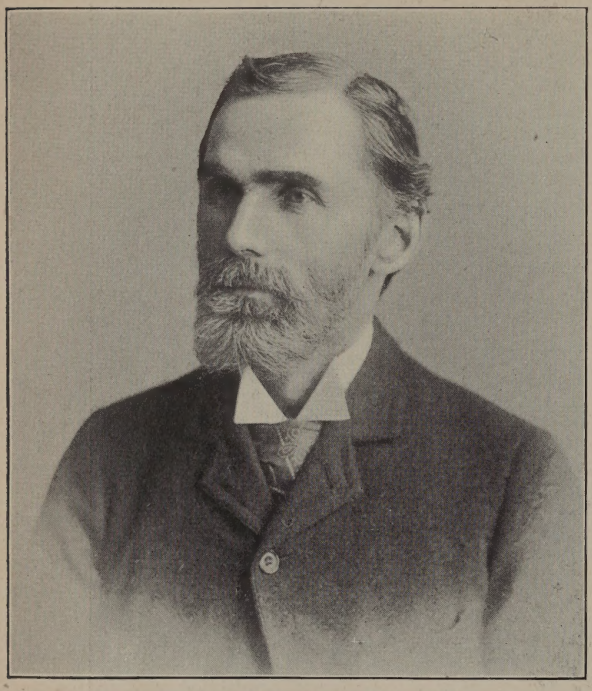
In addition to his missionary labors, Rev. Matthew Power, S. J., has accomplished considerable literary work, and has recently published "The Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels,"—

WILLIAM HENRY MOFFITT.

the fruit of fifteen years' research. The press notices of this book in England, Scotland and Ireland are most favorable, especially in "The Irish Ecclesiastical Record" and "The Month" for October, 1902.

Father Power's unique but very successful missionary methods in Edinburgh are thus described by an Edinburgh exchange:

"Rev. Father Power, S. J., has again resumed his open air meetings in the Grassmarket on Friday evenings. Last Friday night, shortly after 7 o'clock, his commanding figure might be observed hurrying down the West Port towards the Grassmarket. He gave an occasional decisive ring to a large bell which he carried and which was intended to gather his congregation as he went along. Reaching Regan's lodging house, Father Power darted up the stairs, and in a few seconds reappeared on the Grassmarket with a large following from this eminently respectable house. Proceeding to the head of the Grassmarket, attended by a big gathering of people, he there and then inaugurated the meeting with prayer, and afterwards preached a characteristic sermon on devotion to our Blessed Lady. A unique fea-



P. T. BARRY.

ture of this meeting, valuable, we believe, in practical results, was the giving to all who cared to take it, a twelve hours' pledge from all intoxicating liquors. This pledge is binding from Saturday at noon till midnight. A very large percentage of the meeting thus pledged themselves."

Among the representative men and women whose portraits appear in a recent issue of the "Successful American" is Mr. William Henry Moffit, who is widely know in Catholic circles as an energetic promoter of Catholic interests and activities. Mr. Moffit was a trustee of the Catholic Summer School for five years, and was organizer and first president of the Brooklyn Cottage Association, which erected a $10,000 cottage at Plattsburg, upon the Summer School grounds. He is a member of the Catholic Club of New York city, the Columbian Club of Brooklyn, and the Loyola Council of the Knights of Columbus, Brooklyn.

William Henry Moffitt was born at Blackstone, Mass., November 15, 1858. When three

THE POPE RECEIVING CHILDREN OF MARY.

years of age he went with his parents to Catskill, New York, and three years later to Auburn, N. Y., where he received his education, graduating from Auburn Academy in 1876. His first start in business life was made in a dry goods house, which he entered when he was eighteen years old, at a salary of three dollars a week. His unusual proficiency led to his promotion at the end of the year, at a salary of eighteen dollars a week.

Despite his success the young man realized that the business in which he was engaged was not that for which he was best fitted, and as a next step he tried journalism, and gradually developed the line of work in which he has achieved such phenomenal success.

In September, 1880, Mr. Moffitt married Miss Reilly, of Auburn, N. Y., and is the father of two girls now students at the Manhattanville Convent of the Sacred Heart, and a son, who is being educated at Georgetown.

Irish and Irish-American leaders are indebted to Mr. P. T. Barry, Chicago, for having published as a brochure his admirable address on "The First Irish in Illinois," given before the Illinois State Historical Society, at its third annual convention.

This address is delightfully reminiscent of old Kaskaskia days, and occasional digressions to relate incidents in the career of men notable in the history of the time add to its charm. Thus, in speaking of General Shields, Mr. Barry says:

"The writer cannot resist the temptation to relate an anecdote of General James Shields, a hero of the Mexican war, who cut so conspicuous a figure in old Kaskaskia days. The anecdote he related himself, in a lecture delivered in Chicago shortly before his death. He arrived in Illinois on foot soon after he left Ireland for America, looking for employment. On the way, he fell in with a young man engaged in a similar pursuit, and who was companionable, so they traveled together. Reaching Kaskaskia, Mr. Shields secured employment there, as a school teacher, and remained. His companion was not so successful, and went on, traveling in the direction of St. Louis. Shields rapidly rose from one position of distinction to another, and when the Mexican war was declared, he was filling the position of a land commissioner at Washington. He hastened to Kaskaskia with President Polk's commission in his pocket, to raise an Illinois regiment, of which he was to be colonel. He was successful in this, went to Mexico and distinguished himself in several battles, in one of which he was supposed to be mortally wounded, but recovered. He became a general and a hero. When the war was over and he returned to the United States, he was lionized and invited to a number of state fairs and cities as an attraction. St. Louis honored him in this way and made unusual preparations for his reception. The mayor and corporation went out to receive him. His reception was most cordial. The mayor grasped him warmly by the hand and looked him significantly in the face. 'Do you not know me, general,' he asked. 'I do not, Mr. Mayor, who are you?' 'I am the man who tramped with you to Kaskaskia, many, many years ago, and walked on to St. Louis.'

"'Good God! I am delighted to see you,' was the exclamation of his distinguished guest."

Mr. Barry exemplifies in his own career the success achieved by the Irish in Chicago in more recent years. Born in Ireland, he came to the United States when a boy, and went west. Nine years after his arrival in the country he became associated with the Iowa State Register, under the veteran editor, General James Clarkson, now collector of the port of New York. In 1874 Mr. Barry moved to Chicago, where he still resides, and where his activity in public affairs has been such as to bring him many offices of distinction. He was twice elected to the Illinois Legislature, and took a prominent part in the national elections of 1884 and 1888. For many years he has been associated with the Chicago Newspaper Union. He is a member of the State Historical Society, vice-president for the State of Illinois for the American Irish Historical Society, a member of the Union League Club, Chicago, of the Catholic Club, New York, and a life member of the Press Club of Chicago.

A pilgrimage of the Children of Mary was originated lately by the Countess Mazé de la Roche of Turin, and the members of it were received in state by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. The pilgrims, who numbered about a thousand, greeted the Pope on his arrival in his sedia gestatoria, with enthusiasm. The Countess de la Roche read an address, and at the same time offered His Holiness an album containing thousands of signatures of Children of Mary from all parts of the world. The Pope replied in affectionate terms and gave his apostolic blessing, after which the pilgrims each in turn kissed the Holy Father's hand.

SERGEANT SULLIVAN'S EXPERIMENT.

A SKETCH OF PRESENT POLICE METHODS IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN CURTIN.

(Late of the Royal Irish Constabulary.)

Some years ago, with dubious experience of the irony of life, I served on the police force in Ireland. After the usual period of probation and instruction in the Royal Irish Constabulary depot, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, I was assigned for duty in the county of Mayo. I packed my trunk, bade good-bye to the grey building amid the whispering trees and was jolted away westward on the Midland Great Western railway.

A few words, for the sake of American readers, as to the Royal Irish Constabulary.

It is a British imperial force and is run less on the lines of ordinary police duty than of a garrison army in a conquered country. Some have not inaptly compared it to the janissaries of Turkey, who were Christian children captured young and brought up in hostility to their race. The heads of the force consist of an Inspector General, with headquarters at Dublin Castle and a salary of $9,000 a year, two Deputy Inspectors at $7,500 each, four Assistant Inspectors (one of them police commissioner at Belfast, another commandant of the depot) at $5,000, about 40 County Inspectors, whose salaries run to $3,000 a year; 350 District Inspectors and 11,700 men. As usual under the Irish government, sectarianism sways in the appointment of officers of the R. I. C., about 90 per cent of the inspectors being Protestants, while 90 per cent of the men are Catholics, who hail in the main from West Cork, Kerry and Clare. Previous to 1898 there were four fat police jobs, held by Divisional Commissioners with despotic powers under Coercion statutes; but, with great plea of cutting down expenses, the government abolished these offices and established much better-paid ones for the holders on a police board in Dublin Castle, according to the usual burlesque of British economy in Ireland.

Candidates for the rank and file undergo a severe physical examination, after which, if successful, they are called to the Phœnix Park depot, where, usually for a term of six months, three hours a day at drill as practised in the British army and three hours a day at "school," they are

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Since Mr. Curtin's paper was received the following notice appeared in *The Chicago Citizen*:

EX-CONSTABLE CURTIN, OF MAYO.

"If Ex-Constable Curtin, late of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in Mayo, is in Chicago, or if this should meet his eye anywhere, he is requested to communicate at once with William O'Brien, M. P., Mallow Cottage, Westport, County Mayo, Ireland."

Evidently Mr. O'Brien does not intend to let the matter drop. [Editor.]

trained in military science and "police duties." Their uniform is like that of the Prussian soldier save that it is all solemn black, even to spiked helmet, belt, and baton sheath. An Irish policeman is not allowed to serve in his native county lest he might be too friendly with his relatives and neighbors when evictions or other troubles are afoot and be slow to use rifle or bludgeon when so ordered. When, armed cap-a-pie, he is sent to his post, he finds his barrack a kind of fortress, provided with bullet-proof plates with loopholes to fire through in case of attack—a far-fetched idea, begotten of grotesque official cowardice. These barracks are very numerous, being situated within a few miles of one another. The whole country is nightly patroled. In Ireland one is hardly ever out of sight of a policeman. In fact, it is, I believe, the most policed country in the world. The work of the constabulary is light in the main, but the taxes come very heavy on the people. The annual cost of maintaining the Royal Irish Constabulary is about $7,500,000—about $1.75 per head per annum for every man, woman and child in Ireland.

Here is what a prominent English writer, Mr. Robert Blatchford, says of the Irish police force:

"They are not police, but soldiers. They stand at every corner and loaf about on every railway platform. They are officious and full of self-importance. They eye every stranger as if they knew something to his disadvantage and were only waiting for the right moment to lay their hands upon his shoulder and demand confession as to the whereabouts of the stolen property. The sight of them exasperates me, although I am no Irishman. To the people here in the fields and markets their presence must be a perpetual menace, an overt insult. They are the living embodiment of all that is hateful to the Irish soul. They represent spoliation, oppression and the rule by brute force of an alien race. It is fatuous folly to talk of a union of hearts between the two nations while their black shadows stand present to the eyes of the Irish people. We should not endure their numbers, their manners or their methods for a single week in England or Scotland, nor would even Lord Salisbury be stupid enough to attempt to force them on us. In England the police are the servants, in Ireland they are the masters of the people. The very thought of them is hateful to a free man. Think then how the Irish people must regard them, knowing them to be the spies and bullies of the brigand landlords and foreign government."

Of this unique body, half military, half mouchard, part preservers and part disturbers of the public peace in Ireland, I had the dubious honor of finding myself a full-fledged member when a jingling side-car deposited me and my belongings at the door, surmounted by the black escutcheon of harp and crown, of the Mulranny police barrack. It is a lonely little station on the shore of Clew Bay, in the midst of wild scenery and romantic surroundings. The name, signifying the "bald, ferny hill," is a truthful Gaelic description of the place in general, in its savage magnificence of emerald frondage, piled rocks and purple heather. Across the broad brine rises the blue pyramid of Croagh Patrick, connected with the life story of Ireland's chief apostle, and looking down on the waters where once rode the galleys of the sea queen, Grana O'Malley, and the green shores and islands that were ravaged in succession by Danes and Normans, and the Black Famine and landlordism. There is now a fine modern hotel at Mulranny, a railroad line from Westport has ripped its glaring way through the marly bowels of the hills, and

the tweed-clad and monocled English tourist has become a numerous summer feature of the landscape. But formerly the spot must have been an ideal one for a contemplative existence, embracing the study of Irish history and ethnology.

Of course our studies did not trend that way. Sergeant James Sullivan, the dark and burly head of the station, had a more eager eye for profit and promotion than for any kind of scenery, and the policeman's lot was not a happy one, inasmuch as we had to offer some apology for our existence by summoning to petty sessions "publicans" or liquor-sellers, who sold drink after hours, and persons who inbibed unwisely at fair or market, and owners of unlicensed dogs, and farmers who neglected to have their names painted on their carts. And then there was the excitement and often profitable pastime of "still-hunting" or looking for manufactories or repositories of poteen or illicit or moonshine whiskey.

There were of course some genuine or legitimate seizures of this stuff, this Irish rustic product of John Barleycorn; but often, round the barrack fire, have I heard policemen boast and chuckle over scoundrelly "put-up jobs" that had brought money and merit to the perpetrators, such base tricks as concealing poteen on the premises of some poor peasant, then seizing it and having him arrested, convicted and imprisoned, whereby the unscrupulous author of the plot received the six or seven dollars reward paid by the government in such cases. This "blood money" sometimes materially supplements the pay of a constable, which commences at £55 ($275) a year, with free uniform and lodging and sundry allowances, while a sergeant's is £72 ($360) and a head constable's £96 ($480) with proportionately increased allowances. But to our enterprising chief, Sergeant Sullivan, this method of making a few shillings now and then by victimizing the peasantry and swindling the government seemed cheap and petty. He boldly sought a surer and swifter channel of profit and promotion.

Our district had its share of agrarian agitation. Some nine miles east of us lay the little town of Newport, a kind of oasis in an eviction-created wilderness. South of it Lord Sligo had swept away the people and wiped out villages to make room for bullocks. North of it, around lone and romantic Lough Feeagh, ten thousand acres were cleared of human beings by one of the local O'Donnell baronets to make place for game, which later gave place to shorthorns. So, as a sort of attempted barrier against further landocrat blight, the place had its United League branch, which met every week or so and passed resolutions denouncing this evictor or that landgrabber—a course which probably had a good moral effect, though it did not seem to have much visible influence on the acts of either landlords or grabbers. If the latter were "intimidated" they didn't show it. Indeed, from the point of view of an Irish policeman of zeal and ambition, the district was dismally and disgustingly quiet.

Suddenly came a momentous "call to arms." At Rossturk, between our barrack and Newport, lived a certain obnoxious character, named Robert Vesey Stoney, a man of truculent and bloated appearance, who was continually harassing the poor people around him with prosecutions for alleged trespass of one kind or another, especially for taking seaweed with which to manure their wretched land. Stoney had been high sheriff or chief magistrate of Mayo, and also chief depopulator under the Free Emigration

act, but on account of his misappropriation of emigration funds, the government found it necessary to degrade him from office. Despite his downfall a partisan Bench of his own class ruled in his favor at Newport and ground the faces of the unfortunate people he oppressed. There was nothing to do but boycott him, and boycotted Stoney was, and all his laborers left him with the exception of one man named Martin Kelly. Between Kelly's family and another of the same name that belonged to the United League there was a feud of long standing. One morning James Kelly, who belonged to the League Kellys, received the following note, purporting to come from John MacHale, president of the western United League, who lived near Newport:

"Dear James Kelly: As you are aware that Martin Kelly is going back to work for Stoney, go with the boys and visit him and tell him that if he works he will be sorry. It would be better to blacken your faces. Do it tomorrow night and watch the police. Other houses will be visited the same night, so let Tiernaur not be behind.

Yours truly,
JOHN M'HALE,
Chairman U. I. L.

"Burn this for fear of danger. Don't bring any man but one you can trust. Two shillings enclosed for drink."

At 10 P.M., on the night (April 14, 1898) proposed for the visit of the black-faced vigilantes to Kelly's, when silence brooded over mountain and sea, Sergeant Sullivan and three other policemen, all armed to the teeth, stealthily left our barrack and proceeded in a roundabout way to the hill behind Martin Kelly's house, where they ambushed in some bushes, to await the expected emissaries of agrarian intimidation. At the first streak of dawn they returned like a file of spectres to the barrack, and it was a very disgusted and disappointed band, weary and blear-eyed from their long and fruitless vigil in the thicket and heather, that hung their clattering rifles and bayonets in the rack and with many a growl and yawn stumbled to their cots.

For James Kelly, the Leaguer, had failed to carry out the instructions in the letter. "Moonlighting," with dramatic accompaniment of blackened faces and nocturnal visits, was something strange to the district and a most startling suggestion to him. Therefore, instead of calling out "the boys" in Christy minstrel guise he went at the earliest opportunity to Chairman John McHale of the League, showed him the letter and asked him if he really meant it. And McHale, who has experienced more police and rent-office persecution than any man in Mayo, at once recognized a forgery, and his suspicions as to the forger pointed strongly to our active and zealous Sergeant Sullivan.

Efforts were promptly made to secure specimens of Sullivan's handwriting for comparison with the forged epistle. These were for a time fruitless, for the sergeant, taking alarm, proceeded to hunt up and destroy every scrap of his precious caligraphy he could lay hands on. But the handwriting was remorselessly against him, not on the wall, but on sundry stray epistles. Like many other oiled and scented police paladins in rural districts, he considered himself an irresistible Apollo, with power to charm and captivate the rural maiden. Among his correspondents was Miss Kathleen O'Donnell, a fine young woman of the neighborhood, who pretended to be hopelessly in love with the gallant sergeant.

"Ah, the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do!"

Loud were the oaths and fierce the stamping in Mulranny barrack when the sergeant realized that he was outwitted,

that specimens of his handwriting were in the hands of McHale, and that Nemesis, in the person of an eagle-eyed handwriting expert, was on his track.

Three specimens of Sullivan's handwriting, together with the forged letter, were forwarded to London to a Mr. Gurrin, a handwriting expert of the highest character, who acted in that capacity for the English Home Office, the Treasury and the Bank of England, and he and another noted expert pronounced the forgery and the specimens to be written by the same hand. Nothing now remained but to bring the case to trial, and Sullivan was cited to the Westport court of petty sessions to answer charges of forgery, incitement to commit crime and criminal libel—all arising out of the forged letter. The Bench was specially packed for the occasion by landlord magistrates of the virulent old ascendancy type, headed by the Hon. John Brown, now Marquis of Sligo, brother and successor of one of the greatest exterminators in Ireland, all anxious and determined to exonerate the mouchard forger and so prevent a victory for the cause of the people. This array of Shallows heard the crushing evidence, and then, through their chairman, "Lord John," as he was locally mistitled—a little old man of cunning Israelitish countenance, albeit he be now a proud "peer of the realm"—gravely rejected the testimony and refused to send the case for trial!

Fortunately, the MacDermott, "Prince of Coolavin," was there with both his ability and his conscience, for the prosecution. The MacDermott is one of the very few "The's" or lineal heads of the old Milesian families of any consequence in Ireland. He is a lawyer of high talent and prominence and has been twice Attorney-General for Ireland. The latter circumstance, considering that this position is usually given to a West Briton or a Dublin Castle favorite, does not necessarily imply ability, but, together with the MacDermott's formidable legal acumen, it had its weight with the partisan bench when he pointed out that they had no alternative but to send the case to the higher court, and the muddled Shallows sullenly surrendered.

"But we will impound the forged letter," said Brown, evidently anxious that the damning exhibit should be got out of the way.

"If you do," declared the MacDermott, "I will have you brought before the Court of Queen's Bench for illegal detention."

Again the baffled "great unpaid," future peer and all, ate the leek, and the letter was delivered to the prosecution.

It began to look serious for Sergeant Sullivan. "Have courage and face it like a man," had been my advice to him when the charge of forgery was first ventilated, for I had then small notion that he was guilty. His actions since the night of the ambush at Kelly's, especially his great anxiety in hunting round through houses in the neighborhood to recover and destroy some letters or documents written by him, first aroused my suspicions, and then occurred something that gave these suspicions point. In every police barrack is kept a patrol book, showing the time when the men depart on duty and return. A newspaper report of the Westport hearing caused me to examine this book and I found to my surprise that it had been tampered with; at the date of the ambush the time of the return of Sullivan and his party was altered, making it appear that they returned to the barrack several hours earlier than they actually did. This would infer that Sullivan, having spent such a short time in waiting, could have had no knowledge of the forged letter or the proposed "moonlighting."

Silence on my part would mean abettance of vile conspiracy, forgery and perjury. I gave the prosecution the names of the policemen who accompanied Sullivan on his ambush trip. I informed Mr. Oulton, the police inspector of our district, of the alteration in the patrol book, thinking, unsophisticated I! that as a gentleman he would be willing to see justice done though the heavens should fall. But black was his look and bitter his words.

"Why did you set yourself to find out these things?"

And forthwith, though with never a mark against me during my time on the force, I was transferred to the lonely little islet of Inishkea, away out in the Atlantic, there to lead with a few other unfortunates of the R. I. C., a kind of anchoritical existence and to meditate undisturbedly on the beauties of the Irish police system.

At the following Mayo assizes, the grand jury of Mayo, sitting in Castlebar, found a true bill against Sergeant Sullivan. Good old "true blues" though most of them were and canvassed in the sergeant's interests, as was an open secret, by County Inspector Milling, an unscrupulous Orange hireling, who has long afflicted those parts, yet they could not get over the evidence and decided that the man from Mulranny should stand trial, though a large and conscienceless minority wanted to let him go scot free—and better and decenter, indeed, that he should have done so there and then, than have been retained as central figure in the ludicrous and degrading judicial farce that shall long be remembered with bitterness and contempt in Ireland.

And now the entire machinery of English law in relation to Ireland, from the Prime Minister in Parliament to the ermined judge on the Bench, and from the judge to the belted constable, was put in motion to shield and vindicate the crime-incenting police forger from Mulranny.

The judge announced he would allow the accused out on bail. Who would supply it? Why, the county and district inspectors of police, Messrs. Milling and Oulton, the men who would have to investigate and prepare the evidence against Sullivan and to take all pains that the serious charge would be fully investigated, they would be his bondsmen!

And, pointed out the sapient judge, as there was no precedent for a private individual prosecuting for an indictable offence before a judge of assize, he would suggest to Mr. McHale's counsel the advisability of asking the Attorney-General for Ireland to take up the case. With this suggestion the Crown lawyers most gleefully coincided. Yes, certainly, they would do their office and prosecute the defendant to the fullest extent of the law—they would take up the case!

The trial was put off to the winter assizes.

Meanwhile, out in Inishkea, I was communing with nature and my fellow recluses. In the British House of Lords the celebrated Lord Coleridge, in demanding a full and fair investigation of the charge against Sergeant Sullivan (on which occasion his lordship was met by the Lord Chancellor of England with a specious and shirky refusal) described me as marooned for gagging purposes on "a kind of Devil's Island." The description fits, inasmuch, as in rough weather, the place, exposed to the unbroken fury of the Atlantic, is for weeks at a time a veritable island prison, there being no possibility to escape through the Alps of foam that heave between it and the mainland. In reality there are two islands, North and South Inishkea, both together about three miles long, separated by a narrow gut. Rocky

and treeless islets, they support several families, relics of the oldest race in Europe, gentle, modest, hardy people, who supplement the scanty harvest of their stony fields with the finny harvest of the sea. The houses are low, stoutly built cabins, the thatched roofs being weighted down with stones suspended from ropes to prevent their being blown away by the ocean gales. According to ancient local custom there is one family invested with special insular jurisdiction, and the heads of this family are known as the King and Queen of Inishkea. The man of the present reigning dynasty is Lavelle, and the members of it I believe to be superior physically and morally to those of any other royal family in Europe.

The climate is mild, this being due to the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream, which here goes sweeping north, occasionally bearing some valuable flotsam and jetsam to those humble shores. I saw a pile of superior lumber saved, and also a hogshead of excellent rum, which had probably been borne hither on the strange mid-ocean river all the way from the Gulf of Mexico. Ancient ruins told of the island monks of the sixth century, when from these shores Brendan spread his adventurous sails for the western continent, and there was the quaint statue of the Naomh-'og, or "young saint," the patron of the island. And there were mysterious messages come down through all the misty centuries since far prehistoric times, carven curvings and circles and other devices whose meaning is pitifully lost, mystic emblems probably traced by the pagan priest of the Dananns or the Firbolgs.

But though, in the manner of Lovelace, "minds innocent and quiet" might readily take the place for a hermitage, the circumstances of my isolation embittered me, and as I looked daily over to Ireland and saw the shores of the "most distressful country" looming beyond the distant rim of foam, I resolved that, at all hazards, the wiles of my rascally superiors should not prevent my appearance at the trial of Sergeant Sullivan.

When the proper time came I managed, despite the winter storms, to make my exit from spray-swept Inishkea and took my way to that Mecca of jury-bribers and partisan jurors, the town of Sligo, happy hunting ground for dastardly Crown lawyers and virulent border Orangemen. There, in the dark and dingy courthouse from whose dock many an innocent victim of jury-packing has gone to the scaffold or the cell, commenced on December 2, 1898, the miserable and degrading farce which, more than anything else in recent years in unhappy Ireland, has tended to make the administration of justice a howling scandal and a mockery.

The government of Ireland, as represented by its vicious police officials with all their vile works and pomps and methods, was on trial in Sligo in the person of Sergeant Sullivan, a Crown official, and other Crown officials, while ostensibly engaged to prosecute him, were in reality instructed to strain every effort to clear and acquit him. Two of the ablest and most unscrupulous instruments of English rule in Ireland are Pat Coll, of Dublin (who has been knighted for his faithful services) and his son-in-law, Malachy Kelly, of Castlebar, Crown Solicitor for Mayo. Coll scornfully refused to employ for the prosecution the MacDermott, whose honesty and ability he feared, and appointed instead George Wright (since raised to the judicial Bench), whom Kelly duly "instructed," the instructions consisting largely of innuendoes against the witnesses for the prosecution. As an illustration of the fickle character of the Irish bar, John F. Taylor, a pseudo-patriot

YOUNG FISHERMEN, INISKEA.

and author of a "Life of Owen Roe O'Neill," ranged himself with the defenders of Sullivan.

"Stand by," Stand by," came the monotonous orders of Kelly, himself nominally a Catholic, as he ordered out of the jury box every person of that religion who was called, and the infamous and disgusting exhibition lasted until there was impaneled a jury of twelve Protestants and Orangemen, some of them wearing Orange favors in their buttonholes.

In previous cases of a political or agrarian nature, when a nationalist was in the dock, the jury was packed to convict the prisoner; now that an officer of the Crown was charged with crime, the jury was packed to acquit him, and acquit him it did.

Needless to go into the details of the trial—how the evidence against Sullivan was built up bit by bit, even despite the shameful manner in which the witnesses against the police forger were befooled and betrayed by the lawyers for the prosecution and browbeaten and abused by those for the defence, under the eye of the presiding judge, Gibson, himself a veteran government partisan, enjoying the reward of his partisanship. Young women identified Sullivan's letters to them and told of his frantic efforts to get them back, and the London experts identified the handwriting of those letters with that of the forged letter. So passed the first day of the farce, and the Orange jury, impatient to do what they were placed there for and to get away, made up their minds to an acquittal. Next day, however, they condescended to listen to my evidence, which lasted three hours and dealt with the artful alteration of the patrol book and other matters heretofore mentioned. But small concern was caused them by the evidence of the leading witness for the prosecution.

"My lord," said the foreman to the

judge, when the court had reassembled after lunch, "the jury have made up their minds and they do not want to hear any more evidence."

"But you have not heard the evidence for the defence," said the judge in astonishment.

"My lord," replied the foreman, "we made up our minds this morning to acquit the prisoner."

"The jury have heard most important evidence since morning," commented Mr. Wright.

But apparently evidence was not what they were there for, but acquittal. It was dreadfully coarse and glaring, and even the Crown lawyers winced as the Orangemen overdid their loyal devoir. Justice Gibson, for decency's sake, sent the jurors to their room to find a verdict, so they went back and forth, and the State's own forger walked out of court a free man.

Great was the jubilation in landlords' dining-rooms and Orange lodges and police barracks that night. The giant forces and resources of the alien Crown had triumphed, the principles of English "law and justice" as practised in Ireland were vindicated, the cause of the outraged people was defeated and humbled. In Sligo the event was celebrated by a banquet in honor of Sullivan, now the hero of the day in government circles. The affair was paid for, I believe, out of the demoralizing "Sullivan defense fund,' which had been levied in every police barrack in Ireland, many an otherwise honest member of the force being impelled by fear to contribute. It was mainly intended for payment of the lawyers for the defense—although the defense was virtually made as I have shown, by the "prosecution." Chief guest of honor amid the many chucklings, and champagne, at the Sullivan banquet was the corrupt Crown lawyer, Malachy Kelly!

In the following May a suit for the

VILLAGE OF INISKEA.

THE "ROYAL FAMILY," INISKEA.

libel contained in the forged letter was brought in Dublin, against Sullivan, by McHale, the man whose name had been forged. The trial lasted for a couple of weeks, the evidence given in Sligo being repeated with some important additions, notably that Kelly, recipient of the forgery, was offered money by Sullivan to quit the country before the trial came on. But despite the weight of evidence and the strong forensic eloquence of O'Shaughnessy, the Irish Demosthenes, the equal of which the historic Four Courts seldom or never heard, and the fact that eleven of the twelve juriors were in favor of a verdict for the plaintiff, the result was a disagreement. One man, a Unionist, "hung" the jury, and so ended the celebrated Sullivan forgery case.

An echo of the case occurred a short time ago and revived general and vivid interest in it. Sergeant Sullivan himself had had the temerity to seek a handwriting expert, one who would swear that the sergeant wasn't the forger at all. This expert, one Thomas Patrick Nolan, a civil service employe of the British Government, when lately under cross-examination at a trial in Dublin, deposed that although employed by Sullivan in his behalf he did not testify in the case, his opinion not differing from that of Gurrin and the other experts who proved Sullivan the author of the forgery. This startling revelation caused Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., to bring the matter anew, last October 20, under the notice of Parliament, with an appeal that Sullivan, who is still on the Irish police force and the sure road to promotion under the special favor and protection of Dublin Castle, should be at length brought to book for his proven infamy.

"While nine policemen are decent men,"

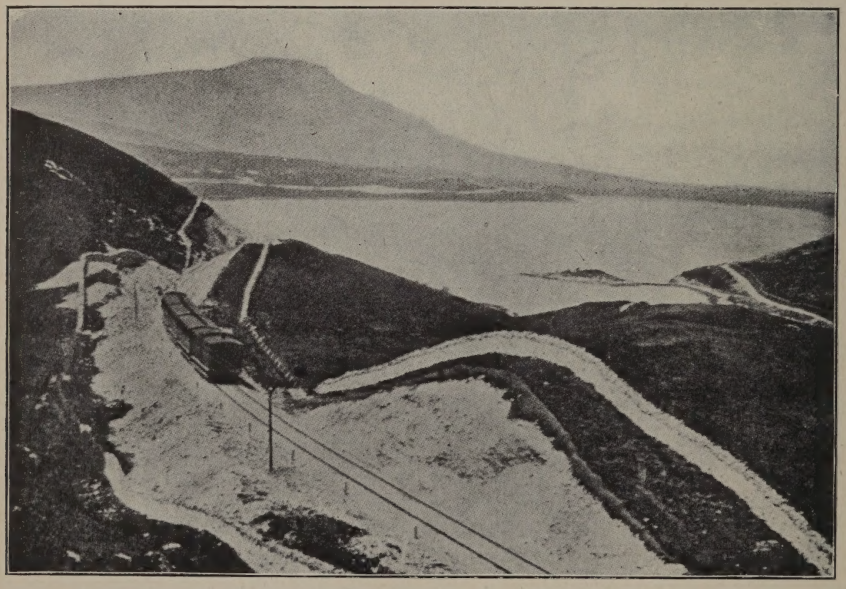
said Mr. O'Brien, "the tenth, who is a ruffian, is always picked out for promotion and honor, and the greater the scoundrel the prompter will be his promotion."

The appeal was met with ridicule by Atkinson, Attorney-General for Ireland, and Secretary Wyndham, and rejected by a vote of 215 to 117.

But the ghost will not down.

A flawless record of four years on the force counts but little in Ireland for a policeman, who, with due regard for the sanctity of an oath, testifies adversely to the views and interests of his superior officers and the government. The solitary constable who appeared in the witness box in uniform in the various stages of the Sullivan case to expose a vile plot of forgery and incitement to crime became immediately a *persona non grata* with those placed over him in authority. His position was made hot and uncomfortable; he experienced official annoyance and boycott. Yet it did not need these inducements to urge him to leave the Royal Irish Constabulary. When the final Sullivan trial was over and my duty as an independent witness done, I felt deep relief in tearing off the degrading sable uniform of the Irish janissary and casting it from me with contumely.

In all countries the policeman is a "necessary evil," but in unfortunate misgoverned Ireland he is often a far greater evil than a necessity. Improved laws would improve him. At present, in the matter of reward and preferment, merit has often to take a back seat to rascality. However, considering the wholesome exposure that has been made and the risk run by the chief actor, I think there are not now over there many policemen, no matter how keen for promotion, who would be willing to try Sergeant Sullivan's experiment.



RAILROAD CUTTING NEAR MULRANNY.

THE AMERICAN BOY IN ROME.

(From the Leaves of an Old Note Book.)

BY MAX WALTER MANNIX.

II.

My first Christmas in Rome! In honor of the season class-work had been suspended for a few days that we might seek recreation, and visit the many historic points of dear old Rome. I was reading in my room when Mac's brisk knock aroused me, and he entered with a cheery "Merry Christmas, old boy! Happy New Year, and many of them!"

"How times change! a year ago yesterday you were bidding adieu to Holy Cross, and our friend from the Bronx was participating in the mighty college cry of Fordham."

"I wonder if they are having sleighing in the Mill City," said a student from Lowell, who had entered, followed by a Brooklyn man whose fame as an organizer of excursions and the possessor of many entertaining qualities was great. He immediately proposed an excursion to St. Paul's, but on those festal days when all Rome is arrayed in a gala attire there are many beautiful miniature Bethlehems to be seen, and opinion was divided as to the merits of each. While we were still planning, more students joined us, and each gave his views on the proposed excursion. "I would not miss seeing the chapel at the Portuguese church, nor the one at San Andrea delle Valle," asserted James Augustine of Hartford. "Mark me as one who must see the Bambino of Ara Coeli," said Charles of Chicago, "and every Epiphany that I'm in Rome you will find me there at the blessing of the city."

Such enthusiastic appreciation naturally influenced our decision and presently we found ourselves, with a number of pilgrims and tourists, in one of the most interesting of churches.

The following, from a letter written by Thomas, the "bard of Pittsburgh," to an old alumnus, will recall to many a familiar experience:

"It is proverbial expression that every man is the maker of his own fortune, and we usually regard it as implying that every man by his folly or wisdom prepares good or evil for himself. But we may view it in another light, namely, that we may so accommodate ourselves to the dispositions of Providence as to be happy in our lot whatever be its privations.

I do feel a trifle "blue," and Christmas here does not seem the joyous merry time it once was. Of course we go to St. Peter's, and St. John's, and visit the other grand citadels of religion, but O! for dear old St. Rose's, where I could listen forever to the Adeste Fideles.

Father John of Albany is certainly as pleasant as you described him, and all the boys admire him and vote him a fine prefect.

Yesterday at the breakfast table your friend "Jim" from Kerry, Ireland, witty as ever, asked Luigi if our coffee grew near the Tiber. I'm afraid he also said that, "unlike the fountain of Arethusa in the Grecian fable it did contract a little of its bitterness."

We were informed today that Hon. Bourke Cockran will address us in the near future, and we are anxiously awaiting his coming.

We met a great many Americans at Ara Coeli on the feast day, all armed to with Beadekers and Hare's Walks In

Rome, and what not. Even though they did ask some very personal questions it was really a relief to see and hear them.

I am going to give you a few words about the Bambino and how I enjoyed the scene. Of course you have seen it several times, but I am sure you will be glad to have old memories awakened. Our dear friend John, the "Deacon" of Archæology from St. Louis, always most willing to aid us, took the Camarata on Christmas afternoon to the Ara Coeli. We climbed up the one hundred and twenty-four steps which were crowded with Italian venders crying out their wares and telling you a beautiful Bambino could be bought for half a penny.

Here we came in contact with all classes, from the nobleman to the peasant, all waiting for the miraculous Bambino to bless the city. Such shouting when the music began! And what cheers rent the air when the procession appeared! All knelt down and received the blessing; the music began again; the procession wended its way to the church; the Bambino was placed in safety and all was over. It was an interesting and novel sight, and I'm sure all were filled with a deep religious feeling."

And right here, by way of contrast, let me quote a few lines from his last Roman letter, written the week before he said good bye to the "City of the Soul."

" 'Tis hard to part and truly I wish I could remain much longer. Everything is so congenial, and the Villa is grand, and Lake Nemi and Albano and dear old Grottaferata, where we lived so happily! I dislike to leave dear old Rome, now, and heartily agree with you that the more we see of it the more we love it.

When we were standing, yesterday, on the bridge in Arriccia built by the good Pius IX, Nicholas of the Nutmeg state, the faithful custodian of the Sacristy, appeared, leading homeward his band from Genzano.

"Take a good look, boys, on one of the most fertile vales in the world. Perhaps it may be the last time," he said.

I was really lonesome, and that night I felt more kindly to Rome than ever. Was it because we were leaving?"

(To be Continued.)

THE CAT-TAILS BY THE BROOK.

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

I will tell you of some housewives,
Some housewives that I know,
Instead of saying where they live,
I'll tell you where they grow,
Out on the marsh beside the brook,
You'll see them if you chance to look,
On any summer day.

Oh thrifty, neat, and careful,
These little housewives be,
And very fond, indeed are they,
Of pleasant company;
And often at their door is seen
Their neighbor frog, in vest of green,
On any summer day.

The firefly lights his lantern bright,
And goes at eve to call;
At early morn the black-bird stops,
And says: "Goodmorrow all!"
And to these housewives makes his bow,
Just look and I will show you how,
On any summer day.

The Mesdames Cat-tail they are called,
These housewives fair and fine,
And I am proud to say to you,
That they are friends of mine,
And if you will take a walk with me,
These charming people you shall see,
On any summer day.

And in the brown October time,
The Mesdames Cat-tail stand,
Each trim and tidy by the brook,
A distaff in her hand,
A distaff of the softest wool,
No lambkin's fleece more beautiful,
On any summer day.

And in the brown October time,
The autumn elves unseen,
Weave from the Cat-tail distaffs soft,
A garment for their queen,
They weave for her a splendid gown,
And broider it with thistle-down,
Good-bye sweet summer day.

The Cat-tail distaff disappears,
For elfin fingers deft,
Are spinning, spinning, every day,
Till not a thread is left.
Good-bye and yet we surely know,
The Cat-tail by the brook will grow,
Some other summer day.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Old and New. By the Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.

We venture to say that few books can equal the above in unfolding the difficulties which beset the Church in modern times. Fr. Walsh is no stranger to the American people. His consoling work on "The Comparative Number of the Saved and Lost" sheds a flood of light upon a serious problem, and has comforted many an anxious heart, many a doubt-pressed soul. Now he comes to us with the goodly sheaves of wisdom, gleaned from the harvest fields of a long life, devoted to the cause of religion and to the betterment of humanity.

He entitles his modest volume "Old and New"; *old*, because it treats of truths, religious duties and practices familiar to us from our early catechism days, *new*, because these truths can always be turned to fruitful service in our lives. The book first calls attention to the causes—remote and immediate, of many Catholics being, as such, failures. Then the author takes up in order those divine truths, religious duties and practices, which Catholics should study in order to make Catholicity a living working reality and power in their lives. Finally, it is clearly established, from scriptural, patristic and ascetic writers, that the study of spiritual subjects is not a very difficult work, and that Catholic practices are not nearly as hard as too many think or make for themselves. Among the subjects discussed, and that in a delightfully calm, unruffled style, are: "The Causes of the Evil," "The Remedies," "Meditation and Its Difficulties," "Prayer," "The Sufferings of Our Lord," "The Blessed Sacrament," "The Sacrament of Penance," "Grace," and "Temptations."

As is evident from these subjects, the volume meets the questions of the hour. Yet it is not a mere collection of essays bunched together, without any bond of union. There is one leading thought running through the entire volume, thus welding the several chapters together, and making a methodical treatise of the whole.

The leading thought is one which must frequently force itself upon reflecting men, namely, why are the lives of so many Catholics out of harmony with the principles they profess? With the depth of a philosopher, Fr. Walsh probes the evil and brings to light the causes, and then with the skill of an experienced physician, he proposes various remedies for the cure of the malady. We cannot follow the reverend author through the various chapters, but we do earnestly suggest that both clergy and laity should place a copy of this mine of practical spirituality in every Catholic home in our country. Many a stirring sermon can be culled from these thought-laden pages, many a soul will be won to noble living by Fr. Walsh's quiet but telling appeals.

M. W. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

Anglo-Jewish Calendar for Every Day in the Gospels. By Matthew Power, S. J.

This erudite work is an introduction to the chief dates in the life of our Redeemer, and a beginning towards a final determination of the Gospel Chronology. The exact dates of the events in our Blessed Lord's earthly career have long been a subject of hazy speculation on the part of Church historians. The difficulty has been in correctly understanding the Jewish Calendar and in giving the corresponding dates of our own almanac. Father Power has made this subject a matter of patient and laborious investigation, and his conclusions must win a respectful hearing from every man of science. After describing the relation of the Calendar to the main work, the authorities for the calendar, the scientific element in the Jewish Calendar, and kindred topics, Father Power draws the conclusion that the crucifixion took place on Friday, Nisan 15th, according to the computation followed by the West, that is, on Friday, April 27th, A. D. 31, according to our calculations.

At the end of the book we are given the Jewish Calendar reconstructed with equivalent English dates for every day in the public life of Christ. This is both interesting and instructive and will be welcomed by all true friends of the Saviour, who naturally wish to marshall into perfect order the incidents of that divine life. Under Father Power's skillful guidance, the obscure becomes clear, and the vague definite and orderly.

Sands & Co., London.

Little Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis. Adapted from the German of Rev. Cassian Thaler, O. M. C. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M.

This is a brief explanation of the Rule, Indulgences and Ceremonial of the Third Order of St. Francis. The book also contains a list of the saints and Blessed of the Third Order. It deserves to meet with a favorable reception from the numerous Franciscan Tertiaries throughout the English-speaking world.

Pustet & Co., Cincinnati.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. By Blosius (Louis de Blois). Translated by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O. P.

Blosius is one of the most solid of ascetic writers. His personal history is very interesting. Born in October, 1506, he early entered the Benedictine Abbey of Liessies, in the Low Countries. So remarkable was his progress in the spiritual life that he was, in his twenty-second year, and when not yet ordained priest, elected to the important position of co-adjutor to the Abbot of his monastery. On July 12th, 1530, he succeeded to the post of Abbot, vacant through the death of the earnest Gippus. Blosius was ordained priest on November 11th of that year, he sang his first mass on November 12th, and on November 13th he was solemnly blessed as the thirty-fourth Abbot of the ancient monastery. For the space of nearly thirty-six years he governed his community with marvelous tact, apostolic firmness, and exemplary humility. During this time he composed several religious works which are remarkable for their solidity, their practical common-sense and their unction. Blosius was an experienced master in the spiritual life, and was, consequently, well-fitted to write upon topics of interest to all who are aiming at personal sanctification. He possessed a noble nature and a placid disposition. Hence there is a quiet dignity about his writings, which breathe nothing but the noblest counsels and the loftiest thoughts.

The present treatise was written for the sake of encouraging his Religious not to grow weary in the struggle after absolute self-conquest. It is full of that spirit of comfort and of help which makes the heaviest burden seem light, and the longest road seem short. It will benefit all, both persons living in the cloister and those outside of it, to peruse this work carefully and frequently. Subjects will learn therefrom the important lesson of courageous perseverance in noble-doing to the end, and those in authority will learn to use their power, not as a scourge upon tired shoulders, but as the staff of a good father who is encouragement, all consolation, all forbearance. Fr. Wilberforce has performed his work of translation in a thorough, scholarly fashion.

Herder, St. Louis, 1902.

A Short Rule and Daily Exercise. By Ludoricus Blosius. Translated by Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

This is a small treatise of good Abbot Blosius. Like the larger volume mentioned above, it contains a fund of helpful suggestions and of uplifting thoughts. How pleasant life would be, if we all harkened to his advice! "Be careful to despise no one. Cast out rash judgments and evil suspicions from thy heart with all diligence. Be accustomed to think well of all. With a simple heart interpret the sayings and doings of others in the best sense. Esteem all others in thine own mind, as better than thyself."

Herder, St. Louis, 1902.

St. Francis' Manual. By Rev. Clementine Deymann, O. F. M.

The mere fact that this is the fourteenth edition of this work is conclusive proof of its usefulness. It was a fortunate inspiration which led the gentle saint of Assissi to found the *third* order. His idea, as we know, was to form an association of men and women, who, being in union with the First Order, could, without leaving the world, enjoy some of the strength and peace of the religious life. To how many this has been a priceless boon! Seven Popes, about fifty kings and princes, and a vast multitude of men and women in lowlier walks of life have been enrolled as members of St. Francis' third army. Fr. Deymann's book contains not only the history, rules and privileges of the third order, but also choice selection of prayers and devotions for general purposes. It will be a serviceable book of devotion to have in the family.

Pustet & Co., Cincinnati. 75 cents.

The Art of the Vatican. By Mary Knight Potter.

The art-treasures of the Vatican are, probably, the most numerous and the most precious in the world. Pope after Pope has deemed it a sacred duty, not only to act as the spiritual guide of humanity, but also to further both by encouraging words and by financial aid, the educators of the race, whether the educators toiled in the class-room, or spent their energies in the artist's studio. As a result of this generous help, the Vatican has become one enormous art gallery, adorned with the most finished productions in painting, sculpture, and bronze, that have ever come from the hand of man.

In order to make this home of treasures better known, Mary Knight Potter has published the book under consideration. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject, for it would be impossible to compress into a single volume even a mere catalogue of the riches contained in the palace of the Popes. The author was consequently forced to make a selection of the subjects to be described, and in this she was influenced by the acknowledged prominence of the work on the part of competent critics. In this,

great wisdom has been shown, for all must admit the seriousness of the difficulties which confronted the writer. We must also congratulate the author upon the rare wisdom manifested in the manner of treatment. Instead of struggling to describe all the objects in each section, an absolutely impossible feat in a small volume, she has prudently taken only those works of art which attract especial attention by the high order of their conception and of their finish. In this way, she has been enabled to give an intelligent, interesting, sympathetic and adequate explanation of the greatest of the treasures in the Vatican. The illustrations are many, and of striking beauty. The entire volume is of that high order of book-art, which is so marked a feature in the publications of L. C. Page & Co. But why is Mary Knight Potter so afraid of the word *Catholic?* There is but one world-wide (or Catholic) Church, and no one should be afraid to speak of "the doctrines of the *Catholic* Church."

L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $2.00.

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. 2 vols.

This is the leading holiday book of the renowned Macmillan Company. In two sumptuous volumes, the veteran Edward Everett Hale leads us through the historical nooks and crannies of the past century. The journey is to be an old-fashioned ramble, stopping, on the way, to admire the stately scenes and the quiet surroundings which loom up before us. What a delightful ramble it is! What pleasant visions, what interesting people meet us! We jostle against great statesmen, eminent clergymen, practical educators, influential merchants and celebrated orators. Each member of this goodly company has some useful information to impart or some sage advice to give. We peep behind the scenes of the Louisiana purchase and behold the indebtedness of the country to the colossal daring of Robert Livingston, who, on the 30th of April, 1803, bought for us from Napoleon all the territory between the Mississippi river and the crest of the Rocky Mountains. Think of what the United States would be today, if Livingstone had not accepted the offer! Yet how niggardly the government has been in acknowledging this debt!

A chapter of special delight to Bostonians is the one on "The Smaller Boston," when our now crowded Washington street was a series of private houses with gardens on one or both sides, and when the gardens on Summer street ran back to Bedford street, covering two, three, or more acres. What a change from the present!

The chapter on "Modern American Oratory" should be read by all college students. It is refreshing to see a man of Hale's experience writing: "The cant phrase of conventional conversation says that the age of oratory is over. I do not believe this. The conditions are changed. The methods are changed. But it is as true as it ever was that if a man wants to lead men, he had better be able to tell men what he wants. And it will be well for him and them, if he can tell them this, so that they shall believe him and remember afterward what he has said to them."

From an apparently limitless store, Edward Everett Hale has selected many treasures of thought which will instruct the wisest and delight the lowliest. The volumes are profusely illustrated and will make a valuable gift for those whose pleasure is in the goodly fellowship of bygone days.

Macmillan Co., New York. $5.00.

Message from the President of the United States transmitting a Report from the Secretary of War, with accompanying papers, relative to the Lands held in Mortmain or otherwise for Ecclesiastical or Religious Uses in the Philippine Islands.

This report will always be necessary for any collection of historical workers relating to our possessions of the Philippines. It is a pity that so valuable a document should be marred by atrocious mistakes in translation. Thus, on page 48, the Provincial of the Dominicans is made to say: "(The order) has regular ordained priests and also *lay priests*, who take the same oath, but they are not ordained." A lay priest would be a curiosity indeed.

The Vincentians or Lazarists are called on page 92, "*St. Vincente of Paulist.*"

On page 94 we have the following remarkable answer in reply to the query: "What are the duties of the (Jesuit) lay brothers?"

Answer. *Among the Jesuits a priest is always a lay brother who manages the household.* Could anyone print a greater absurdity than this! Surely a government like ours could afford to have this important work carefully done. Some of the witnesses were chosen without much discretion, for their testimony shows a decided lack of judicial calmness, and a pronounced hostility to the Friars.

Government Printing Office, Washington.

The Living Church of the Living God. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

Probably no pamphlet contains so much wisdom upon the church as this booklet. Its purpose is explanatory, not controversial. After showing how God works in creation through appropriate causes, Father Coppens

demonstrates the end of the soul's immortality. Of visible creatures man alone has within him the vital spark that shall never be extinguished. To give the owner of this deathless treasure a higher life, Christ became man and founded a visible Church, which was to be a living, energizing organism. With this Church Christ abides always. These are the truths which Father Coppens develops in a singularly simple, interesting and solid manner. It is exactly the kind of a tract to give to an intelligent non-Catholic.

Benziger Bros., New York. 10 cents; $5.00 per 100.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley. By P. J. Coleman.

Mr. Coleman is well known to readers of the Messenger. His many prose contributions to that valuable magazine have always been eagerly read, and his poems have always found a welcome. He now comes before us as the author of a volume of verse, which takes its title from the initial poem. This deals, as one might conjecture, with the tragic life and death of the saintly Father Jogues. Some of the poems are cast in a martial strain, some in an ecstatic mould, some others in a quiet, reflective form. A few expressions are somewhat far-fetched, but the language is, on the whole, choice, elevated, poetic, and the thought is always vigorous. These poems in their neat setting would make an appropriate Yule-tide gift.

The Messenger Press, New York. $1.00.

"In the Days of King Hal," by Marion Ames Taggart, is another addition to the ever-growing list of historical novels. The opening scene is laid in the village of Darrington Towers when Henry V. is King of England. In the opening chapter the Lord of Darrington is attainted of treason, his estates confiscated and bestowed upon a distant cousin, who plotting to obtain possession of them has involved the rightful owner in the meshes of a conspiracy. The usurper has a wife and two sons as noble in character as he is despicable. Sir Gaspar Barrington does not long enjoy his ill-gotten possessions. He dies a violent death, and immediately Alain Darrington sets forth to seek his cousin Isabel and, as far as possible, make reparation for his father's crime. Round his and her adventures the author has woven a tale of considerable interest, the action of the plot changing from England to France, from the quiet village to the battle-field, and finally grouping the chief characters in a happy scene in Darrington Towers.

This novel is wholesome, bright and entertaining, three qualities that will recommend it to the best class of readers. Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.25.

One of Father Finn's taking stories, "The Wager of Gerald O'Rourke," has been dramatized by M. R. Thiele, who has evolved from the tale a Christmas play of three acts. It is needless to say that the dialogue is bright. This drama will be cordially received by teachers for school use, and by parents who encourage home theatricals.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 35 cents net.

Benziger Brothers, New York, are doing a commendable work in their Round Table series of representative Catholic novelists of various nationalities. They have already published the French, the Irish, English, and American Round Tables, and have now brought out "The Round Table of Representative German Catholic Novelists." Like its predecessors, this book is not only a feast of excellent stories, but is also to be valued as a reference containing as it does portraits, biographical sketches and bibliography. Among the writers taken up are Conrad V. Bolanden, Ferd. von Brackel, Dr. H. Cardauns, Karl Domanig, Emmy Giehrl, Heinrich Hansjakob, Antonie Haupt, M. Herbert, Antonie Jungst, Everilda von Putz, Otto von Schaching and Joseph Spillman, S. J.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.50.

The cover design of the "Catholic Home Annual" gives the impression that the contents are a tribute to the Easter season, but the frontispiece and following pages speedily dispel the illusion. It is decidedly a Christmas edition with a wealth of Christmas reading in stories, poems, and articles. An excellent feature is a review of notable events of the year.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 25 cents.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth Academy, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, have published a sacred song, "Good Night, My Jesus." The musical setting is worthy of the beautiful words, and like them, tenderly devotional. Every home where little children gather to sing their evening songs, will welcome this addition to the list of family favorites.

Missa IV. Op. 41. For four voices and organ. By Rev. A. M. Coenen.

This new and original Mass combines devotional melody with beautiful, pleasing harmonies. It is church music, entirely conformable to liturgical rules, yet full of life and subdued cheerfulness. It is music that will not distract the mind from the Holy Sacrifice, but elevate it, while filling the heart with the joyful spirit which the Church loves to see in the hearts of her children. The Mass is moderately difficult. The Gloria and Credo are good, but the Kyrie, Sanctus and Angus Dei are admirable in their expression of sacred thought in harmonious measures.

Church directors will appreciate this Mass as one calculated to fully merit their needs, and to satisfy the demand for church music of a truly reverent and uplifting character.

The music is beautifully engraved on good durable paper, and is sold by the author, at Earlington, Ky., at forty cents a copy, for score and voice parts.

Another uplifting composition is "The Master Thought," the words by James Paddock, and music by Philip La Montague.

Alston, Parke & Company, Chicago. 50 cents.

The Italian quarter of Boston is the setting of Miss Mabel G. Foster's novel, "The Heart of the Doctor." John Burroughs, an American medical student, occupies the place of honor, being assigned the noble part of tending the poor and renouncing for them professional preferment and social advantages. But good as he is he has enemies, among them old Bettina, and Scarabini, a runner for a Spanish doctor who is quite villainous enough to come up to what is expected of a Spaniard by certain wise and learned folk. There is a heroine—the daughter of an old Boston family—and a miscellany of other characters of many races. Miss Foster does some clever sketching of familiar types of the street, but her story would have a stronger claim for a favorable reception if she had avoided such absurdities as making some of her characters invoke the Virgin and Saints to aid them in the perpetration of deeds of blood. Thus, when, for trivial reasons, it is decided that Doctor Burroughs must die, and the dagger is chosen as the means of getting rid of him, Bettina counsels the assassin: "Take care you do not hit yourself with the dagger, for I have poisoned it. And, Signore, for the love of the Virgin leave it sticking in him. He will live a little longer and suffer more." And again when Scarabini sets out on his errand this gentle creature cheers him on with the words: "The Saints attend you." But they do not honor her behest; the plot is frustrated by an opium fiend who saves the doctor's life by receiving the dagger thrust intended for him. The romance ends with promise of joys to come, and the doctor is handsomely rewarded by fortune for the pranks it played upon him in so crossing his affairs.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The proceedings of the Second National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held at Chicago in the month of August, form a pamphlet containing much information as to constitution, officers, etc., and also embodying the speeches of the various speakers, including Bishops Messmer, McFaul, and Muldoon and Pres. Minihan.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS.

Victims of the above habits will be interested in the discovery of a harmless antidote which quickly and permanently removes all desire for liquor and drugs. This medicine has been publicly endorsed before Congress of Bishops and at Father Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergymen from their pulpits and by temperance societies of all denominations. Interested persons can obtain full particulars from Mr. Dixon, 81 Willcox St., Toronto, Canada.

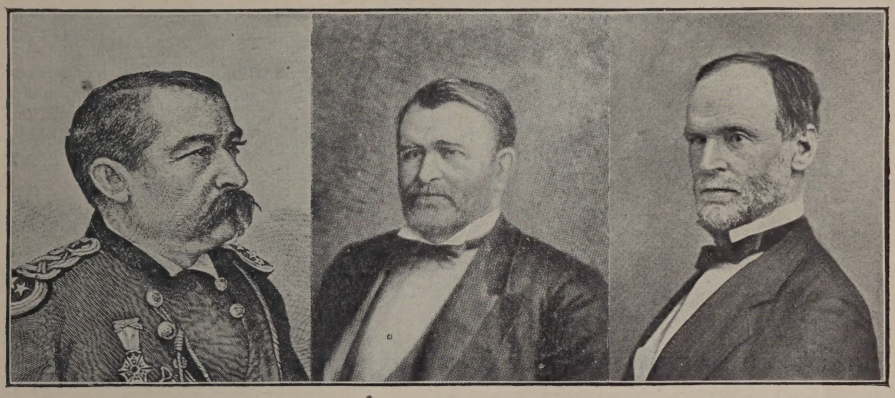
(Courtesy of Costigan & Costello, Washington, D. C.)

GEN. ELL TORRANCE AND STAFF. (1901-1902.)

THOMAS J. STEWART,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 2



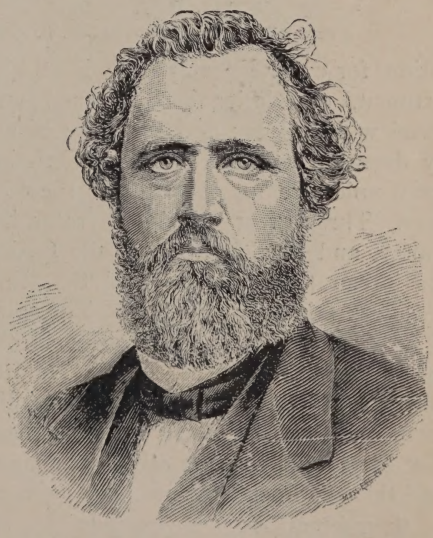
SHERIDAN. GRANT. SHERMAN.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

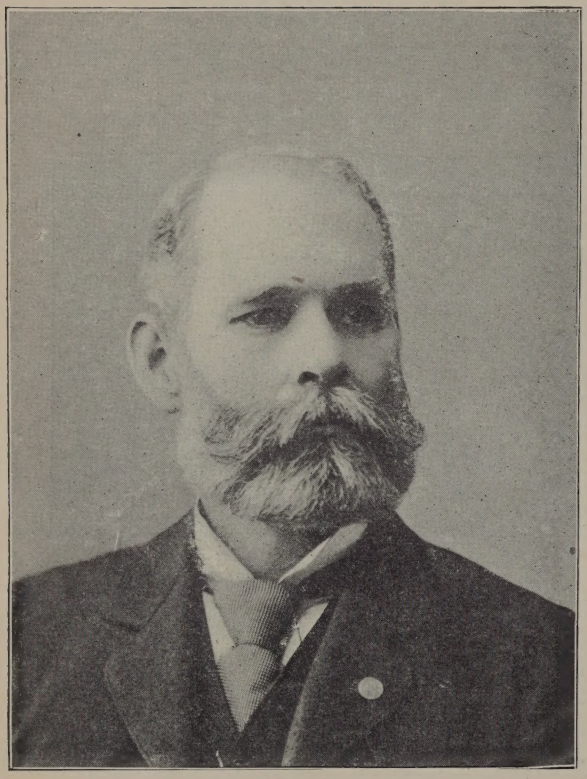
Organization, Officers, Reminiscences.

BY JOHN C. LINEHAN.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a unique organization. It is at the same time one of the most patriotic. It had its origin in the Civil War, the greatest contest of modern times, and one of the mightiest ever waged by man. It is composed of survivors of the Union Army and Navy who had enlisted and had been mustered in to either of these two branches of the service, at any time between April, 1861, and April, 1865, and had received an honorable discharge therefrom. Under the rules and regulations of the Order none others can be admitted. It is one of the most liberal and tolerant associations, for no discrimination as regards creed, party, color, birthplace, or social standing has ever been made between comrades seeking admission to its ranks. It is a religious organ-



COL. B. F. STEPHENSON,
Founder of the G. A. R.



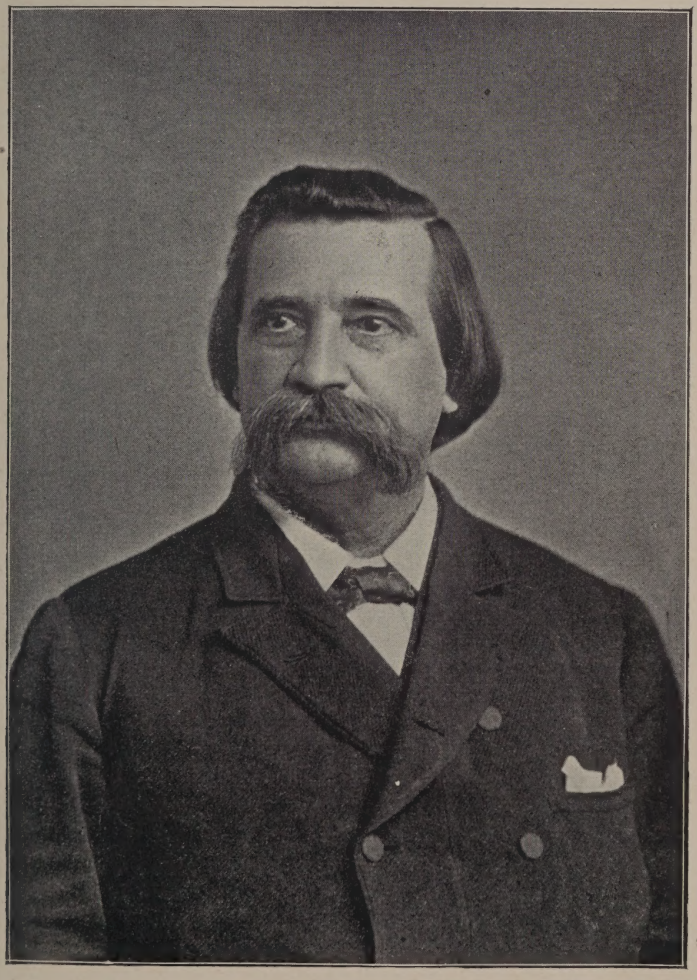
WILLIAM M. OLIN,
Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.

ization, for every Encampment, Post, Department, or National, is opened and closed with prayer; and the body of every deceased comrade receives Christian burial unless request is made to the contrary. Three great principles, fraternity, charity, and loyalty, underlie the Order, and it can truthfully be said that they have been faithfully observed. The spirit of fraternity between comrades is too well known to require repetition. As they were true to the government during the great struggle to save the Union, so have they been loyal to each other ever since. And this sentiment has not been confined to themselves, for it extends to the widows, orphans, and dependent relatives of their deceased comrades.

Under the present rules and regulations no person who had ever borne arms against the government has been, or can be, mustered into its ranks. Several attempts have been made to repeal this part of the rules, in the interest of Southern loyalists who had been forced by conscription into the Confederate service, and who had deserted therefrom at the first opportunity and enlisted in the Union Army. Every effort thus far, in this direction, has failed. The most determined opponents of the change were other Southern loyalists who took to the woods when conscription was announced, and after many privations reached the Union line and entered the Union service. They have always claimed that the others could have done likewise were they willing to share the dangers that they had to encounter.

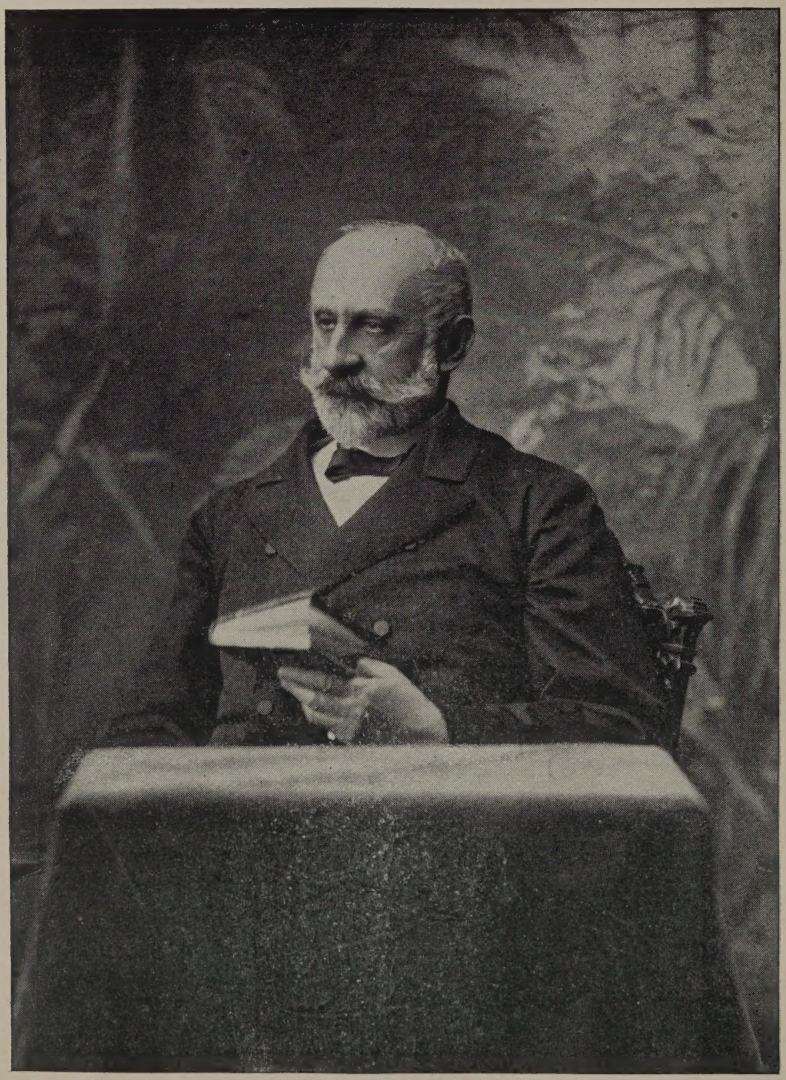
Within its folds all former ranks and grades, so essential in active service, are laid aside. As a member of the Order each comrade is the equal of the other, character being the standard of merit. A good illustration of this was the election at Minneapolis, in 1884, of John S. Kountz as Commander-in-Chief. He was a drummer boy in an Ohio regiment, and had lost one of his limbs in the memorable charge at Mission Ridge. When he was installed into office on the occasion mentioned, his old commander, Gen. William T. Sherman, who had but just retired from the command of the United States Army, sat in his place before him, as a delegate from the Department of Missouri. None of those present was more pronounced in his applause when the new Commander-in-Chief was introduced than the stern, grizzled, old warrior who led

his invincible hosts from Atlanta to the sea. The election of Kountz was also a proof of the broadness of the Order, for in nationality he was of German parentage, and in religion a most devout and faithful Catholic. All of the candidates opposed to him at Minneapolis had been commissioned officers, one holding the rank of Brigadier-General, but this did not operate against him. He had been one of the most energetic of the reorganizers of the Grand Army in Ohio, and an appreciative brotherhood recognized his labors by selecting him to fill the highest position in its gift. During his term of office, realizing the situation of the veterans who were of the Catholic faith, and who desired to join the Order, but were deterred by its supposed secret character, he appointed a committee of Catholic comrades to bring the matter for decision before the Catholic hierarchy of the United States. This committee consisted of General William S. Rosecrans, Gen.



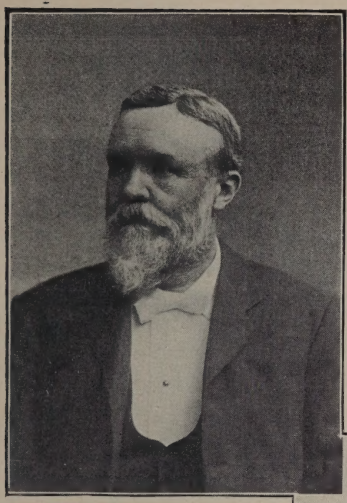
GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., 1868-70.

John Newton, Gen. Joseph B. Carr, John C. Linehan, and the Commander-in-Chief, ex-officio. The medium of communication was Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, aided by Rev. Timothy P. Linehan, then Rector of the Portland Cathedral. The result of this was a large accession of Catholic comrades, the decision being favorable.



CHARLES DEVENS.
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1873-74.

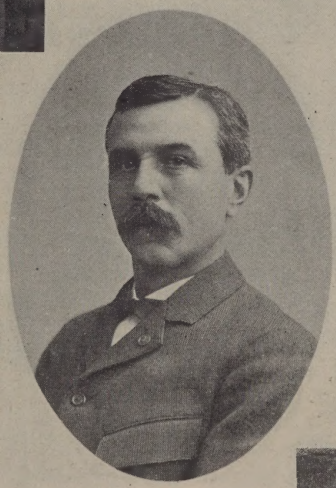
When it became known to the National Encampment held at Portland in 1885, the rejoicing was universal. Not only were



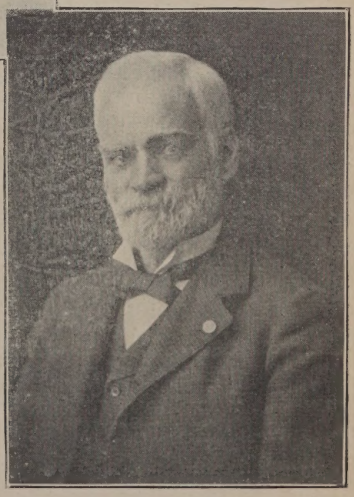
LOUIS WAGNER,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1880.

many of the laity mustered into the Order, but not a few of the clergy as well, the most notable of the latter being the lamented Rev. Thomas Scully, Chaplain of the 9th Massachusetts, and later, Chaplain of the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and Archbishop Ireland. The mustering of the Archbishop into the Grand Army at the encampment held in St. Paul, in 1896, was the occasion of an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm never before witnessed at a similar gathering, and all the more marked because it was spontaneous. The presence of an Archbishop of the Catholic Church on the platform at a Grand Army Encampment, with his badge on his breast, was something new to the Order, and, it might as well be said, unexpected. Another remarkable feature which followed was the institution of a Post of the Grand Army at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Every comrade was a priest, and all had rendered loyal service in one capacity or another during the Civil War. The Post Commander was Rev. William Corby, Chaplain of Meagher's Irish brigade, lately deceased, and the Adjutant was Rev. William A. Olmstead, a Brigadier-General from New York state. It is a question if there is another educational institution in America possessing a similar organization. The Notre Dame Post is attached to the Department of Indiana.

The Grand Army of the Republic was organized in the state of Illinois, in the spring of 1866, the year after the close of the war. The founder was Col. B. F. Stephenson, who had been a surgeon from that state in the Volunteer service. Its object, in brief, was to keep alive and cement the fraternal relations formed between comrades during the war; to aid, as far as lay in its power, all deserving soldiers and sailors, their widows, orphans, or dependent relatives; to preserve the spirit of loyalty to the government, and to the flag representing it, to the end that the sacrifices made in blood and treasure to save the Union of the states might not be forgotten. The



JOHN S. KOUNTZ,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1881.



ROBERT B. BEATH,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1883.

RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALY, D.D.

first National Encampment was held at Indianapolis on November 20 and 21, 1866. These dates were too near the close of the war to disregard the distinction in rank between comrades. The result was that at this Encampment the non-commissioned officers and privates cut, numerically, but a small figure. There were present about two hundred and forty delegates, representing eleven states only, viz.:—Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, and Indiana. It will be noticed that none of the New England states was represented. New York had but one delegate, Pennsylvania three. Of the representatives Indiana furnished one hundred and sixty-three. The rank of all was given. There were thirty-nine generals, fifty-five colonels, twenty-seven majors, seventy-five captains, one chaplain, twenty-two lieutenants, eighteen sergeants, and three privates. This situation did not long continue. While it existed the membership naturally was limited. When its principles became better known, and its object more clearly understood, the increase was rapid. It was retarded at first by the insidious wiles of politicians, but, regardless of this, the gain was steady, until it reached over half a million of comrades in good standing, with Posts located in nearly every state in the Union. In its membership, almost from the beginning, it represents all ranks and grades from the lowest to the highest, in the Army and in the Navy, and all the walks of civil life as well, from that of the laborer to the position of President of the United States. From Lincoln to Roosevelt, every President chosen by the people, with one exception, was privileged to wear the bronze star of the Grand Army of the Republic, for Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley were comrades of the Order. The only one among the number to march in the ranks as a private was William McKinley, who won his grade as Major by successive promotions. It seems, therefore, very appropriate that his successor, Theodore Roosevelt, should be selected as a representative type of the volunteer soldier of the Spanish War.

OFFICERS.

The cosmopolitan character of the membership of the Order can be deter-

(Courtesy Notre Dame University.)

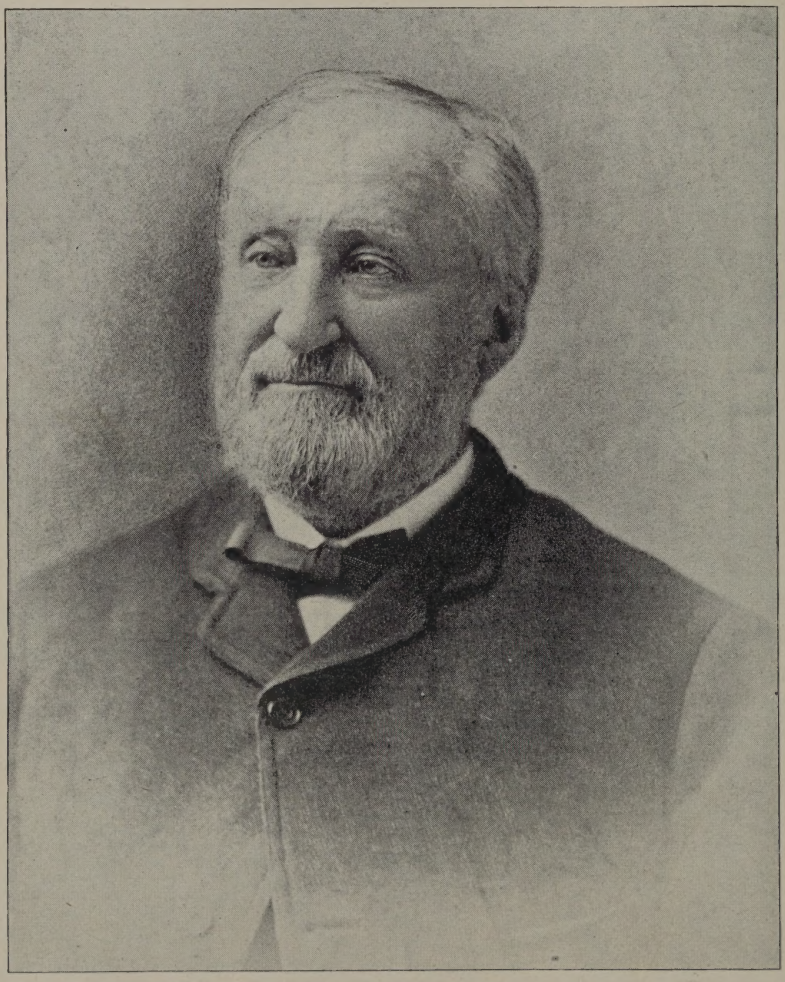
NOTRE DAME POST, G. A. R.

BRO. COSMOS. (Nicholas Batte.) 2nd U. S. Infty. "C."
BRO. LEANDER. (Jas. McLaine.) 15th U. S. Infty. "B."
BRO. RAPHAEL. (Jas. C. Maloy.) 133 Pa. Vol. "B."
BRO. EUSTACIUS. (John McInerney). 33 Ohio. "H."

REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C. 35th Indiana.
REV. WM. CORBY, C. S. C. 88th New York.
REV. (GEN.) WM. OLMSTEAD, C. S. C. 59th New York.

BRO. BENEDICT. (Jay es Mantle.) st Pa. Heavy Artly. 6th U. S. Cav. "A."
BRO. IGNATIUS. (Ignatius Mayer.) 75th Pa. "C."
BRO. JOHN CHRISOSTUM. (Mark A. Mills.) 54th Pa. "H."
BRO. AGATO. (Jos. Staley.)

mined from the roster of its Commanders-in-Chief, of whom the following were of foreign birth or parentage,—John A. Logan, Louis Wagner, Robert B. Beath, John S. Kountz, Samuel S. Burdett, John Palmer, A. G. Weissert, Thomas G. Lawyoungest comrades ever holding the position. The first named is a native of Ireland, and in religion a Presbyterian. He is undoubtedly one of the most popular men in the organization, as well as one of the youngest men to enlist in

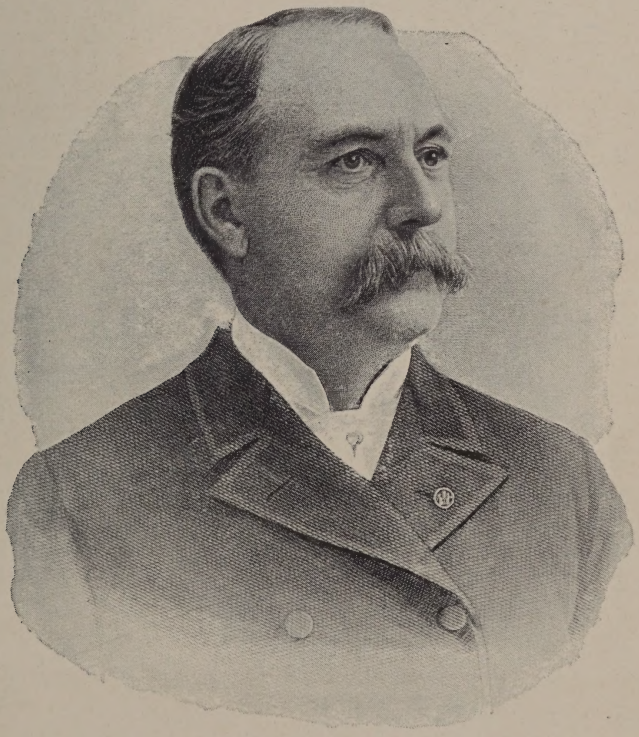


GEN. WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS.

ler, James A. Sexton, Leo Rassieur, and Thomas J. Stewart. Of these, one was Scotch, one French Alsatian, two English, four German, and four Irish. Stewart, who was chosen Commander-in-Chief in 1902, and Kountz, are the two the Union Army; it can safely be said in addition, that no comrade has ever done more unselfish work for the good of the Order or the welfare of his comrades. Thirty-two persons in all have held the position of Commander-in-Chief

from 1866 to 1892, inclusive. It can be seen then, that a fraction more than one-third of the number were of foreign birth or parentage. Other comrades who filled the same office were B. F. Stephenson (provisional), S. A. Hurlburt, Ambrose E. Burnside, Charles Devens, J. F. Hartranft, John C. Robinson, William Earnshaw, George S. Merrill, Paul Van Dervoort, Lucius Fairchild, John P. Rea, William Warner, Russell A. Alger, William G. Veazey, John G. B. Adams, Ivan N. Walker, T. S. Clarkson, J. P. S. Gobin, W. C. Johnson, Albert D. Shaw, Ell Torrance. In rank there were ten generals, four colonels, one lieutenant colonel, four majors, seven captains, one chaplain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, one drummer, and two privates.

None among those whose names are given was more beloved than the late Capt. J. G. B. Adams, better known by his comrades and friends as "Captain Jack." Few of the veterans had a better record as a soldier, as a comrade of the Grand Army, or as a citizen. He served in the 19th Mass., to the end of the war. He was wounded severely at Gettysburg in 1863, and was captured before Petersburg in 1864. While a prisoner he was one of the Union officers selected by the Confederates to be placed with other Union officers at the Fair ground in Charleston, S. C., under the fire of Gilmore's guns on Morris Island, in retaliation for the shelling of the city by the "Swamp Angel." During his captivity he made two attempts to escape, but was



CAPT. JOHN G. B. ADAMS.
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1893.

recaptured before reaching the Union lines. In both instances he was aided by colored people, slaves. In consequence he loved the race for what they had done for him, and in him the colored man or woman ever found a warm friend. He was more impulsive and more tender-hearted, more generous, or more tolerant than "Captain Jack." On his first visit to the New Hampshire Veterans, at Weirs, some twenty years ago, he occupied the same bed at night with the writer.

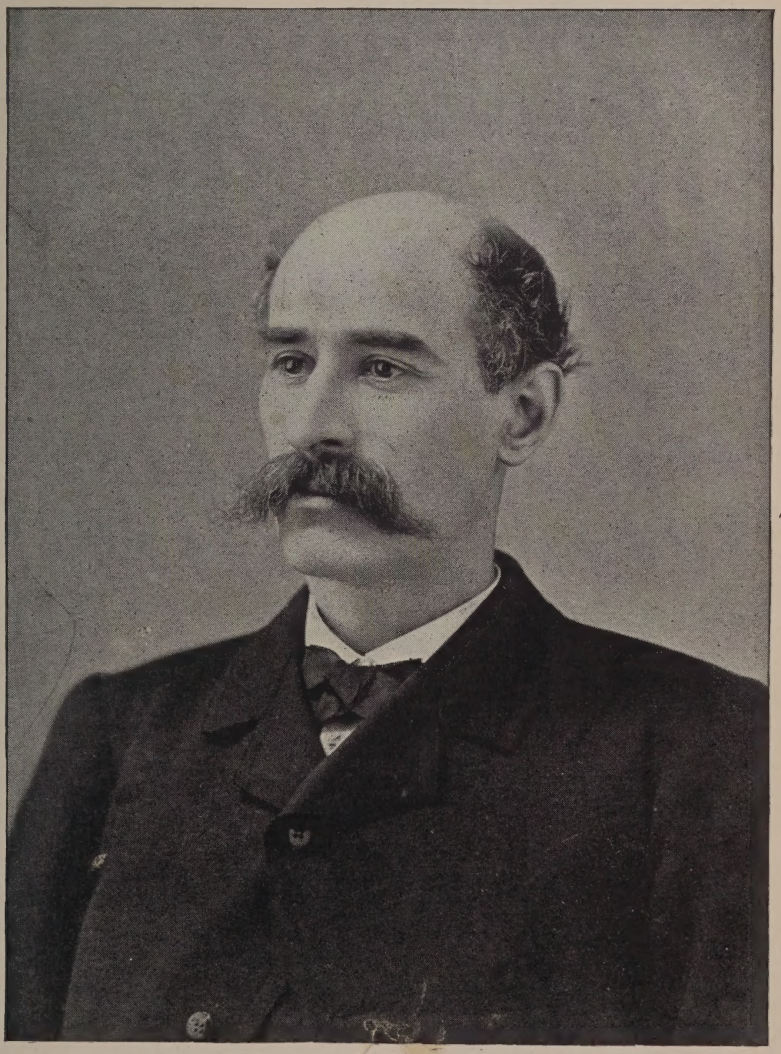
THOMAS G. LAWLER,
Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1894.

was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, and always took an active interest in every movement for the welfare of his deserving comrades and their dependent relatives. No man

From the time this camp was established in 1878, among the daily features were the firing of the morning gun, the reveille by the bugle, and the marches by the drum corps. When he was awakened on

his first morning there by the firing of the gun, followed by the bugle notes of the reveille, he sprang from the bed to the floor, and, in a voice filled with emotion, said, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "Do you always do that here, John?"

"Yes, from the beginning," was the answer, "and we will continue it to the end." "My God," said he, "it's the real old stuff. I feel like rushing out to roll-call."

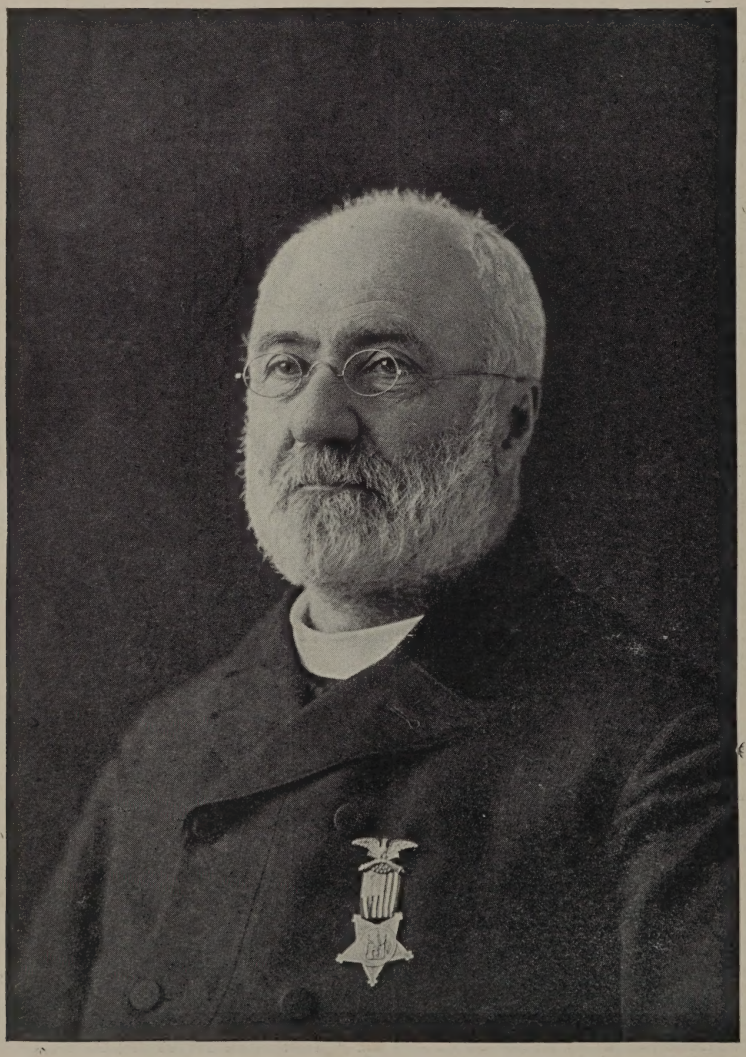


RICHARD F. TOBIN,
Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. 1890.

"Captain Jack" was original. A short time before his death, while talking with several comrades who were near and dear to him, about the death of the late George

S. Merrill, he said, "Boys, remember one thing. When I die, and I am going to leave before any of you, perhaps, I do not want taps sounded over my body. I believe in the resurrection,—so I want the reveille instead of taps." A year later he was in his coffin, and, in accordance with his request, during the funeral service in the church in Lynn the bugler sounded the reveille over his remains.

A full-blooded, native American of the best type, there was nothing illiberal or narrow about him. When chosen Commander-in-Chief in 1893 he selected his old color sergeant, Michael Scannell, who had served with him all through the war,

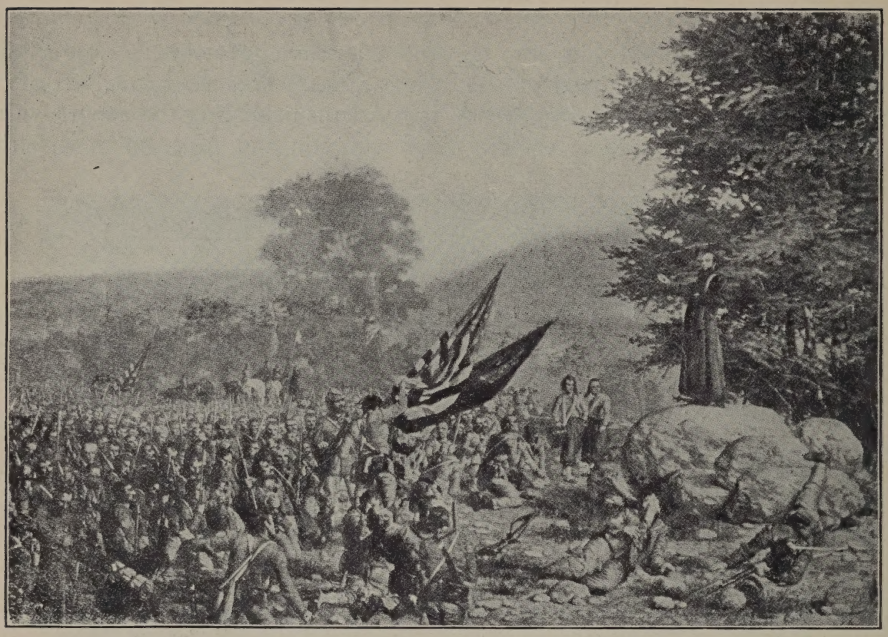


REV. THOMAS SCULLY,
Chaplain of the Dept. of Mass., G. A. R.

and who had been captured with him at Petersburg, to carry at the head of the column, in Pittsburg, the magnificent stand of colors presented him by the city of Lynn. Sergeant Scannell rode at the head of at least thirty thousand veterans on that occasion, and bore himself manfully, for none presented a more soldierly appearance. This thoughtful act of Captain Adams in sharing the honors with his old comrade and subordinate is perhaps the best illustration that could be given of the character of the man.

JOHN E. GILMAN,
Past Dep't. Commander, G. A. R.

Another of the same stamp, who had



FATHER CORBY GIVING THE ABSOLUTION.

held the same position, was the late Geo. S. Merrill, for many years the insurance commissioner of Massachusetts. He was one of the most influential men in the councils of the Order. He served many years on the National Pension Committee, and through his aid, largely, what was known as the Dependent Pension Bill, enacted in 1890, was prepared and enacted.

To Gen. John A. Logan belongs the credit for the institution of Memorial Day in the North. If the Grand Army had done but this one thing it deserves the gratitude of the people, for before the observance of the day the condition of the average cemetery throughout the land was anything but creditable to the town in which it was located. Nothing in the way of a memorial to the soldiers of the Civil War has done more to keep in mind what it cost to save the Union than this. It has also—through the addresses made on these occasions, very often by those who have participated in the events they described—been a great educational force, and for that reason, must have been productive of much good, especially to those who were born, or who came here from other countries, since the close of the great contest.

Two of the most useful comrades in the Order are Gen. Louis Wagner, and Robert B. Beath, respectively of German and Scotch parentage. Both have been closely associated in its work almost from the beginning, and both are honored citizens in the place of their abode, Philadelphia. The first-named has been comptroller of his adopted city, and is at present, and has been for some years, president of one of its leading national banks. The second is president of the United Firemen's Insurance Company of the same city. Both are good types of the veteran soldiers of 1861. Colonel Beath lost a limb in one of the many engagements in which he participated before Petersburg in 1864. Both are held in the highest esteem by every comrade of the Order, for few have done as much to maintain the high character

it has acquired, largely through their efforts.

Of the other Commanders-in-Chief, Burnside's name will be forever connected with Fredricksburg. The battle was fought while he was commander of the Army of the Potomac. He will also be remembered for his successful defence of Knoxville against Longstreet, who was considered one of the ablest of the Confederate leaders.

General Devens was one of the best known, and undoubtedly one of the best beloved of the division commanders from Massachusetts. His civil record since the war was in accord with the solid service rendered while it lasted, from 1861 to 1865.

As much can be said of General Hartranft who was Governor of Pennsylvania. General Gobin was Lieutenant Governor of the same state.

General Fairchild was Governor of Wisconsin. He lost an arm in the service. A more genial, courtly gentleman never presided over the destinies of the Order. During his administration, Charleston, S. C., was partially destroyed by an earthquake. He was one of the first on the ground, from the North, and one of the first to make an appeal for aid for the sufferers. It met with a prompt response from his comrades.

General Burdett served two terms in Congress, from Missouri. He is a well-known attorney in Washington, and one of the solid, substantial members of the Order.

General Alger has been Governor of Michigan, and was Secretary of the Navy when the Spanish War broke out. At the present time he is United States Senator from Michigan. While at the head of the Naval Department he was bitterly assailed by a portion of the press. The reason therefor it is needless to discuss here. The people of his own state regardless of creed, party, or nationality, stood by him, and his recent appointment to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, with a sure prospect of being chosen to succeed himself, is perhaps the best evidence of his standing at home.

Colonel Veazy, who commanded one of the regiments of the heroic Vermont brigade, was Governor of that state, and at the time of his death a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Among those who filled the office of Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief were General Hawley, ex-Governor of Connecticut, and for many years United States Senator from that state; General Seldon Connor, ex-Governor of Maine, and at present time United States Pension Commissioner from Portland; General Nelson Cole of Missouri; and General Henry H. Duffield of Michigan. The two latter were Brigade commanders in the late Spanish war. Perhaps one of the best known of those filling the second place in the Order was Richard F. Tobin of Massachusetts. By "best known" is meant in Massachusetts. He died in November, 1890. His funeral, which was held at the Cathedral, in Boston, was attended by an immense concourse of people, but a small part of which could be admitted to the spacious edifice. "Dick Tobin," as he was known to his friends, filled about the same niche in their affections as "Jack Adams." None was more welcome at camp-fire or convention, and his death was the occasion of universal grief.

Among those who filled the third place, Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, were General J. Warren Kiefer, who was member of Congress from Ohio; Charles H. Shute, of New Orleans, La., for many years engaged in the banking business in that city; Michael Minton of Kentucky; and James O'Donnell of Illinois. The latter was the last one to fill the position,

under Commander-in-Chief Torrance of Minnesota.

Commander Torrance was one of the ablest men that ever filled the first place. Under his administration the vexed question of the management of the Pension Department was settled, seemingly to the satisfaction of the principal parties concerned. This was brought about mainly through his tact and sound judgment.

Comrade O'Donnell made his mark as a presiding officer at the last Encampment at Washington in 1902. He won the admiration of all present by the admirable manner in which he wielded the gavel, preserved order, and made his rulings respected.

From the hasty sketches given here an idea can be formed of the character of the men who have been honored by their comrades in being selected to fill the highest offices in their gift. In connection therewith it can truthfully be said that for ability, character, good order, and power of debate, the annual Encampments, State and National, will compare favorably with any legislative body in any state or district of the Union, not excepting even Congress itself.

Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were undoubtedly the three most notable comrades of the Order. In the State House yard at Columbus, Ohio, is a monument that arrests and holds attention—not for its artistic features alone. A female figure in bronze, representing the state, stands on a pedestal. The latter is circular in shape, and grouped around it are statues of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hayes, Garfield, Rosecrans, Stanton, Chase, and others. An inscription in raised letters reads, "These are my jewels." It is something remarkable that one state should have furnished the three great leaders of the Civil War, and still more so that three of them had been chosen to fill the high office of President of the United States. One more figure could justly be added in the person of President McKinley.

The present Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, William M. Olin, Secretary of State for Massachusetts, is a worthy successor to those mentioned. No comrade is more beloved, and justly so, in his own Department; and his unexpected election, without any labor on his part, and very little on the part of his friends, is evidence of the estimation in which he is held by his comrades at large. He is a good representative of the type of men like Capt. "Jack Adams," and "Dick Tobin," for wherever he goes he carries sunshine with him.

One of the most remarkable comrades of the Order is James Tanner of New York. When a mere boy he lost both legs at the second Bull Run, in 1862. He is one of the most eloquent as well as one of the most impressive speakers without or within the Order. His voice has been heard on the stump, and before legislative bodies, pleading for the rights of his comrades, their widows, and orphans. Few sacrificed so much during the war, and not many have labored more unselfishly for the good of the Order since then. His last dollar has been, and would again be given to relieve the necessity of any veteran, and in giving it no questions would be asked as to the cause of the recipient's needs.

A Massachusetts comrade, well known to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is Past Department Commander John E. Gilman of Boston. He is one of the young comrades of the Order, as well as one of the most popular in the Department. His empty sleeve is evidence of the character of his service. He is of Irish parentage, and a loyal son of "Mother Church." His wife is an active worker in the Woman's Relief Corps, and

is Past Department President of the Order in Massachusetts.

Another Massachusetts comrade well known in Boston was General Michael T. Donohoe, who died a few years ago. A more genial gentleman or a more gallant soldier never swung a sabre. The writer served a year with him in the Third N. H. Vols. He was also associated with him in the Grand Army as he served on his staff while Department Commander of New Hampshire in 1883-84.

Referring again to Father Corby, he was one of the heroic figures at Gettysburg, for he was the chaplain who gave absolution under fire to the soldiers of the Irish brigade, on that bloody field. This is the account of the thrilling event written by General St. Clair Mulholland, then Colonel of the 116th Penn. Regiment, which was attached to the Irish Brigade.

"Now (as the Third Corps is being pressed back), help was called for, and Hancock tells Caldwell to have his men ready. 'Fall in!' and the men run to their places. 'Take arms!' and the four brigades of Zook, Cross, Brooke, and Kelly are ready for the fray. There are yet a few minutes to spare before starting, and the time is occupied by one of the most impressive religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed. The Irish brigade, which had been commanded formerly by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and whose green flag had been unfurled in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, and was now commanded by Col. Patrick Kelly of the 88th N. Y., formed a part of this division. The brigade stood in column of regiments, closed in mass.

"As a large majority of its members were Catholics, the chaplain of the brigade, Rev. William Corby, proposed to give a general absolution to all the men before going into the fight. While this is customary in the armies of the Catholic countries in Europe, it was perhaps the first time it was ever witnessed on this continent, unless, indeed, the grim old warrior, Ponce de Leon, as he tramped through the Everglades of Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth, or De Soto, on his march to the Mississippi, indulged in this act of devotion. Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere Act of Contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought. * * * * * The brigade was standing at 'Order arms!' As he closed his address, every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, fell on his knees, with his head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of the absolution:

" 'Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo excommunicationis et interdicti, in quantum possum et vos indigetis, deinde, ego absolvo vos a peccatis vestris, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.' "

"The scene was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The

act seemed to be in harmony with the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heart-felt prayer. For some, it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes. In less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2nd. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

It was the fortune of the writer to be present on July 2nd, 1888, at the memorial ceremonies incidental to the dedication of the monument to the three New York regiments of the Irish brigade, on the battle-field. He was then a member of the Board of Directors of the Battlefield Association, and had been requested to receive the monument for the Association. It was certainly a remarkable day. The survivors of the brigade began the exercises by attending Mass in the Catholic church in the town. The writer and Colonel John B. Batchelder, another Director of the Association, were present from the beginning to the end of the exercises. Father Ouellet sang the Mass, Father Corby preached the sermon. It was Father Corby's first appearance before the survivors of the old brigade. In consequence, when he made his appearance on the altar, he was unknown to them, so changed was he. The writer sat in the front seat with Colonel Batchelder, and he will never forget the expression on Father Corby's face as he rose from his knees and faced his old comrades. They had with them their tattered old battle-flags, and the scene was such that he could not control himself. The first words he uttered, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, were in the nature of a surprise, for instead of "My dear brethren," he addressed them as "My dear comrades." When he made himself known as their old chaplain, the veterans were overcome, and many a manly heart throbbed at the recollection of the scene his presence evoked.

From the church the line of march was taken up to the location of the monument on the battle-field. This was very near the spot where absolution was given the men on that eventful July day in 1863. There was a most elaborate program,—an oration delivered by General Burke, a poem by William Collins, a song by Prof. Edward O'Mahoney, were among the exercises that followed. Colonel James D. Brady had been selected to present the monument to the Battlefield Association. On account of an accident to the train en route he did not appear in season to perform his part. He was Colonel of the 63rd. While conversing with the writer, after the exercises were over, he told him that he was not with his regiment on that day, being detailed for duty on the staff of General Zook. When the Third Corps was smashed and driven back, he galloped to the rear with General Zook, seeking a new formation for his division. Just as they reached the position held by the Irish brigade, the soldiers fell on their knees. Being a Catholic, he knew what it meant. With no time for explanation, he threw the reins of his horse towards General Zook, dismounted, fell on his knees, and received the benefit of absolution. It was over in a few minutes. He then arose, mounted his horse, and turned to the General to explain what he had done. He said that the General sat on his horse, deep in thought, with his hands crossed on the pommel of his saddle, as if transfixed. He drew a long breath, and said, "My God, Brady, that was the most impressive sight I have

ever seen or heard of." Just then, Brady said, a bullet crashed through the General's head, and he fell from his horse, dead. "I was only sorry," said Brady, "that he had not knelt with me and received the benediction of Father Corby."

Before his death Father Corby wrote his memoirs of "Chaplain Life." Therein he wrote that "Sixty Sisters of the Order of the Holy Cross went out under the intelligent Mother Mary Angela as Superioress (Mother Angela was a cousin of Hon. James G. Blaine). These sisters volunteered their services to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. The labors and self-sacrifices of the sisters during the war need no praise here. Their praise is on the lips of every surviving soldier who experienced their kind and careful ministration. Nor was it alone from the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross that sister-nurses engaged in the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. Many other Orders made costly sacrifices to save life and to save souls, notably the noble Order of Sisters of Charity."

The following tribute, taken by Father Corby from the Philadelphia Sunday Times, is printed here in order to show what the Sisters had done for the wounded soldiers during the great contest.

"WHAT THEY DO WITH THEIR BEGGINGS."

During the late war, and while Gen. S— was in command of the department at New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. Especially were they desirous to obtain supplies at what was termed "commissary prices"—that is, at a reduction or commutation of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market rates. The principal demand was for ice, flour, beef, and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury which only the Union forces could enjoy at anything like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded, of both the Federal and Confederate armies, and the benevolent institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their endeavors to aid the poor and the suffering, for those were trying times, and war has many victims. Foremost among these Christian workers stood the various Christian sisterhoods. These noble women were busy night and day, never seeming to know fatigue, and overcoming every obstacle, that, in so many discouraging forms, obstructed the way of doing good —obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, hope, and charity, and where the first grand lesson learned is self-denial. Of money there was little; and food, fuel and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war, and unfriendly aspersions, never turning aside, never complaining, never despairing. No one will ever know the sublime courage of these lowly sisters during the dark days of the Rebellion. Only in that hour when the Judge of all mankind shall summon before Him the living and the dead will they receive their true reward, the crown everlasting, and the benediction,— "Well done, good and faithful servant."

It was just a week previous to the Red River campaign, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department of the Gulf, that Gen. S—, a stern, irascible old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia Street, curtly giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact. In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity

entered the room. A handsome young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially handed her a chair, for those sombre gray garments were respected, if not understood, even though he had no reverence for the religious faith which they represented.

Gen. S— looked up from his writing, angered by the intrusion of one whose "fanaticism" he despised, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow. "Orderly!" The soldier on duty without the door, who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief.

"Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"When I *say* no one, I *mean* no one," thundered the General.

The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat calm and still, biding the moment when she might speak and meekly state the object of her mission. The General gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible, and sharply enough, too, in all conscience.

"Well, madam?" She raised a pair of sad, dark eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. Around her fell the heavy, muffling dress of her order, which, however coarse and ungraceful, had something strangely solemn and mournful about it. Her hands, small and fair, were clasped almost suppliantly, and half hidden in the loose sleeves, as if afraid of their own trembling beauty; hands that had touched tenderly, lovingly, so many death-damp foreheads, that had soothed so much pain; eyes that had met prayerfully so many dying glances; lips that had cheered to the mysterious land so many parting souls, and she was only a Sister of Charity—only one of that innumerable band whose good deeds shall live after them.

"We have a household of sick and wounded men whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask of you the privilege, which I humbly beseech you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices."

The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears.

"Always something," snarled the General. "Last week it was flour and ice; today it is ice and beef; tomorrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot, instead of being nursed back to life and treason."

"General!" The Sister was majestic now—"Rebel or Federal, I do not know; Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us, they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or lowly blood, it is not our province to inquire. Un-uniformed, unarmed, sick, and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God's poor suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

"Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, more! never enough."

With this the General resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel taunt. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted, and folded tightly

across her breast as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply.

"What do we with our beggings? Ah! that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know." She turned and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her dark eyes misty with unshed tears.

"Stay!" The General's request was like a command. He could be stern, nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the General's pen.

"There, madam, is your order on the Commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don't come bothering me again. Good-morning!"

In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer flying the ominous yellow flag, which even the rebel sharp-shooters respected and allowed to pass down the river unmolested. Another and still another followed closely in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and dying, whose bloody bandages and, in many instances, undressed wounds, gave woful evidence of the lack of surgeons as well as the completeness of the rout. Among the desperately wounded was Gen S—. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding and shell-torn limb, and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned,—"Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful institution in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The limb was amputated, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many weary days no one could tell whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the quiet, faithful nurse ever at his bedside, ever ministering to his wants, ever watchful of his smallest needs? Why, only "one of the Sisters."

At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old abrupt manner. The General awoke to consciousness to see a face not always unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of small, deft hands skilfully arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples, where the mad pain and aching had for so long a time held sway. He was better now, though still weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle—a battle which had so nearly cost him his life, and left him at best but a maimed and mutilated remnant of his former self.

Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who nursed him so tenderly and tirelessly, especially the gray-robed woman who had become almost angelic in his eyes, and it was like him to express his gratitude in his own peculiar way, without preface or circumlocution. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said, "Did you get the ice and beef?" The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be getting—really himself! "Yes," she replied simply, but

with a kind glance of the soft, sad eyes, that spoke so eloquently her thanks.

"And your name is—?"

"Sister Francis."

"Well, then, Sister Francis, I am glad you got the things—glad I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings. I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to be the better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will endeavor to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

"Nay, you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body: it is that divine mystery, the soul, I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Adieu."

The door softly opened, and he saw Sister Francis no more.

Two months afterward she received a letter sent to the care of the Mother Superior, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars. At the same time the General took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with their beggings."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

General Sherman was one of the most democratic men living. At the Encampment in Minneapolis in 1884, where he made his first appearance as a delegate, an enthusiastic but thoughtless comrade moved to make him a life member of the Encampment. This made an embarrassing situation, for under the rules and regulations, none but past Commanders-in-Chief and Past Department Commanders were eligible. There was the stillness of death for a moment, the members, fearing that the General might be in ignorance of the requirements quoted, hardly knew what to do in order to avoid offense. Even the presiding officer stood undecided what to say, but the "Gordian knot" was cut by a huge red-headed giant from one of the newer Western states who arose and said: "Commander-in-Chief, if the comrades of Missouri desire to honor General Sherman, let them put him through the ropes by making him Department Commander. That will make him a life member. No partiality, treat all alike here."

There was a storm of applause in which the General participated. The motion was put, but not a solitary "aye" was given, so what seemed at first to be troublesome ended with a hearty laugh all around, once it was decided. Later when the officers-elect were formally installed, and the business of the Encampment practically over, there were loud cries for Sherman to address the comrades. He shook his head, and, rising, he said he came there not to talk, but to work as a delegate from his department, and sat down. But this did not satisfy his old soldiers, who persisted until he finally arose the second time. As he did, there were cries of "Platform! Platform!" but he shook his head stubbornly, saying his place was on the floor. Again the red-headed giant from the West cleared up the atmosphere. "General Sherman," he said, "you never went back on us during the war. Don't do it now. Go on the platform, we want to see your face." This was sufficient, the General went on the platform and made an address that thrilled every heart.

Two years later, in San Francisco, at the banquet tendered by the city to the members of the Encampment, four comrades were assigned to a table. The supply of wine and cigars was unlimited. The result can be anticipated. Everybody was happy, some so uproariously so that

when the hour arrived for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" the chairman was unable to call the meeting to order. In despair he called on General Sherman to take his place. His request was complied with, and as the form of Sherman was descried on his way to the desk all became still as a prayer meeting. Folding his arms, he looked sternly at the laughing faces before him and said: "Comrades, were I in possession of the authority I once had, and the power to enforce it, my first order would be to put every damn one of you in the guard house." This provoked a roar of laughter. In a humorous tone he then lectured them on their want of manners, and turned the management of the meeting over to the proper officers, who carried out the programme prepared for the occasion.

General Sheridan I had the pleasure of meeting socially several times. He came to New Hampshire in 1866 or 1867, and while in Concord received a great ovation. It was but two or three years after his great victory at Winchester and every one was wild to see him.

General Michael T. Donohoe was at the time a resident of Concord, and to him fell the honor of introducing the people to Sheridan at the reception in the State House. When my turn came to be presented, Donohoe named me as one who had served with him for a time. This ensured me a warm reception, Sheridan extending both hands with a hearty salutation of pleasure at meeting any friend of Donohoe's. In 1884 or 1885 he was the guest of the New Hampshire veterans during their annual reunion at Weirs. He was at this time in command of the United States Army. He was accompanied by his brother, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan. The resemblance between the brothers was remarkable. He was one of the most genial as well as one of the most approachable of all the great generals who had been the guests of the Association.

Contrary to expectation, considering what he had been through, he possessed a voice as sweet and musical as that of a woman. On my mentioning this to him, he smiled and said that was about the first remark made by parties presented to him, and added: "I suppose they expected to find a man tall as a steeple, as heavy as an elephant, and with a voice like a foghorn." As evidence of this he said: "When I was stationed in Chicago, before taking command of the Army it was my custom annually to take a hunting and fishing tour in Wisconsin. Several of my staff accompanied me. We took our camp equipage with us, locating at intervals along the banks of river or creek wherever the fishing was good. One morning I awoke at daybreak and found it was ideal weather to cast a hook, there was a heavy mist with an occasional rain-drop. I got up, slipped on my clothes, took my rod and bait, and started to fish up the creek. The grass on the banks was heavy, fit for the scythe, and as I trudged along I found I left quite a trail behind me. As I noticed this I said to myself 'if the owner of this field gets sight of me I will get a Scotch blessing.' Just as this thought occurred to me, as I was turning a bend of the river, whom should I meet face to face but a man who, judging by his looks and actions, was the individual in question. I had on an old blouse, slouch hat, and high boots, not making in consequence a very presentable appearance. I had in my pocket a nice flask of brandy which had not been tapped. He wore an old straw hat with flapping sides, had a scythe on his shoulder, and a deep scowl on his face. As I approached him I said: "Good morning, uncle. It is kind of damp, wouldn't you like something to warm you?" at the same time unscrewing the cork, and handing him the bottle. He

took it, looking me all over from hat to boots, put it to his mouth, and took a good swig. He did not get the flavor until he had taken it from his lips. Holding the bottle in his hand he looked at it wistfully. 'All right, uncle,' I said, 'if you like it take a drink.' He repeated the act, and when the bottle left his mouth this time full half of the contents had disappeared. As he handed it back he asked: 'Who may I thank for this?' 'In Chicago,' said I, 'I am known as General Sheridan.'

"'The hell you are,' said he, 'who in the devil could hear a little cuss like you on the battlefield? But your brandy is all right.'

"Just think," said the General, "the idea of a commander being heard by his men in action," and he laughed again.

There was an immense crowd at Weirs on the day of his visit. The grove before the Auditorium was packed with thousands. He made a short address at the grove in the afternoon and in the evening. One of the features in the afternoon's programme was the recitation of "Sheridan's Ride" by Prof. Dame, now of Newmarket, N. H., but then the superintendent of the Manchester schools. This was finely rendered, and its effect will never be forgotten by those on the platform, or on the ground near enough to see and hear. Before it was half finished the General covered his face with his hands and the tears actually rained through his fingers. The recitation was magnificent. No doubt the presence of Sheridan inspired the speaker. When he finished, the audience, old and young, male and female, arose, and for five minutes nothing could be heard but "vox populi" while the cheering was at its height. The General beckoned to me. I went over to his seat. "Who is that man?" asked he.

"Professor Dame," said I.

"What is his business?"

"Superintendent of the Manchester schools," said I.

"You tell him for me," said he, "that I never heard the poem recited better but once, and that was by Professor Murdock."

The message was faithfully delivered, and Professor Dame to this day considers it one of the greatest compliments he ever received, for Murdock was classed as the first elocutionist in the country, and the first to recite the poem after its first rendition by the author, Thomas Buchanan Read.

At the evening meeting Sheridan again went on the platform, on condition he would not be called upon to speak. I presided. There were several thousand present who had not seen or heard him in the afternoon. I was to be the first speaker, but, for the sake of the new-comers, when I arose I said that realizing there were many present who had not heard General Sheridan, I would run the risk of incurring his displeasure by introducing him as my substitute. This was a surprise, but the General took it in good form, and stepping to the front made a short but effective address to the thousands before him.

As has been said, the New Hampshire veterans never had as their guest at Weirs a man more thoroughly enjoyable than the great cavalryman of the Civil War.

Again I had the pleasure of meeting him at Philadelphia in 1887. The occasion was the celebration of the anniversary of the adoption of the constitution. It was one of the great gatherings of modern times, every state being represented. I was then in the Executive Council of Governor Charles U. Sawyer and was there as one of the official guests. There was a programme of exercises for four days; one was a parade of the troops of the regular army, of the National Guard of Pennsylvania and of other

states. General Sheridan was the chief marshal of this parade, and it was an inspiring sight from the grand-stand to see him ride by, sitting on his horse, seemingly solid as a rock at the head of troops from southern as well as from the northern states. Another notable figure in line that day was General John B. Gordon, one of the heroic southern leaders in the Civil War, and then governor of Georgia. On the evening of that day, accompanied by one of my associate councillors, I visited the headquarters of Post 2, and while there Sheridan came in. He made a short speech, and as at Weirs captured his hearers. The men there were from all parts of the country, not a few of whom had never seen or heard him. On being introduced with my companion, by Colonel Beath, he remembered me at once and spoke of his pleasant trip to Weirs, not forgetting Professor Dame, whom he inquired for. He said he was obliged to go to headquarters of Loyal Legion and suggested that we call on him there when we were through with our friends of Post 2.

We acted promptly on his suggestion, and Batchellor and myself met with a warm reception, showing his invitation was meant. His brother, Colonel Sheridan, was with him. We withdrew to a table by ourselves, and for nearly an hour we spent the most enjoyable period of our Philadelphia visit, for no men could be more companionable than the two brothers. This was especially so for Mr. Batchellor, who had not met him before.

Two years later I again met him at the New York celebration of the anniversary of the inauguration of Washington, but for a short time only. The year he died I was Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. The Commander-in-Chief, Judge Rea of Minneapolis, was unable to attend the funeral and wired me to go in his place. The funeral exercises were held in St. Matthew's Church in Washington, which was crowded with United States officials, members of the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the Army and Navy, of the Grand Army, etc. A requiem Mass was sung by male voices, members of some religious order new to me, Dominicans, from appearance. An older brother of the General's, Hon. John Sheridan of Ohio, was present with the members of the General's family. From the beginning to the end of the religious services, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan wept continually, and no wonder when recalling what they had been through together, for he was on his brother's staff continuously to the end of the war and up to his death. The body was buried in Arlington Cemetery, on the sloping lawn before the Arlington House, so long the home of General Robert E. Lee. A more impressive spectacle than the interment I never witnessed. A battalion or regiment of cavalry and infantry and a full battery of artillery made up three sides of a hollow square. The fourth side was occupied by the mourners, the clergy, and those who had been invited to attend the funeral. The "Dies Irae" was sung by six friars dressed in the robes of their Order. When the casket containing the remains was lowered into the grave three volleys were fired by the regiments, accompanied by the guns of the battery. Then the exercises closed with taps by the bugler, "Lights out!" Most truly a great light went out with Philip H. Sheridan.

During the exercises General Sherman, representing the United States Army, stood at the head of the grave. As the representative of the Grand Army I stood at its foot. Remembering his loyalty to his faith and country, most devoutly did I repeat time and again as I stood there, "May his soul rest in peace."

Referring again to the gallant Sergeant Scannell. There are several anecdotes connected with his war experience which show he possessed his share of the wit

and humor credited to the men of his nationality.

During the Knownothing craze of the fifties, there was published in Boston in the interest of the party of that name a paper known as the "Knownothing and American Crusader." It had as a heading, printed in large capitals on the first page as a motto, what purported to be a saying of General Washington's on the eve of the battle of Trenton, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." The editor of this paper was the late General Edward W. Hinks, one of the most heroic of Massachusetts' soldier-sons. When the Civil War broke out he recruited a company for the 19th Massachusetts Infantry. Among those who enlisted was Sergeant Scannell. When the regiment was organized, Hinks was commissioned Colonel. Scannell had seen service on the other side of the Atlantic, in the British Army. In consequence, when he donned his uniform and went on guard or parade he knew his duty. His boots were blacked, he had his gloves on, and his brasses were polished. The result was that the Colonel, who liked his appearance, had him detailed as his orderly when the regiment went to Washington. During their first evening there they experienced a terrific thunder storm. In the midst of it, Colonel Hinks went to the entrance of his tent, looked out, and found Scannell on guard, drenched to the skin. "What do you think of this, Scannell?" said he.

"I think you ought to stick to your first principles, Colonel," was the reply.

"What do you mean, Scannell?" asked the Colonel.

"Put none but Americans on guard tonight," said Scannell.

In 1888 I was at the annual banquet of the Charitable Irish Society. General Hinks as a representative of the Army was present as an honored guest. I was detailed as his escort. While seated by his side I told him this story about Scannell. He confirmed it, and told one of him still better. During the siege of Petersburg, his old regiment, the 19th Massachusetts, by a flank movement of the Confederates, was largely gobbled up by the Johnnies. The commander of the color company was our old friend, Captain "Jack" Adams, and the color sergeant was Michael Scannell. When Adams found capture was inevitable, he ordered Scannell to dig a hole and bury the colors, hoping at some future time to recover them. A little later all were on their way as prisoners of war, to Dixie, many never to return, and very few to experience freedom until the war was practically over. Captain "Jack" felt happy, however, to think he had saved the colors, but on looking later towards the rear he was horrified to find them on the shoulder of a big rebel sergeant by whose side marched Scannell. In any but a pleasant mood Adams roared out, "Sergeant, how in —— did they get that flag?" Scannell saluted, and responded promptly, "I did exactly as you told me, Captain, I dug the hole, and just as I put the flag in, this gorsoon came along and said, 'Here, you damn Yankee, give me that flag.' I looked at him and said I, 'Johnnie Reb, I am ten years in America; you are the first man ever called me a Yankee,' and by jabers I gave him the flag for the compliment."

General Hinks spoke in the highest terms of the sergeant, who was, he said, one of the bravest soldiers in the regiment.

General John A. Logan was one of the picturesque figures of the Civil War. He was admittedly the greatest of the volunteer officers engaged in the now historic contest.

He was in the national House of Representatives before the election of Lincoln as a Democrat from the state of Illinois. During one of the great debates in the

winter of 1860-61, one of the Southern members predicted that the result of the coming struggle would be the closing of navigation on the Mississippi. In a speech made in reply, Logan said that if an attempt was made to do this the men of the Northwest would hew their way to the Gulf. Both predictions proved true. The Confederates made good the threat mentioned, and the men of the Northwest did hew their way to the Gulf, and John A. Logan was with them. It was my good fortune to meet him in 1884, and from that year to the time of his death the acquaintanceship was kept up. I went across the continent with him in 1886 and visited him quite often at his home in Washington. His flashing black eye, straight black hair, and erect form made him a marked man even to a stranger, or to one who had never heard of him. He was an impressive speaker and socially a most companionable man. I was at his home a short time before his untimely death. His handsome, devoted wife was the soul of hospitality. Knowing my nationality she took pleasure in showing me what she considered the most precious of all the rare articles of art or of use, antique or modern, in the house. This was an old spinning wheel with a bunch of flax from Lurgan, in the north of Ireland. If I remember aright she said the wheel was once the property of one of his ancestors. Mrs. Logan before marriage was Mary Cunningham, of the same origin in race as her distinguished husband. I was again at her home shortly after the death of the General, and a sadder-faced woman it was never my fortune to meet. This was not surprising, for a more devoted wife or a better-mated couple would be hard to find in any country, in any age. As I write I have before me four mourning cards sent me in response to a letter of condolence. They bear the names of "Mrs. John A. Logan," "John A. Logan, Jr.", "William P. Tucker" and "Mary Logan Tucker." The two latter were the daughters of the General and her husband.

I met Major John A. Logan and his son a short time before the Spanish War, and something he told me then was a good illustration of his love for the good name of his father. A well-known newspaper manager who had bitterly assailed his father in life wrote to the son after the death of the General, telling him that he was making a collection of the photographs of the great leaders of the Union Army, and he would be pleased to receive one of his father. The son, remembering what had occurred, wrote in reply that if there was but one portrait of his father in existence and there was danger of that falling into the writer's hands, he would destroy it. General Logan was the idol of the men and one of the finest-looking officers in the army. One of his soldiers, who could not mention his name without his eyes moistening, said to me once that his presence on horseback was an inspiration, for it would be difficult to imagine a more martial-looking figure, made all the more marked by his fierce dark eyes and long black hair. Many times have I heard it said that were the ticket Logan and Blaine in 1884, the result would have been different.

Major John A. Logan, the gallant son of a gallant father, fell in action at Manila. He was the only son of the distinguished volunteer soldier and his early death brought sorrow to the home of his widowed mother. Had his life been spared he would undoubtedly have made his mark in the service, for he had all of the vigor and dash of his father. That his soul may rest in peace is the sincere prayer of one who loved him while in life and who reveres his memory in death.

At his funeral in Boston, a large delegation of his New Hampshire comrades

attested their esteem for him. He was commander of the camp at Weirs the year before he died.

Although a word of dissatisfaction against the Grand Army is occasionally heard, as a rule the people are with the veterans. The pension question is, and has been, the source of a great deal of criticism, but it has been wofully misrepresented by those who are either ignorant of the subject, or who have no sympathy for the men—or their orphans or widows—who risked their lives to save the Union. A great deal has been said about pension frauds; but the Grand Army is not in favor of pensioning frauds or impostors. In a trial, December, 1902, in Maine, the most conclusive evidence given against the man who was convicted of fraud was furnished by veterans of the regiment which he claimed he belonged to. In the report of the Commissioner of Pensions, for the year ending June 30, 1902, it is shown that one hundred and fifty-nine persons were convicted of fraud. When the report was published and commented on in the press the general impression was that the guilty parties were soldiers; but an analysis of the report shows that there were but nine soldiers among the number,—that is, of the veterans of the Civil War. There were two others, one a deserter, and the other a soldier in the Spanish War. This is strong proof that the pension list is what it ought to be—a roll of honor. Among the other convictions were thirty-nine for offenses against pensioners; seventy-six civilians, and eleven bogus widows.

However this is an issue, pensions, that will in a few years settle itself. The veterans are receiving the final muster-out rapidly. They are dropping, dropping, dropping day and night, like the leaves from the trees in autumn. Over fifty thousand died during the year mentioned. And strange to say, considering what has been written, not quite one-half of the number were pensioned.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

BY JEROME HARTE.

In days of old, lived Gwendolen, daughter of Stephen, keeper of the lodge at the gates of the castle of his good master, Lord Harold Hampton, and she was the most beautiful maiden in all the country round. Her hair was like the sun at dawn and fine as finest silk; her eyes were blue as summer skies and not less clear; her cheeks were a faint rose tint and the snow was not whiter than her brow. She was tall and surpassingly graceful. Travelers passing by the castle gates stood amazed at her loveliness and thought her a princess born.

When the maiden was an infant and lay one day in her crib before the lodge fireside, a hermit, far-famed for his prophetic wisdom, passed that way and sought the hospitality of Stephen. When he saw the bit of wax-like beauty in the cradle, he crossed himself devoutly and said: "My good people, your child is destined to be marvelously honored. She will grow to womanhood famous for her grace and beauty, and many suitors of high degree will seek her to wife. But to all of them she will say nay. And it were well. For one day, a powerful

king will come to claim her as his willing bride."

The news of this prophecy flew from manor to manor and from cottage to cottage. Many rode miles to see the babe who would some day be a queen, and the mighty lords and barons, with cunning foresight, brought her gifts. As she grew, the neighboring country people paid her homage in their simple, homely way; and Lord Harold himself gave her gowns and jewels befitting a future queen, and taught her learning.

But all the admiration heaped upon her did not spoil Gwendolen. She was sunny-tempered and light of heart, filling the old lodge with laughter and song from morning until night. She was kind and generous, and so gentle that even the birds and wild things in my Lord's park came at her call. And then when suitors came, she sighed in her tenderness of heart as each, rejected, turned his horse homeward, and sometimes she wept with pity for his heart-ache and always she prayed with fervor for his welfare. At dawn and at dusk she lifted her face to Heaven in faith—and waited for the coming of the king.

The years flew by and Gwendolen passed from lovely maidenhood to lovelier womanhood; but the king did not come.

One early morn, when all nature lay drenched after a shower, a restlessness which was not to be accounted for drew the maiden from her couch, out into the clear, still air of dawn. Her soft garments clung about her and her lovely hair lay all rippling about her face and shoulders. No one was astir. Now and then a bird chirped, or a fawn peeped out from among the dark tree trunks. She drank in the fresh, moist air and sang in her purity of heart. The king? Ah, she had forgotten the king!

And then, with no sound save the soft, sweet stirrings of the tree branches, she beheld a Being of wondrous beauty coming towards her through the glistening grass. He was tallest of all knights she had ever seen and fairer far, with a silky, curling beard, dark hair that clung damp to his noble brow, and eyes that shone down into hers. He wore soft trailing garments, like a woman's, and his feet were bare.

Gwendolen stirred not, nor breathed. Her heart fluttered in her breast, and a smothered cry hung on her lips.

The Being came nearer. He held out his hands to her. They were pierced through and blood dripped from them. She raised her eyes to his head and oh! wonder of wonders, she saw there the crown of thorns!

Off on the hill above Lord Hampton's castle stood a massive old gray convent, its gilded crosses shining in the early light. Its chapel bell was ringing with distinct silvery chiming. Gwendolen fell upon her knees before the glorious Being and clasped her hands in prayer. The far-away tinkling of the convent bell made heavenly music in her soul. Oh! to be in those bare, silent cloisters, a spotless, black-robed bride of Christ! Why had she never known it? It was for this that God had given her such grace and beauty!

When she dared raise her head, the Being was no longer there. She rose from the sparkling grass and ran into the lodge, crying in a voice whose notes of supreme joy seemed bursting in her slender throat: "Awake! the King has come!"

OUR TRUE POSITION.

XIV.—Continued.

Some Doctrines That Are Not Understood by Non-Catholics. The Promise of the Holy Eucharist.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

IV.

What I have thus far said is preliminary, but now I come to the surest canon of interpretation. It is not often we have the advantage of having recorded, in so many words, what was the meaning taken by those who heard them. It is evident that the Jews in the former part of the discourse had misunderstood Him, so far at least as to call in question His having come down from heaven. Our Saviour removes that difficulty and insists on the necessity of belief in Him. The Jews make no further objection, and were apparently satisfied with the doctrine laid down by our Saviour. Notice, however, the moment He comes to the second part of His discourse they immediately complain; no sooner did He say, "and the bread which I give is my flesh," than they murmured and exclaimed: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" They did not understand the discourse to be a continuation of the topic on which He had previously addressed them; they felt that the same discourse was not continued, for this was a difficulty grounded in the supposition of a change of subject. Now what was the difficulty? Evidently it was the difficulty of receiving the doctrine of the Real Presence. If they had thought He still spoke of faith nothing was easier than to understand it. But the expression, "how can this man give us his flesh to eat," proves that they did not comprehend the doctrine, because they could not conceive how it could be carried into effect. This could only be by taking His words in their literal sense, and in this sense they were received by the Jews. Now were they right in so doing? If they were right we are right, and if they were wrong we are wrong. We have a most accurate criterion whereby we may test whether the Jews and ourselves were right or wrong. First let us examine the passages in the New Testament where our Saviour's hearers wrongly understood His figurative expressions in a literal sense and were wrong, and then the passages where His hearers took His words literally and were right in so doing. Thus we shall draw from our Saviour's method of acting two rules for ascertaining whether the Jews were right or wrong.

In the first place, we have eight or nine passages in the New Testament where our Lord meant to be taken figuratively, and the Jews took His words wrongly in their literal sense and objected to the doctrine. We find in every instance without exception that He corrects them. He explains that He does not mean to be taken literally, but wishes to be understood in the figurative sense. The first is His famous interview with Nicodemus (St. John, iii).

Our Saviour said to him: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." Nicodemus takes this as the Jews do in our case, literally, and objects: "How can a man be born again when he is old?" He takes the words literally and objects to the doctrine as absurd. Our Saviour replies: "Amen, amen, I say to thee unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." This is evidently an explanation of the doctrine, teaching

him that a person must be born again spiritually, through the agency of water. He does not allow Nicodemus to remain in his mistaken interpretation of His doctrine. In the 16th chapter of St. Matt., 5th verse, Jesus said to His disciples: "Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees." The disciples understood Him literally, but He lets them know that He was speaking figuratively: "Why do you not understand that it was not concerning bread, I said to you, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees?" Note how careful He is to correct them even when no great harm could come from a mistaken interpretation. On another occasion, He makes use of the same figure of speech to the crowds assembled, but adds the explanation: "Beware," He says, "of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy," thus guarding against the recurrence of that misunderstanding which had previously taken place.

In St. John (IV chapter, 32 v.) Jesus said to His disciples: "I have food to eat which you know not of," and they asked "hath any man brought him anything to eat?" Jesus said: "My food is to do the will of Him that sent me." Here again, He corrects their mistake and shows that He is speaking figuratively. In the 11th chapter of St. John, Jesus said to His disciples: "Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth." They here again mistake His meaning: "Lord, if He sleepeth, He will do well." They understood that refreshing sleep would be the means of his recovery; but Jesus spoke of death, and they thought that He spoke of the repose of sleep. Then Jesus said to them plainly: "Lazarus is dead," showing that He meant the expression figuratively and not literally. We have another instance when the apostles took literally His expression in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. He as usual corrects them by adding, that it was a thing impossible to man, but not to God. They had taken His words literally and consequently understood them as an absolute impossibility whereas He did not wish the figure expressive of impossibility to be pushed so far and accordingly He explains that humanly speaking such salvation was impossible; but that with God all things are possible.

In all these cases our Blessed Lord explains His expressions. Thus we have a canon or rule based upon the constant analogy of our Lord's conduct. Where an objection is raised against His doctrine in consequence of His words being misunderstood and what He meant figuratively being taken literally, He invariably corrects and lets His hearers know that He meant them to be taken figuratively.

These instances establish our first rule quite sufficiently. I shall now proceed to the other class of texts.

In the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, our Saviour said to the man sick of the palsy, "Arise, thy sins are forgiven thee." His hearers took His words in their literal sense when He meant them to be figurative, and made an objection to the doctrine. They said, "this man blasphemeth," that is to say, he has arrogated to himself the power of forgiving sins which belongs to God. He repeats the expression which has given rise to the difficulty. He repeats the very words which have given offense: "which is it easier to say, thy sins are forgiven thee, or take up thy bed and walk? But that you may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins":—He does not remove the objection, but insists on being believed. In the 8th chapter of St. John we have these words: "Abraham, your father rejoiced to see my day. He saw it and was glad." The Jews take His words literally.

"Thou art not yet fifty years old and hast seen Abraham?" They here again take His words literally and are correct in doing so, but they object to His assertion. He answers them by repeating the same proposition: "Amen, amen, I say to you before Abraham was made I am." In the 6th chap. of St. John we have an instance where the Jews say: "Is not this Jesus whose father and mother we know? How is it then that He says, I came down from heaven?" They object to His assertion, but He insists on it and repeats it again and again, saying that He came down from heaven.

Thus you see we have two rules for ascertaining whether the Jews were right or wrong in taking our Lord's words to the letter: first, whenever they took them literally and He meant them figuratively He invariably explained His meaning and told them they were wrong in taking literally what He meant to be figurative; secondly, whenever the Jews understood Him rightly in a literal sense and objected to the doctrine proposed, He repeated the very phrases which had given the offense. Now apply these rules to our case. The difficulty raised is: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" If the words were meant figuratively, Jesus, according to His usual custom, will meet the objection by stating that He wished to be so understood. Instead of this He stands by His words, repeats again and again the obnoxious expressions and requires His hearers to believe them. Hence we must conclude that this passage belongs to the second class, where the Jews were right in taking the literal expressions of the letter; and consequently we too are right in so receiving them. Take the three cases together—

(1) "Unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

(2) "Abraham, your father rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad."

(3) "And the bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world."

THE OBJECTION.

(1) "How can a man be born again when he is old?"

(2) "Thou art not yet fifty y ars old and hast thou seen Abraham?"

(3) "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

THE ANSWER.

(1) "Amen, amen, I say to thee unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

(2) "Amen, amen, I say unto you before Abraham was made, I am."

(3) "Amen, amen, I say unto you unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood ye shall not have life in you."

There is a striking resemblance in the propositions and their objections, and yet when we come to the reply there is an evident divergence. In the first text a modification is introduced which indicates a figurative meaning:—in the second, there is a clear repetition of the hard word, and in the third, Jesus does not say, "Amen, amen, I say to you unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man *in spirit and by faith,* ye shall not have life in you,"—but He repeats the very expression that has given offense. This places this passage in the second class when His hearers were right in taking His words literally, and therefore we must conclude that the Jews were right in taking these words in their literal sense. If therefore they were right, we also are right in adopting the literal interpretation.

V.

The doctrine is now in the form of a precept, and precepts or commands should be couched in language clearly intelligible to all. Our Saviour even adds a **severe**

penalty for its neglect. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." Can we suppose that our heavenly Master clothed so important a precept under so figurative a language? Can we imagine that He laid down a doctrine, the neglect of which involved eternal punishment, in metaphorical language of this sort? Why, dear Protestant friends, heaven is to be lost or gained by every Christian on the practical application of this command. What are we therefore to conclude? That these words are to be taken in the strictest and most literal sense. This opinion gains strength if we bear in mind that this precept was delivered in a two-fold sense; as a command and as a prohibition. "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." And, "except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His Blood ye shall not have life in you." This is precisely the form used by our Saviour in teaching the necessity of the sacrament of Baptism. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not, shall be condemned." These two cases are precepts and must be taken in their literal sense. Our Blessed Saviour also makes a distinction between the eating and drinking of His Blood, in a very marked and energetic manner. He repeats the expressions again and again. Surely there can be no figure here. Whenever He wishes to impress His words with emphasis, He uses the form, "Amen, amen"—which always indicates that they were to be taken in their most simple and obvious sense. The same remark will hold good for the qualifying phrase, "My flesh is meat *indeed* and my blood is drink *indeed*." These expressions certainly exclude the idea of a *figurative meat and figurative drink*. When a person says that something is verily so, we must understand him in a literal sense for the language excludes any other sense. It is simply, to my mind, impossible to imagine our Blessed Saviour using that harsh expression, "He that eateth my flesh," again and again, if He had any choice in the form of expression. Therefore we conclude that He had no choice and that He simply used the literal form which inculcated a great precept.

There is another interesting incident to which I wish to call your attention. The disciples of our Lord when they heard this discourse, exclaimed: "This is a hard saying and who can hear it?" In other words, they said, "this is an impossible doctrine." Surely they would not have taken such a stand if it was simply a question of believing in Him. How did our Blessed Saviour act towards these disciples? How does He answer their murmurings? Why, dear Protestant friends, He did what the Church does today. He allowed all to go away who did not at once believe His word. He does nothing to prevent them from deserting Him "and they walked no more with him." Now can we imagine for a moment that if our loving Saviour had been speaking all the time in figures and His hearers having misunderstood him, He would permit them to depart and be lost forever in consequence of their refusal to accept imaginary doctrines which He never meant to teach them? The fault was not theirs and surely He would not lead them into error.

Behold the conduct of the Apostles! They remain faithful:—they resist the suggestions of natural feelings. They, like all good Catholics, abandon themselves to God's authority without reserve. "To whom shall we go?" they exclaimed, "thou hast the words of eternal life." It is evident that they did not understand Him any more than the rest, but they submitted their judgments to Him: and He accepts the sacrifice and acknowledges them as His disciples on this very ground. "Have I not chosen you twelve?"

. . . Are you not my chosen friends who will not abandon me, but remain faithful to me in spite of the difficulties opposed to your conviction?" The doctrine by Christ was therefore one which required a surrender of human reasoning in absolute docility to His teachings.

We find, therefore, dear Protestant friends, that our Blessed Saviour teaches the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and in doing so selects the clearest, most obvious and literal terms. He expresses it in the most simple and intelligible words. The doctrine is considered absurd by some: objections are raised, but our Saviour, as on former occasions, goes on repeating the expressions which gave offense and insists upon their being received without reserve, thus showing that He wishes all to believe Him, whatever His doctrine may be. It mattered little to Him how grating was His doctrine to the feelings of His auditors. He would not even soften His expressions for His disciples, but allowed them to depart the moment they did not receive His words implicitly. This is exactly our case—perfectly consistent with the character of Christ and His Church, while the Protestant interpretation runs counter to everything we read of Him in the entire history of His divine mission. There can be but one true meaning to the words and phrases of Christ and that is the meaning attached to them by the Jews themselves. They understood our Saviour who addressed them in their own language, and they accepted His words in their literal sense. Therefore the Catholic interpretation of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, which is that of the Jews, is the only interpretation that will stand the test of honest Biblical scholarship.

I have examined the writings of many Protestant divines on the subject of the Holy Eucharist and I find most of them exceedingly superficial and contradictory. They assume the falsehood of the Catholic dogma, and then proceed to reject our interpretation. Can such reasoning by men who profess to draw their belief from the simple discovery of what is taught in the Holy Scriptures stand the test of honest investigation? No, dear Protestant friends, it cannot. This figurative interpretation rests on a mere assumption. In the words of one of your recognized commentators, Dr. Tholuck, "were it not *figurative it would prove too much*—namely, the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation." Here is the real secret of your false interpretation. Dear Protestant friends, accept the only explanation that will make intelligible the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist for the Catholic Church is the only lawfully established interpreter of the word of God. The faith of which St. Peter was the custodian is precisely the faith which our glorious Leo XIII guards with such zealous care. During all the intervening centuries between Peter and Leo no change has taken place in the sweet consoling doctrine of the Real Presence.

My next essay will deal with its institution.

PAUL DRUVEN'S PURPOSE.

BY RUTH HARLEY.

It was winter-time in Oldenkirche. Snow was everywhere; it lay a foot deep on the houses, making their queer gables and sloping roofs shine in varying outlines against the trailing darkness of the winter sky; it covered the cobble-stones of the streets and turned the rough roadway into a smooth thoroughfare for once. The canals were frozen. From the branches of the trees that kept watch over the bridges, great icicles hung in the still air. The town was as silent and as unreal as an empty stage while the audience waits and nothing happens.

At the corner of a crooked street, where the countrywomen spread their little heaps of vegetables on the snow in the early dawn, there was a little shop with a tiny window, in which were small quantities of many musty things, each commodity looking as if it had never been touched since it had been placed there in the beginning. The only entrance was a half-door, like a stable. The floor of the shop was sanded. Behind the shop there was another small room, with a flight of stairs leading to the *appartement* where lived the lodgers—Madame Druven and her son Paul.

As the evening drew in, Madame Druven moved about her room anxiously. First to one chair, then to another; then from chair to sofa, from sofa to table, touching, feeling. Spread out on every bit of furniture that could be placed or pushed or dragged within appreciable distance of the stove were male underclothes, and the various garments that go to make up a man's dress suit.

The room was poor and old and clean. Through the windows the opposite houses could be seen. They, too, bore the same imprint of poverty and age and cleanliness. The quarter was evidently one that did not possess many dress suits.

The father at No. 7 had a dress suit, it is true, but for business purposes only: he was a waiter. He was the only man who had ever emerged from any house in the Rue des Chats so arrayed during the four years of the Druvens' residence.

It was for no waiter, no serving-man, that the gentle little lady with the stricken face aired the clothes with such care. It was for her son, her only child—he who would one day be great—around whom the famous would gather, as they gathered about Haydn, and Beethoven, and Paganini; for her son also was a musician, and tonight, after so long waiting, he would play to the *beau monde*. Christmas! The very time to make a great beginning, she thought. The day when another, unknown and friendless, came into the world!

As she moved about, she kept turning to the large group of the Holy Family, the sole ornament in the room. It, with its little lamp always flickering, occupied the whole of one side of the wall, and made the little home seem like a sanctuary.

"The Holy Family" was her great devotion. Her life was shaped to the likeness of the hidden life of Nazareth and Bethlehem. She lived with the Holy Child, His mother, and the carpenter. They were her friends; except Paul, she had no others. The neighbors knew her only by sight, or in the interchange of passing greeting at church or market. They told each other, these honest Flemish toilers, that she was not "like us others"—the formula of "better days" otherwise expressed. A mystery? Well, it was to be supposed—else, why would she, so instructed, teach all day many lan-

guages, and with her son live the life of a hermit? Why, indeed!

In this wise they talked of her under their spreading hoods as they returned from Mass, attuning their strident voices to the silence that sorrow commands when it goes on its way, dumb, submissive.

Thus mother and son worked on; he playing, composing, beginning to teach a little, with always the artist's curse of the impossible to lead him and taunt him with ideals and dreams and foreshadowings; she, patient, hard-working, trustful, alone with her sad realities, almost content in her dazzling dreams for Paul.

Today her dreams were brighter, more tangible. Had she not a foundation to build upon? Not much, to be sure; only a few hesitating words from Paul, spoken nervously. He had been asked to play at the *fete* in the Rue Large on Christmas Day—there was an interrogation in his voice as he said it. His mother heard nothing more, asked nothing more, and Paul did not continue. He had nerved himself to explain, but why pain her unnecessarily? That was a week ago, seven days of delight to one to whom pleasures came seldom.

While Madame Druven lit the lamp in anticipation of her son's return, that son was walking through the snow with bent head and drooping shoulders, the dejected gait of the desolate.

He was tall and lantern-jawed, and his features had the rough, haggard look that comes after days of contest—that contest between body and soul which leaves a man uncertain of the issue and the winner perpetually doubtful of success.

The young Carmelite in the church of St. Sauveur, out by the Grande Porte, had that same haggard look as he kept his long watch on Holy Thursday before the buried Lord, when his great, strong peasant's muscles twitched from the fasts and mortifications of those many days, and his hands, lying on the soft cushion of the great *priedieu,* clasped and unclasped themselves, continuously, unconsciously—those great, hard, laboring hands, in such contrast to the lace and fine linen of the priest, that only partly concealed them.

But there was a difference. The monk's eyes were victoriously calm. The physical unrest was beyond his control, like the exhaustion of the winner who lies panting on the grass when the race is won.

To such as Paul, victory does not come easily. An armed neutrality is the nearest approach to peace; a lull in the storm is all they know of calm. His exterior, like his life, was dull and without charm, but underneath the surface that the world knew and buffeted, there was a nature that craved for things unknown, that aimed at heights unseen.

One's age "is counted by epochs, not by time." Paul had been enduring, since the morning, one of those "darkest hours"—they are so many—that precede the dawn. Each one, as it comes, seems darkest, until a worse follows it. They keep recurring to those whom the great, merciful, all-seeing God is pleased to chasten to the image of His own. To the fiery-hearted, greedy cravers of a happiness the world does not hold, they come. Each time the moments seem longer; each time, as the last second of the sixtieth minute pulsates in the silence, the weary cry goes out: "The dawn is here!" but, instead of the uprising, there is only an illuminated pause of summer lightning on the horizon until the pall of the next hour descends in its blackness to prove that the other was as the gloaming.

Fearing that his mother would detect and wonder at his disquietude—though in her simple, patient mind he was always the same, always Paul, always perfect—Paul had taken his favorite walk out along the tow-paths that skirted the

frozen canals, with the snow stretching smooth over the level land, and only the mournful willows in solitary single file to share his journey. Whether the tow-paths were dead and beautiful as now, or alive and sordid with the sluggish life of the barges, when he shared the narrow footway with the woman who toiled in harness, alternately acting tow-horse with her husband, who smoked in the stern, Paul loved the walk. It was associated in his mind with nearly all the crises of the last ten years. He took it instinctively when he wanted to think.

After about an hour, he reached a little inn. Stamping the snow from his feet on the stones, he entered and sat down. He knew the place well. It was the humblest and poorest of cafés, frequented only by the laboring rustics, except when occasionally some laughing group of English skaters came in to see and stare at the strange sight to be seen in Flanders, a crucifix hanging on the walls of a tavern, with the words "Ici on ne jure pas."

There, where everything was rough and everyone uncouth, Paul had fought his worst battles with himself. In the dark corner from whence his eyes fell naturally on the sacred arms outstretched over the squalor, he had thought out his life and long ago had sworn, in spite of the inscription, "No swearing here," never to pause or turn back until he had done what he had planned to do. It was no evil thing, but a righteous cause, he told himself. He had no anger or revenge in his heart, only scorn, that "scorn begot of a bitter proof, by keen experience of a trustless heart." His dreams were not like those of his mother. He wanted money, not fame. Music to him was of itself joy enough. He wanted money for justice. He raged when he thought of his mother and the years she had struggled alone, uncomplaining, in unquestioning faith, taking all as "the will of God." He was very bitter that day, as he thought of her penury, for the night's work meant the massacre of his hopes. He was putting aside the chances and fortunes of an artist to take the pittance of a drudge, suffering the last indignity of necessity, snatching the immediate small gain, tired of waiting for the greater opportunity.

As he walked home he was calmer, but still lost to all outward impression. Neither the clustering warmth of neighborly groups, suggested by the old houses huddled together, nor the limitless immensities of life beyond, which is the lesson of the sky, appealed to him. He did not hear the clatter of *sabots* that came through the closed doors, sounding so loud as he passed in the stillness; and the harsh voices of the cottagers, to whom the softnesses of comfort were unknown, failed to break in upon his thoughts; for these were the sounds of custom.

On reaching the little shop, he stumbled up the little staircase without a light, and turned the handle he found within his reach.

"Is it you, Paul?" his mother greeted him happily. "Come! there is still a place for you"—she drew up a big chair before the fire—"yes, though your fine clothes take up so much room. They must be aired, you know; it is so long since you wore them. You must not be ill, Paul, now when your opportunity has come at last!"

As she talked she took his coat from him and ran her hands over his clothes, his hair, his boots, to see if he was damp.

"No, little mother, have no fear." He smiled and patted her face as he spoke. A smile makes such a difference to those haggard faces. Paul often smiled when he was with his mother.

"It looks like new," his mother said, as she placed his dress coat on the top of the pile she had folded. "As new as when

it was made, five years ago. You remember, my son! How beautiful you looked that day!"

Paul laughed—a sudden explosion, as quickly over as begun.

"I remember the day, little mother! I don't remember that I was beautiful."

"That is what you always say, Paul; you are so humble—you, who might be proud, for you are noble and good—like your father," she added softly. She never spoke to him of his father. "Tell me," she started afresh; "you will play your rhapsody tonight? Yes! I think that will be best, Paul."

"I don't know, mother. I must play what I am asked to play. Only if someone should say, 'Play us something of your own,' then shall I play my rhapsody."

"But — but — yes, I remember — of course, in the world it is so; but if they do not know, Paul, that you have composed beautiful things! I should be so disappointed if you play the common things—other people's compositions—the things that everyone can play."

Paul looked at his mother earnestly. "It is what I fear, mother—that you will be disappointed—so you must try not to expect."

Some hours later, when the Hotel Deschelles was crowded with guests, one Englishman stood apart and watched. His face wore an expression of aloofness, coupled with so strange a glance of seeking: the eyes alert, with the listening look in them seldom seen except among the deaf; yet, in him, it was not deafness —it was habit.

As his eyes wandered round the ball room—here, there, sometimes a mere glance almost mechanical, sometimes closely observant, never satisfied, never at rest—he became interested in one of the members of the orchestra. The young man seemed also apart. The fierce concentration of his expression was remarkable. The young man was Paul—a bandsman playing polkas and valses—Paul at the treadmill of the world's pleasure, while his mother pictured him charming his audience as an artist.

Paul took very little interest in the fashionable crowd that swayed past him. He aroused himself occasionally, when any words of English caught his ear, for he spoke English as well as Flemish and French, and there were several English people among the guests.

Paul, with the affinity of isolation, had noticed the man with the watching face. He stood near the orchestra watching the Berlin.

"Pretty dance," Paul heard him say to another man as the music stopped, "but more suited to the Continent than to England. These foreign fellows have the right figure for that sort of thing. Fancy a couple of dozen hunting men or cricketers dropping into poses one behind the other and peeping over their own shoulders at their partners. What a failure it would be!"

"Because we are self-conscious fools, sir," the other cried. "We are afraid of what people will say. We think people are looking at us—'the cynosure of every eye'—that's what we think ourselves." The speaker paused for a moment. "You are going round on New Year's Day, I suppose," he began again more calmly. "I always do. I say Bon-noo-vell-on to all the officials. They like it, you know. They don't take any notice of Christmas, these foreigners don't, but they make a great fuss of the New Year."

"Yes," said the man who interested Paul, "I think they are right. The New Year is young, has no recollections, no past, all the world is before him to do what he likes with it. Christmas"—the man spoke pensively—"Christmas, except in church, is a dreadful time. Reminis-

cence is another name for ghosts, and the air grows thicker with them every year. But the New Year! The mere mention of it is good"—his eyes glowed—"a new lease of life, another chance of doing better, three hundred and sixty-five days to find the lost, to redeem the past. Yes," he said in the cheerful voice with which he began, "yes, I am going round on New Year's Day."

The signal was given. The music began. Paul heard no more. As he was leaving, when the ball was over, he came across the Englishman again, and the young man's knowledge of English and Flemish enabled him to be of service. It was a small thing, some few words to a servant, but the gentleman thanked him with ready courtesy—more than that, he joined the musician and they walked away together.

Paul was unused to the society of gentlemen and this one treated him as an equal. The youth, heavy though he was in appearance, was quick to note the tact with which the older man touched on various subjects and dropped them in turn, until an old building of archæological value revealed a common interest. Then they talked of things antiquarian, and on this subject Paul was able to speak at length and with unusual knowledge.

At the door of his hotel the stranger held out his hand. "I hope our acquaintance will not end here." And, saying this, he smiled for the first time that night. "I am staying in Oldenkirche for a time. I hope we shall meet again."

Paul was pleased.

"Till the pleasure of seeing you," he said, surprised into the foreign idiom.

A few kindly words, a kindly voice, and how changed is the recollection of an evening! Paul went home bravely to meet his mother. After all, being a bandsman was not so bad.

He found his mother waiting for him. She was subdued; he thought that she was tired. She asked very little about his playing, and, to his surprise, said nothing of the rhapsody. She was much interested when he told her about the gentleman, and asked many questions about him and his appearance. "Of course," she said, with almost hauteur in her soft voice, when Paul spoke of the gentleman's condescension, "of course, my son, he would treat you as an equal. You are his equal. There should be no talk of condescension." Then she became silent, and soon after went to bed.

During the next few days, Paul and the Englishman met frequently, wherever there was a crowd. There was something odd about the man's manner. Paul could not understand that queer trick of looking at people—with keen scrutiny when he thought he was not observed, but instantly indifferent when he found the interest became mutual.

He was always alone, though Paul had seen him with many acquaintances at the ball. Whenever they met they spoke, and before a week had passed they had grown friendly. Paul was very puzzled. What was it about the stranger? What did the restlessness, the searching, mean?

"You tell me you are Flemish," the gentleman said one day; "how did you learn English?"

"From my mother," Paul answered.

"Is she English?"

"No; she is a teacher of languages."

The gentleman looked interested.

"Then she meets many people of different countries? She has a large acquaintance?"

"No," Paul said in surprise; "we have no friends. She has many pupils; they come, they go. It is always change. We come from Liège."

"From Liège!" A peculiar expression came over the gentleman's face. "I should like to meet your mother. Do you

know that, although we have become such friends, I do not know your name!"

"My name is Druven."

Paul was startled by the sudden pallor in his companion's face.

"Monsieur, you are ill! You should return."

"No, no. Take me to your home. I shall be better soon. I will see your mother."

They were quite close to the Rue des Chats. They were quickly there.

When Madame Druven advanced with quiet dignity to receive her visitor, she was surprised to see him overcome with emotion.

"It is the English gentleman, mother. He is not well," Paul explained.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "I am sorry." She shook up the cushion of the sofa. "He will rest here. No, monsieur, you must say nothing; only drink some wine," she said as he endeavored to speak. She poured out the wine and brought it to him. As she bent down, glass in hand, her face close to his, he looked at her intently, with the same scrutiny Paul knew so well. Only a hospitable interest ruffled the calm of her unconscious face.

"Why did you leave Liège?" the man said in a broken voice.

The glass smashed upon the carpet.

"Grand Dieu!" she cried, and she fell on her knees beside the sofa, and stared into the stranger's face. For some moments neither could speak.

"Have the years and the madness so changed me, Terèse?" he said at last.

She hesitated no longer. With a little crooning cry, she put her arms about him as if he were a child.

Paul seemed stunned. As he stood watching the extraordinary scene, he thought of all that had passed with the years: the shadow of mystery in Liège; the difficulty of explaining the inexplicable; the nods and becks of friends; whisperings, vague at first, and, as the husband did not return and no reason given for his absence, judgment outspoken.

The blood surged in Paul's veins as these pictures passed through his mind. Then that last awful insinuation that drove them from their home to a strange town where no one knew: "The marriage was not legal. The church—bah! He is not of your country. He is English. The Sacrament is not enough in England. He can leave you. Your son is—well, your son! That is all."

Had his mother forgotten all this as she looked rapturously into her husband's face?

"You know nothing yet. Have you no reproaches for me, Terèse?" the newcomer asked.

"You have not a beard any more," she said naïvely. The stricken look had gone out of her face. She had grown pretty.

"Terèse, Terèse, why did I leave you?"

"That is what I would ask," Paul broke in harshly, startling the two out of their absorption. "Why did you leave her? Why have you come now to seek her, to make her unhappy?" All the indignation that the boy had harbored and nourished since he could remember anything broke out. His mother looked at him in alarm.

"He has come back to us, Paul. The good God has put it in his heart to come back to us. Let him speak, let him explain, my son!"

"No; I will speak first," Paul burst out again, unable to control himself. "Why did you leave us without a word, without money, all these years? If we starved, if we died, if we lived—you did not care. You were rich, you were well born. To you nothing mattered! But I am glad that you have come at last. I have so long wished to see you—to—to fling in your face the scorn I have. I study, I compose, I perform, I would be a great musician.

Why? That I may have money to find you, that I may travel to reach you, that I may be famous to humble you, that I may tell all the world that you are that which I know you are—a—a scoundrel."

Paul was in a frenzy. His mother sobbed. His father watched him with a white, drawn face.

"The boy is right, Terèse. I deserve it all," he said, as he caressed her. "I have come to make amends. But that he cannot believe at once. Strange!"—he paused and looked at his son—"strange that I always thought of Paul as a baby boy. I learnt to know all the babies in Liège. I have been looking in Liège, Terèse, for more than a year. Why did you leave Liège, my wife?"

Paul looked at his mother. She could not speak.

"Ah, why did she leave?" His voice, ringing with passion, took up the tale. "Because she could not bear what people said, that which you know is true. The Sacrament of marriage is not enough in England; she is not married, they said."

"It is a lie!" the husband thundered, and he sprang to his feet. "Our marriage was perfectly legal, perfectly correct. What proof had they?"

"You deserted her."

"But, Paul, you had only to go to the Mayor. You did go to the Mayor?" his father said severely, as he saw Paul start.

"No, no. The Mayor had not heard"—the youth was quite bewildered—"why should I tell him?"

"Why!" cried the man. "Why! Because he would have cleared your mother's name. He would have shown you the documents."

"I did not think of that," said Paul, in a low voice.

"What were you thinking of then, may I ask?"

Paul raised his head and looked his father full in the eyes.

"Of anger and rage and scorn—all the time. To see you, to tell you my opinion—nothing else."

His father put out his hand and laid it gently, tenderly, on Paul's arm. The movement was pathetic; his manner was quiet. "My poor boy," was all he said. "My poor boy."

The sudden change, the unexpected tone, was too much for Paul. He sat down at the table and hid his face in his hands.

The wanderer looked from his wife to his son. He drew a long breath and began to speak. At first his voice was colorless and broken as he told them of the years in the asylum, the madhouse in Kent—the horror of hallucinations, the anguish of the remembrance of his wife, which never left him; how the people about him thought it was part of the mania. 'He has no wife; he raves,' they said. For eighteen years I was treated as a lunatic. I was a lunatic. As I grew better, I talked incessantly of you, Terèse. They would not heed me. They said: 'On that subject he is still mad.' I begged them to send to Liège, to go to Liège. My brother went at last. He could hear nothing. 'There is no Mrs. Donovan there,' he said. I never thought of your adopting the pronunciation we laughed at long ago—never until Paul said to me, 'My name is Druven.'

"One day the doctors told me I was well. 'You may do as you please; go where you like, but take Joseph with you.' Joseph is my man. I took him. We went to Liège. We stayed there. I went to all the churches, all the markets, all the streets. I stared at everybody. Joseph said I annoyed people. Joseph said it was no use. One day I ran away from Joseph. I came to Oldenkirche. Joseph does not know where I am."

He ended his story very simply. No one spoke.

"We shall send for Joseph," he said, in his ordinary tone, "because now we shall need a courier. We are going to England—my wife and my son and I."

He sat down beside his wife.

Paul had been staring at nothing during the last part of his father's speech. Now he rose and stood beside his mother, and he took Mr. Donovan's hand. The young man was not of a romantic build; he looked awkward, and in earnest.

"It is well that you have been mad," he said, "because, therefore, you have not been guilty. Today you have given me what I have wanted—something that I should be proud of. I have wasted my anger. I can think no more. I have lost the thing round which my thoughts grew. I ask you to forgive me."

"It has come right at last, Paul," said his mother, between laughing and crying. "I thought it would," she crowed with delight. "On Christmas Day I was so happy. 'Paul is going to succeed—I know it, I know it!' I kept saying to myself. Then, at night, it was terrible. Yes, Paul, I have also something to confess. Charles," she said, using her husband's name shyly, "I have had a punishment. I was so proud of my son that I must go to the Maison Deschelles and peep through the windows—among the crowd at the *porte-cochere*—and when I saw him I was so ashamed that I wept. Yes, I wept before all those people. It was dreadful — really dreadful — because, Charles, I am so proud of my boy."

She kissed Paul.

"Our crosses are only made of shavings, Paul! We cannot find them when the flowers come. They are not there, are they, Paul?"—*St. Peter's.*

THE OLD YEAR IS NO MORE.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

The old year is no more. Her dear, sweet face
  Is wreathed in sadness; in her soft gray hair
  The frost-jewels glitter, and in silent prayer
The willows o'er the midnight burial place
Do fold their thin, wan hands, while moonbeams trace
  Their shadows on the cross of snow, so rare,
  That lone earth rears above Time's angel fair—
The dead, dead Bride of winter's love-embrace.
And, while the paeans ring the New Year in—
  A happy child, her piercing, anxious eyes
Hiding all future hopes, sorrows and tears,
  Creator! Lord! forgive the awful sin
That stains our past, and let our thoughts arise
  To nobler actions through life's coming years!

LIONEL JOHNSON.

BY JAMES KEATING.

Lionel Johnson was but thirty-five years of age, yet his work, small in volume though it is, had already given such promise that his untimely demise is a lamentable loss to English letters. For several years he had been ill, and was beginning to resume his literary work when, on the twenty-seventh of September, while walking in Fleet street, he was overcome by a rush of blood to the head, fell to the pavement, and sustained such injuries that he died at St. Bartholomew's Hospital a week later. It was a pitiable end for one whose future was so bright. To be sure, he was not appreciated outside a rather small circle of readers; he did not seek an audience for the display of a miscellaneous stock of revamped commonplaces and platitudes, nor did he groan under that emasculated Weltschmerd of present currency; but to the unpretentious and patient lover of literature his words came sweetly, and to those who discriminate in the things men write down into books, the early death of the author of "The Art of Thomas Hardy" seems a decrease into naught of the fair dawn to a brilliant day.

Lionel Pigot Johnson was born of Irish parentage at Broadstairs, Kent, March, 1867. He received his early education at Winchester, whence he entered Oxford; from there, in 1891, he graduated with the degree of A.B. and other honors and distinctions. Even at school he had been remarked for an almost phenomenal brilliance of intellect which during his university years flowered in such precious bloom that when he went to London to devote himself to literary work he found welcomed entrance into the pages of "The Chronicle," "The Academy" and other journals and periodicals of prominence. It was a remarkable period in English letters, those years between 1887 and 1897. A school of keen, brilliant, and able young men was flourishing in London; Arthur Symons, Max Beerbohm, Laurence Binyon, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, W. E. Henley, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, J. Bernard Shaw were writing plays, poems, novels, and essays, while Aubrey Beardsley sketched epigrams and illustrated moods. The Celtic revival was in its portentous beginnings. William Morris was creating a new style in poetry and reviving an old style in printing. The influence of Coventry Patmore and Walter Pater had not waned. Probably at no time have the humanities been in more honor, in England at least. To obtain a hearing and win approval was the meed of high talent, and this Johnson obtained, in prose and verse. His first book of poems was hailed with acclaim by critics and readers; his volume on Hardy was accorded equal honor. In all the movements of the day he was prominent; he contributed to "The Savoy" and "The Yellow Book"; he was of the founders of the London Irish National Literature Society; a friend as well as a disciple of Walter Pater; the critic to speak the final word on Coventry Patmore. At this time, also, he was formally received into the Roman Catholic Church, whose ordered teaching, whose care for the individual, whose reverent silence before mystery, had long appealed to him. As Symons says of Patmore he found in the Church "the sufficing symbols of those beliefs which were the deepest emotion of his spirit."

One who met him in a gathering of distinguished men at this time wrote: "He was the most noticeable among many no-

ticeable men by the slightness and fragility of his frame and appearance. Thin, pale, very delicate he looked, with a twitching of the facial muscles which showed, even at the age of twenty-four, how unfit was his physique to support the restraint of an abnormally nervous organism. Quick, mouse-like in his movements, reticent of speech and low-voiced he was as some old-fashioned child who had strayed by chance into an assembly of men. But a child could not have shown that inward smile of appreciative humor, a trifle aloof, a little contemptuous perhaps, that worked constantly around his mouth. He never changed except in the direction of a greater pallor and a greater fragility. As in his late years he seemed to sink more and more into himself so his slight frame seemed to sink more and more into itself." For as the years passed on the ties which bound him to his present loosened; he retired more and more into himself; never a prolific writer, for the three years before his death he penned hardly a line, becoming almost a recluse in his chambers, a victim to excruciating nervous torments. Indeed these were not unremotely the cause of his death. Imaginative, but possessed of great restraining will-power, the weakness which at length overtook him was engendered of constant combat between a wild fiery heart and a fiery, but resolutely sane will. He purchased alleviation from his pain and sorrow with his life, but death can never still that poignant cry:

> O haunting thoughts, awhile away!
> O brooding memories, go sleep!
> Give me one hour of every day:
> Yours be the rest to vex and keep.

In a period of distinguished literary effort his work attained distinction, and he wrought it with less stress than his contemporaries. For his prose he did not seek the epigrammatic sparkle, the subtly cadenced rhythm nor the almost gorgeous coloring striven for by others; nor did his verse glare fiercely, glow palely luminous, tinged neither with the serenity of Plato nor with the hectic throbbing of Baudelaire. Yet he was a very conscious writer, tactful in words and skilful in their setting, and his verse was as coolly fashioned as that of Verlaine, although he aimed at achieving a subtly-sorrowful, austere stateliness; he was of his age only in his view-point that it was an age of worth in the achievements of the past and the possibilities of scholarly achievement in the present. In both his prose and verse he worked in the belief that, as he wrote: "No writer escapes, or should desire to escape, the influences of his age; but it is not merely by recording them that he will live; it is by showing that in them which is of no time or country, but old as the human race." It is the view-point of the scholar, which he defined as a natural good breeding in the arts of humane life, abhorrent of the absurd, the impossible, the pedantic, but tolerant of infinite variety. His criticism abounds with this reverence of the present and this natural intellectual good breeding. "The Art of Thomas Hardy" is informed with the spirit of one who sees in the individual expression a link in the long chain of recorded human experience. That was a remarkable book, authoritative, just, discriminating, the dictum of a wide reader, instinctively a connoisseur and owning the rare gift of sympathetic intuition. He dared to treat the work of a contemporary artist interpretively, not seeking to pass final judgment, but merely endeavoring to point out what seemed to him the worthy traits of Mr. Hardy's writings. Accustomed as we are to consider the critic of contemporaries as a somewhat unnecessary person who justifies his extinction by gambols in the judgment seat, it is at first difficult to understand Johnson, although

with infinite patience he reiterates his intention. It is a relief to be spared details as to the criticised's methods of eating his meals,—although somewhat unsatisfying not to have him weighed and found wanting,—or the process hinted at; but there is none of that in "The Art of Thomas Hardy." It is simply a scholarly appreciation of certain admirable qualities. Even in his slightest and most unimportant work, Johnson did no less and no more. He was concerned with the delicacies of fine literature, its gradations of expression, its fine judgments, its pure sense of words; he realized, too, that a man might be more than his style, when he could exclaim "So wonderful a thing is common life, considered by the artist or the priest!"

It is pleasant and profitable to dwell upon a writer's verse for he always declares and reveals his real self, consciously or unconsciously, most distinctly in his poetical utterance. And then, too, in the case of Lionel Johnson, the pleasure and profit is enhanced because it is usual to say that in his first volume of poems he gave promise which in his second he failed to fulfill. That is absurd. In the first place, the volume issued in 1897 has few poems of later date than those in the issue of 1894, but nineteen out of eighty-eight; and in the second place, it can in the nature of the case mean absolutely nothing. What do these critics mean by promise? It has become so much the popular belief that a poet has the essence and spirit of a philosopher from whom he differs only in method of expression that nowadays people talk about development of a poet when all they mean is that he rattles off a few more commonplaces; they talk about a breadth of view and mean a sort of laugh and the world laughs with you method. It is a John Stuart Mill habit of mind whereby in return for dollars you get nuggets of worldly wisdom, sugar-coated pellets to cure the grouts. It is very alarming. Small wonder that two of the greatest English poets of the day flee to old legends and a third loses himself in the moon and the sea. I suspect ninety-nine per cent of readers rave over Wordsworth and Nature because they get an occasional Scripture quotation duly prepared to soothe their aching sentimentalities. In the name of the nine muses, how did Johnson fail to develop? He never cared to preach. His gift was not in the world of elves and gnomes. He was simply an interpretative poet who expressed in verse certain intimate feelings of his heart, and from these selected a few of the least personal to put in a book.

"I know you; solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you; tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces, full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow of the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad;
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

It was with Johnson simply that he expressed his emotion, his sympathy, his ecstasy of personal belief, in verse because it was natural to him to do so, and to do so only for his own relief. That these expressions ever got into a book was an accident, they were not designed for that. He was not a great poet, he was too sane; the great ones of this craft have a measure of insanity in their composition, they make their own souls cosmos and then are interpretatively interpretative. Johnson was not of them; he was introspective, but he was too much the critic to be more than personal. Certain things acted upon him in a certain way, and he told how those affected him, without any consideration of how the same things might

affect others or what the broadly human effect of them might be. It is absurd to find fault with a man because he is not of different genius, and that this man was never more than himself. He was lovable, simple, honest and manly, ecstatically religious, free from affectations and rôles. His verse was fluent and polished, never verbose, offending, if ever, by restraint not by excess. He handled many metres and handled them all skilfully. He was always dignified, frequently austere. Imagination was controlled by consideration, save in his religious poems, which are almost ecstatic. And yet he did not fulfill his early promise! Early promise is a nice phrase that has a conditional meaning and having acquired the habit of using it persons employ it in lieu of a more exact and sensible phrase. The comfort of it is that Johnson did not care whether the critics confessed their own incompetence; it was enough for him to have wrought well his work and to leave the verdict to the individual. No one will read him who does not understand and sympathize with him, and those who do that will ask no more than they receive. We do not ask a lyric cry from the Brontes nor their keen gloomy mysticism from Dickens. Why should we ask more from Johnson, or what more could he give us? Judge from the few lines I quote from his "Ireland":

"Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea
Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first woe,
When holy angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression; at thy name
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly; for thy soul is as the snow.

. . . . . .

But desolate be the houses of thy foes:
Sorrow encompass them, and vehement wrath
Besiege them; be their hearts cold as the snows;
Let lamentation keen about their path,
The fires of God burn round them, and His night
Lie on their blinded eyes.
And when they call to the Eternal Light,
None shall make answer to their stricken cries.
Mercy and pity shall not know them more;
God shall shut to the door
And close on them His everlasting skies.

. . . . . .

O Rose! O Lily! O Lady full of grace!
O Mary Mother! O Mary Maid! hear thou.
Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,
Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,
For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free;
Pray thou thy little child!
Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?
Pray, then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild!
O Heart of Mary! pray the Sacred Heart,
His at Whose word depart
Sorrows and hates, home to Hell's waste and wild."

Those stanzas are from one of the nineteen poems that were supposed to record a falling off. Comment is superfluous.

About here, it is customary for the eulogist to slip out from behind his impersonality and audaciously declare what qualities, in his own opinion, subtly omitting any statement of ownership, will perpetuate the eulogized one's fame. Quite frequently the candid and careful reader is thereby moved to vehemence. Now, it has been far from my intention to eulogize, and it is equally far from my purpose to criticise. Sometimes Johnson pleases and profits me, sometimes he irritates and profits, and then again he leaves me cold and profits me not at all. It would be the height of folly for me to assume that persons of whose tastes I had no knowledge would be affected in the same manner. But it is my opinion that in Johnson's death the literature of English critical writing and the English poetry of the day has suffered a lamentable loss.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BRUTUS IN "JULIUS CAESAR" (Act. V.)

CLASSIC PLAYS AND SOME OTHERS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A few years ago the manager of a theatrical entertainment, which had the form but not the substance or the dignity of a play, advertised his production in a witty and satirical fashion. He employed a large poster which pictured a street in New York; the street was lined with billboards carrying the titles of the principal plays then running in the metropolis; the moon shone on the frivolous titles and also on the horrified figure of the immortal Shakspeare, who stood with distorted features gazing on the line of play notices. Not a play of his was among them. This poster very neatly and wittily advertised the manager's entertainment, which bore the name of "A Stranger in New York." However, Shakspeare has never been a stranger in the great metropolis. There is never a surfeit of him naturally. Yet every year his plays come to one theatre or another. The month of January this year saw Richard Mansfield at the Herald Square in "Julius Cæsar," Sothern at the Garden in "Hamlet," and Bonn, the German actor, at the Irving Place theatre in a round of Shakspearean characters. Even the combination houses find profit in occasional ventures into the classic domain. Henry Donnelly of farce-comedy

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BRUTUS IN "JULIUS CAESAR." (Act. VI.)

fame, appeared recently as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Creston Clarke, the nephew of Booth, Daniel Bandmann, Marie Wainwright and other favorites of the classic drama, appear at

ELEONORA DUSE.

intervals with the regular stock companies in Shakspeare's plays. So that the admirer of classic drama need not worry over its decline.

The secret ambition of every successful actor is to appear in a Shakspearean play. A very honorable ambition indeed, and one to be encouraged. This accounts for Mansfield's regular venture into the classic field, and explains Sothern's revival of "Hamlet." Mrs. Fiske has already announced her intention to appear in "Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing." Walker Whiteside, in spite of his failure to draw in New York, adheres to his

classic repertoire throughout the country. Louis James and Frederic Warde are playing "The Tempest" in the west; Charles Hanford is touring in a Shakspearean repertoire; and quite a number of minor companies are living on bread and water, content so long as they may present the plays of the Immortal William. These things argue well for the drama. Much is said against the acting fraternity, but they know the ideal and would be glad to live up to it if managers and audiences had better taste and loftier ideals. Actors feel bitter that the metropolis will not get enthusiastic over Shakspeare. They put too high a value on a metropolitan verdict. Artistically it is not worth a sou, though financially it may be worth

E H. SOTHERN.

much. Amusement and gain are the only aims sought by the managers and the audiences of this city. The hundred thousand people who drop into the city daily on business go to the theatre in the evening for amusement, not for profit. They wish to laugh only. The managers are seeking the laugh-producer, not the playwright. Only the few undertake to pay tribute to art, while earning a living. No fault need be found with this very human condition, however, while such richness obtains as at present. Mansfield has given us one of the handsomest presentations of "Julius Cæsar" ever seen in America. The scenery and stage-settings were planned by the great English artist, Alma-Tadema. The acting was well-nigh perfect, the management of the stage-mobs was pronounced as good as that of the famous Saxe-Meiningen company, and the support given the star by Mr. Haworth as Cassius, and Mr. Forrest as Antony, nearly outshone Mr Mansfield's achievement.

The critics, of course, busied themselves with their odious comparisons, as both their duty and inclination demand: but before a presentation like Mansfield's, the public sit enchanted with delight, indifferent to the critics and their comparisons. Whether the greatest actor of his time equals Booth or surpasses Barrett is a very minor question to the lovers of Shakspeare, when that actor produces a Shakspearean play with all the splendor of which the modern stage is capable. It is enough to know that actor and manager have done their best, and that the greatest dramatist of history has been capably represented. In Mansfield's production one is transported to the age of Cæsar, not merely by the splendor and accuracy of scene, costume and acting, but by the very atmosphere of the play, than which nothing is more difficult to secure. Mrs. Fiske has done it in her Mary of Magdala. The late Margaret Mather invariably failed in this point, though nothing could surpass the magnificence of her "Cymbeline" and "Joan of Arc." Modjeska rarely fails of securing this rare quality, even in poorly mounted plays. One might call atmosphere the perfection of illusion. The old-timer cannot enjoy a play as youth enjoys it. He sees only the actors playing certain parts, and analyzes the art of the dramatist in the unfolding of the plot and the development of the characters. When the play robs him of this power of analysis, carries him away with the story, and sets his emotions working, it may be said to have atmosphere. In "Julius Cæsar" the audience is carried back to the old Roman day as perfectly as if a magician had reproduced the actual scenes for its benefit. No higher compliment can be paid Mansfield and his companions. He would not be Mansfield if he did not attempt innovations. Like all modern actors of the realistic school he pays no respect to blank verse, and forgets the gentle artifice required in its utterance. In the first part his Brutus is a modern gentleman, with a consciousness of problems that never troubled a simple Roman. Shakspeare made Brutus philosophic and pensive, but after the Roman fashion; into which Mansfield has read much irritability, sickliness, and suspicion, so that the character seems to be sadly troubled with his liver. The Cassius of Mr. Haworth, and the Antony of Mr. Forrest were more conventional, and more satisfactory. Who cares for minor faults, when the ensemble is so magnificent? What a pity that the prejudice against the theatre will keep thousands from witnessing this glorious play! No light like that of a Shakspearean play to illumine history!

While Mansfield's play has the proper atmosphere, Mr. Sothern's production of "Hamlet" is without it. One may not say where the fault lies. All that stage art can do, all that capable actors can do, has

been lavished on the play, and it would be unreasonable to find fault. Here again it is enough to see and to feel that actor and manager have done their best for Shakspeare. Once before Mr. Sothern attempted Hamlet with indifferent success. The critics are of opinion that the revival is not an improvement on the first attempt. Then the actor was more original. He played to his own conception of the part, and made young Hamlet a dreamer who comes bravely but nervously to the dreamer's end. Now his conception is in tune with the conventional, more robust and noisier, sure to seize the stage trick for the sake of the gallery, looking always for the centre of the stage and the calcium light, and so on through many details. Moreover the drama has been pitched in the same key. Wherever a laugh can be purchased the price is paid. Nevertheless, these are minor faults. Mr. Sothern gives us Shakspeare in all his beauty and power, and we can forgive him for any number of shortcomings. The public seem to hold the same opinion, for his stay was lengthened at the Garden until the end of the month. Evidently we shall see this ambitious and successful actor in other classic rôles. There is no reason why all the capable actors should not have in their repertoire two or three great old plays for their own benefit and for the pleasure of serious audiences. What matters it if their acting should be far removed from Booth's and Modjeska's? We cannot hope to have greatness always with us. What we want is the great play. The professional critics—may their tribe diminish—are ever ready to roast the actor who attempts the classic, and they have actually frightened off the younger people from the classic drama. The courage of Henry Donnelly in playing Falstaff the other day before the New York critics was admirable. It would be fine work on the part of the Shakspearean societies if they induced all the leading actors to take up two or more classic plays for their repertoire.

We have had a specimen of the modern Italian classic drama in the shape of D'Annunzio's plays interpreted by Duse. They were inexpressibly dull and dirty, no one understood them, and, thank heaven, they came and went without leaving any impression on the somewhat thick epidermis of metropolitan intellect and morality. Duse and her playwright are simply terrible examples. The latter is a genius in the use of his native tongue, but outside of that he is a monstrosity. His themes are impossible, the nightmares of a madman. One has a right to doubt the genius which chooses the abominable for the exercise of its powers. When Guy de Maupassant was on the verge of insanity he began to conceive shapes like those which float from D'Annunzio's brain. One has a right to question the artistic powers of an actor who will take up such themes. Duse is a wonder. She does not act, she lives her part. In plays of normal quality, her influence would certainly be uplifting, but in the atmosphere of crime, of murder, adultery, incest, in the atmosphere of horror, grief, and despair, she appears to the imagination like a witch of Endor. There are some people who think this art. The student of nature might correct them by pointing out a happy analogy in the physical world. Every normal animal has at his side two variations of his own form, one representing its burlesque, the other its horror. For example, man with his burlesque, the monkey, and his horror, the gorilla. The same analogy may be applied to art. Shakspeare has his Clyde Fitch and his Gabriele d'Annunzio, the burlesque and the horrible; and among actors, but let us not forget that Duse is human, and may get time for repentance. As life is short the knowing ones will

save time and emotion by avoiding the Italian writer and his exponent.

One cannot but ardently pray that the producers of the daily drama will some day go tramping like Walter Wyckoff among the workmen and the tramps, or like Josiah Flynt among the thieves, in order to fill up with new themes, new situations, new characters and new mechanisms; or, failing this, take a tramp through the Shakspearean plays and sources, as one who cannot get to Jamaica swallows tonics at home. Nothing is sadder than the anæmic condition of the daily play, which gets weaker with every season, until its legs at the present moment look like telegraph wires. The managers are in despair. They are giving up the play one by one, and turning their attention to mere theatrical entertainment, which means anything from vaudeville to the productiou of a single topical song with a comic opera supporting it. So badly off is the metropolis for amusement that a single song well sung will crowd a theatre for some months. The audiences files in just before the song is sung, and files out after the thirtieth encore. The causes of this lamentable condition no one pretends to know. Either the dramatists can no longer produce good plays, or the managers and actors do not know a good play when they see it. This latter fact is no longer disputed. For example, Julia Marlowe is a capable actress, a popular favorite, and a clever woman. Her manager, Dillingham, is a man of experience. Yet the two accepted and staged a vile drama by that old French reprobate, Catulle Mendes, who to save his soul could not write a clean line, and thereby ruined their season. The Catholic press poured hot shot on the play, Miss Marlowe took a convenient nervous prostration, the play was shelved, and Mr. Dillingham remained some weeks in retirement footing up his losses. In a short time a new play was secured from George Cable, and Miss Marlowe opened up at the Criterion with "The Cavalier." It is a stupid drama from a stupid book. Who would think that Cable could write a stupid book? He achieved it by his puerile attempt to get in line with the novelists whose books are selling up to the million mark. His dramatists perhaps could not help taking in the element of dullness in their play; and behold Julia Marlowe, of Shaksperean fame, knocking about the Criterion stage in a play that would not do for amateurs! She deserves her punishment.

Theatre-goers were stirred to curiosity for two weeks by the splendor of Mr. Belasco's production of a Japanese entertainment called "The Darling of the Gods." At the end of a fortnight the discovery was made that there was nothing Japanese about it but the costumes, and nothing novel but the new use made of stage illusions. The theme of the play was as old as La Tosca, and the method as commonplace as anything Belasco has done. In a word, the mark of the times was on it, that utter absence of sincerity, of depth of feeling, which distinguishes the play of today from the play of yesterday. The playwrights seem unable to measure the natural emotion which accompanies any human situation, and to put it in words and in action. They fall back on well-worn stage tricks, and false climaxes, or look to intrinsic circumstances to help their plays to success. The theme, the characters, and the incidents should develop the plot and bring about the situations; but the average playwright works from a situation up to incident, character and plot. Within a few weeks Elisabeth Tyree made her début as a star in a play called "Gretna Green." The name suggests the theme at once, and the playwright

had good material on which to work. He produced an artificial affair in which there was not a spark of real feeling, or a sound situation from beginning to end. The play was a failure. A short time afterward Mr. Marshall's play, named "The Unforeseen," was produced by the Empire company, and failed for precisely the same reasons. Marshall is a clever and successful playwright whose productions have merited warm praise for treating the conventional unconventionally, as a critic said. In the recent play he has gone the way of his kind and treated the conventional conventionally. Stage artifice has been employed to hide the lack of logical situation and sound emotion.

The elevation of theatrical mechanism to the place once occupied by emotion has become a serious question since the writing of plays has become a canned product industry, in which the writer's brand is of more importance than the quality or character of the play. It is quite possible that in time we may have a play-factory, turning out dramas as business men turn out furniture, early English, Colonial, Louis Quatorze, according to the taste of the public, and the demands of actors. The new plays of this month, with one or two exceptions, seem to have been made by one dramatist and his assistants. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin returned to New York with "The Altar of Friendship," Annie Russell with "Mice and Men," Louis Mann with "The Consul," and the Empire company with "The Unforeseen," the last announced by the manager as the greatest play written by Robert Marshall. They were all very harmless, and all of a fatal dulness, being concerned with namby-pamby themes, expressed in ancient situations, and in commonplace language. But for the personality of the actors and the general excellence of the presentation, failure would have been written over them all. The exception is in favor of Louis Mann, who with his German brogue and his eccentric humor can give life to the dullest of dramas. "The Unforeseen," of course, was played in the best English, but with only a spark of the humor for which Mr. Marshall has been noted. It served, however, to bring two sterling Catholic actors once more before the public, Margaret Anglin and Fred Williams, whose acting is fine enough to save any play worth saving.

The critics have not had a good word for any of these first productions, but one must not depend too much on the critics. As an example of their striking divergences of opinion, take the following selections from four popular reviews of "The Bird in the Cage," a play by Clyde Fitch which did New York the good service of bringing Edward Harrigan back to Broadway.

Mr. Alan Dale writes:

"It might have been adopted from those pure and classic novels, called "'Ione, the Maid of the Mill," and "She Loved but was Lured Away." Still with all due deference to Laura Jean Libbey, it must be admitted that the heroine of these novels could not possibly have been as stupid a little idiot as beautiful Rosalie in Mr. Fitch's play. The play might be pretty if it were not so obnoxiously silly, and so virulently opposed to even ordinary common sense."

Mr. Montague wrote of it: "Harrigan's part is a peculiarly Fitchian misconception of a walking delegate, but it is an Irish part, and Harrigan knows what to do with Irish parts. He closed with the third act, and with him vanished all interest in the play. Hurrah for Harrigan! He has had more downs than ups of late years, but he knows how to live on the stage, and a man who can blow the breath of life into such an artificial, impossible, and limp affair as "The Bird in the Cage" ought to be grappled to Broadway so securely that he can never escape again."

Junius of the Herald writes: "I am

thunderstruck by Fitch's audacity. How dare he mix poor comedy, cheap, melodramatic farce and tragedy in one cage? A brother's passion—you call it half love—for a brother's fiancee is disgusting when you carry it to its bitter end. Surely the play is an extravaganza, the outcome of an overwrought playwright, sparkling with genius, yet overcome by the brain's need of rest."

Now contrast with the offhand opinions the long review of the conservative, honest, all-the-news-that's-fit-to-print Times. Only a paragraph is given here: "Mr. Fitch has made a play of American family life full of the sparkle and finesse, the clever theatrical turns and the delicacy of feeling that he always abounds in, and that make his plays attractive even when the main situations and motives are somewhat attenuated. The result of this happy combination is the happiest sort of theatric entertainment, ranging from several moments of the truest and most potent feeling to a thousand touches of delicious humor in character drawing. Never for a moment was the success of the play in doubt."

The one relief in the whole situation was the appearance of the English actor, Martin Harvey, in a revival of "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens' story, "A Tale of Two Cities." Though the play was a few years old, and had been seen here, the acting of Harvey and his company made a sensation. He gave his audiences all that had been lacking in other theatres, deep, rich feeling, and beautiful art.

TO A TOMBSTONE.

BY JOSEPH BOLTON LOUGHRY.

Cold, lifeless, still, sternly symmetrical,
Standest thou there, bespeaking that which was,
But is no more; subservient to the laws
Imposed by the Creator upon all.
So wilt thou stand till patient Time shall call
Thy parts component to their pristine cause,
Telling the worth, to who may chance to pause,
Of him thou guardest there. Thou dost appal
My moody spirit with the thought of dread,
That ere another year has winged away,
This chill, deserted 'city of the Dead'
May hold my ashes 'tween its walls of clay.
Thus thou dost serve the role of a true friend,—
While praising man, to warn him of his end.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"No, I am not sure about the last," he replied, wondering at her insight. "One can be outwardly calm and inwardly a steaming volcano. The bishop was a placid person and I—" he stopped short, feeling that he had been indiscreet.

"Go on," said the doctor, his blue eyes twinkling. "I've met the bishop. He is a smug, self-satisfied hypocrite."

Frances looked annoyed. The doctor expressed his opinions too freely to strangers, she thought.

"Doctor Aberly had him for a patient once," she explained quickly. "I believe the bishop refused to take his medicines and got well in spite of the doctor's dire prophecies."

The doctor chuckled good-naturedly.

"Now who would have thought you would go back on a friend like that," he said, and Walford noticed, for the first time, that there was a suspicion of a brogue to his speech. "I may be a bigoted Papist, Mr. Walford, but I know a true man when I see him, and the bishop and you are not the kind to agree."

Walford was a trifle embarrassed by the implied compliment. "Our theories did not agree," he said quietly.

"And because he was a bishop you had to shut up?" asked Ralph.

"I waited," said Walford.

"And you have come to spring your theories on this parish? Good Lord! you might as well try to impress the pyramids."

"That is what Miss Frances tells me," said Walford, unconsciously using the name he remembered. "I wanted to introduce a higher form of ritual. Do you think I will meet opposition on that score?"

"Most certainly. Have you met any of your parishioners?"

"A few ladies, a few trustees, but Jennings has been to the house more often than anyone else."

"Jennings! He has about as much idea of religion as the bed post. He is a sceptic through and through. Jennings is not quite convinced of his own existence; he tried to reduce me to a floating nebula one day, but I objected. If the trustees see you chumming with Jennings, they will regard you with darkest suspicion and ask you to leave the church."

"You are certainly encouraging. Are not conversions expected?"

"Nothing is expected here," said the doctor, "because nothing ever happens. If you have any plans for our betterment you will find your most sympathetic audience here, in this room."

"I have one non-sectarian plan," began Walford, half apologetically; "perhaps you would advise me, you know the town and the ways of the town so much better than I do. I was out at the mines yesterday—the conditions there are horrible. The houses of the miners are not fit for dogs to live in."

"Then it's a building association you're contemplating?" suggested Ralph.

Frances glanced at her brother reprovingly. "Do be serious, Ralph," she pleaded.

But Ralph went on. "Walford is always so serious I grow frivolous in his presence. Every time he laughed in the old days I marked it down in my calendar as an event not to be forgotten along with the discovery of America and the battle of Waterloo. That's one reason you are thin, Walford." He stretched out

his hand and felt the arm of his friend. "Not much muscle," he added, "too much mind. If you ever have the happiness of lying abed like a living corpse you will find that a mind without muscle is practically useless."

Walford looked down with affectionate tenderness upon the gaunt figure on the bed. The change in the strong, stalwart friend of his boyhood was even more piteous than he had anticipated.

"Not useless," he said with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I look to you to help me reorganize the world. I have failed so far. We can begin now on the children of the miners. Hundreds of poor little things are kept in the 'breakers' all day, separating the coal from the slate; that ought not to be allowed. I thought there was a law in the state forbidding child labor—under the age of fourteen"

"There is," said the doctor, emphatically.

"Then how do the parents get around it?"

"Lying," was the doctor's laconic answer.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Ralph.

"I am going to appeal to the mine owners first, then to the state. These children ought to be given some sort of decent childhood, some sort of an education, and some chance for pleasure. As a preliminary step, I have rented that old house on the outskirts of the town. It's dilapidated, but the rent is cheap and I want to start a club house for the boys."

"You will have some difficulty getting the children out of the mines," said the doctor, meditatively rubbing his beard.

"Walford glories in difficulties," broke in Ralph, "and he never acknowledges he's beaten."

"He means I am pugnacious and obstinate by nature. I believe I always have enjoyed a fight."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say that," interrupted Ralph, "for your pleasures heretofore have been a mystery. I never knew you to go deliberately to work to enjoy yourself. Think of a man, Doctor, who has apparently reached the use of reason leaving pleasure out of his accounts."

"Give me time. Give me space—" said Walford.

"Oh! you've had the time. I would like to ask if you ever did anything with the direct and sole purpose of enjoyment."

Walford smiled. "I have come here,—I smoke,—I—"

"The worst pipes and tobacco on record," continued Ralph, "and every time he lit a pipe he used to deliver himself upon the uselessness and extravagance of the habit and announce his intention of giving it up. I sympathized with him when I sampled his tobacco. Let us hear the rest of your plan. If you can't get the children, what becomes of your club house?"

"If I can't force the children out of the mines, there are a great many others around the streets that look as if they might be subjects for civilization."

"I don't know that I believe in civilization," replied Ralph. "It usually means clothes and consumption."

"How will you begin?" asked Frances, ignoring Ralph's remark.

"The house has a large garden, you remember; that will give the boys a playground and the house will always be open so that they will have some place in town where they can come freely and read, work, play and sleep, if they are homeless. I would like to have a kitchen of some sort attached so they could get plain, wholesome food when they were hungry."

"And the object?"

"Why Ralph," said Frances," the ob-

ject is plain. The house will seem a heaven to some of those boys and they will improve in morals with their happier environment."

Walford looked at Frances, gratefully, glad to find one ardent ally. "Then I can count on you?" he asked.

"Indeed you may, as long as you don't preach heresy."

"What a charge, aren't you a bit of a bigot?"

Her eyes laughed back into his. "If bigotry is thinking you're wrong and I am right, perhaps I am. Will I object to the rules of your club house?"

"I think not," he said gravely. "No smoking, no swearing, that's all. I am going to make the boys responsible for the success of the undertaking. I am following out an old plan when I teach them to govern themselves and elect their own president and policemen."

"I think it an excellent plan," approved the doctor, heartily, "I will contribute my professional services when the wholesome food proves indigestible, or a refractory citizen damages your policeman's eye."

"And I'll furnish them with fighting implements," said Ralph, interested in spite of his scoffing, "I have four pairs of foils in the attic and six pairs of boxing gloves. Engage the services of a good pugilist and you'll have every boy in town."

"I thought of that."

"The end justifies the means," chuckled the doctor, "I think it would take a pugilist to pound respectability into some of them."

He was interrupted by a faltering knock upon the door, and a small, red head was thrust timidly in.

"Why, Billy," said Frances. "Where did you come from? Tommy is in the library."

"No, he ain't." responded Tommy's bosom friend. "He ain't anywhere. I've been upstairs and in the cellar. I reckon he's gone out."

"Gone out!" exclaimed Frances, rising in consternation. "Gone out in the damp streets, when I have been dosing him all night to keep off the croup. Run home, Billy, and see if he is at your house. He can't have gone far."

She excused herself and left the room. Billy's report had frightened her, but she was not satisfied as to the truth of his statement. She thought that Tommy might have fallen asleep in some dark corner for, though Tommy's faults were numerous, wandering away from home was not one of them.

She hurried down stairs to the library; the big arm chair was vacant, the fairy books scattered on the floor; she looked under the sofa and the tables, she peered behind the curtains and bookcases, and then she searched the long, unused parlors calling his name. The cook had not seen him; the wet box-houses in the garden were untenanted; the cellar with its fallen coal pile had, apparently, lost its charm. After a half-hour Billy returned, running as fast as his fat legs would permit, to announce that Tommy had not been at his home. No one had seen him. Billy had stopped to question several strangers on the street.

Thoroughly alarmed now, Frances toiled up the steps to the attic; Billy following, feeling a reflected sense of importance in the loss of his friend. While Frances continued her search, Billy watched her respectfully and suggested possible evils which might have befallen Tommy, unawares.

It was plain that long comradeship with Tommy's imaginative mind had had its effect on Billy. Perhaps Tommy had gone to the mines and fallen in. Perhaps the doctor had found him with croup, on the street, and taken him to a hospital. Perhaps he had been arrested for shoot-

ing cats with his bean shooter. Perhaps a fire engine had run over him. Frances was deaf to these surmisings. She had forgotten his presence; a great fear had fastened itself on her mind, and every moment seemed to add to the strength of her conviction. The thought had come first, as a night terror—the night after that interview two weeks ago. The dream and her grief had been so real that she awakened crying, and getting up she had stolen bare-footed to Tommy's room to kiss and fondle him in his sleep. She had dreamed that Paul had returned to claim his son, to hold him as a hostage until she granted him his wish. This fear had haunted her for days afterwards, and left her nervous and overwrought. She felt that Paul knew that, personally, he could not make her suffer further, for her spirit had passed beyond him; but he might try to reach her through the boy. She was incapable now of reasoning clearly and when she again entered Ralph's room Walford was startled by the changed expression on her face, and he could see that she was trembling even before the doctor, hurrying to her side, helped her to a deep reclining chair.

"What has happened?" asked Ralph, making a feeble attempt to rise from his pillows, while the doctor turned to his medicine chest, which lay open on the window sill, for a restorative.

"Tommy—Tommy," she whispered. "He can't be found."

"He cannot be far," said Walford, wondering at her excitement, "I'll find him. I'll bring him home."

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Hampden," consoled the doctor, holding a small glass to her dry lips. "His cold is not such a serious matter. His going out is not a tragedy. You cannot kill a boy like Tommy. Drink this, the boy is not as sick as you are."

"It—is—not—that," she cried, covering her face with her hands, "Oh, it is not that—"

Ralph heard her with quick comprehension.

"She fears he has been stolen," he cried, as if the possibility of such a thing had presented itself to him. "His father—Curse my helplessness!"

"Lie down, Ralph," commanded the doctor, his professional instinct asserting itself first from force of habit. "I'll send the maid to Mrs. Hampden. We will find Tommy this instant. I'll break his father's neck before I'll let him keep that boy away from his mother's arms. Don't worry. For God's sake don't worry—," and with his Irish temper blazing, the good doctor put on his hat, and beckoning Walford to follow him went storming down the stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

Walford felt that it was no time for formal adieus. Perplexed, indignant, and saddened as he was by the fears which Frances had expressed, he could not help feeling a secret sense of satisfaction in finding himself placed, by this unexpected misfortune, on the old grounds of friendship and confidence. He had been drawn into their circle, and the indefinable impression of strangeness which the years had brought instantly vanished. Henceforth they would meet as intimates. They had leagued together—the protected and protecting—to meet a dread catastrophe.

The Doctor's rage led him along so rapidly that he was half way down the garden walk before Walford overtook him.

"We will have to divide forces," he said, not stopping to open the gate but walking over a break in the fence. "I have jotted down three numbers on this bit of paper—places he is likely to be—

friends of his. I'll go in the opposite direction. We don't want to waste any time. I'm ready to believe anything about Paul Hampden but I don't believe this—not that he wouldn't be capable of it, but he doesn't want to be bothered with the boy. Tommy isn't the kind to be kidnapped silently. He is somewhere in this town, or at the mines, you may depend. I'll meet you at the rectory in an hour, and if neither of us has been successful—Well, I'll go farther." He left Walford at the second corner, and dived into a small shop where Tommy usually spent his spare change in the purchase of chalky edibles. Walford looked at the first address on the scrap of paper the Doctor had thrust into his hand. He was not very familiar with the names of the streets, but he knew that the house indicated belonged to one of the miners. His way led him by the windows of the rectory. Kate would think it singular if she saw him passing, just at the dinner hour, but he determined not to stop. He felt that he could not tell her of the abrupt termination of his visit, for she was fond of talking and she would not be able to keep quiet about what she would call the proof and climax of her story.

As he walked quickly by the wooden fence rails of his own garden he was haunted by the beseeching look Frances had given him as he left the room. It had been a melancholy morning from the first, the gloom of the Somers' old house had entered into his soul. It seemed to stand as a contradiction to his own optimistic philosophy, proclaiming the helplessness of humanity. And Ralph and Frances, who, in the old days, had seemed lifted beyond sorrow of any sort, were but types of the world's failures—failures in love, in hope, in happiness. There was no light in Walford's despondency as he hurried along the narrow streets; he was viewing the world darkly and narrowly, for in his sympathy for his friends he experienced a real personal pain. After walking rapidly for a half an hour he reached the outskirts of the town, and here his attention was diverted by a crowd of street gamins overrunning the fences of his future club-house, shouting fiercely, and throwing brickbats at the windows. One of them had discovered an old garden hose and he was playing it through a hole in the shutter. The place was evidently undergoing a siege, and the inmates of the house were trying to defend themselves, for though no heads appeared at the windows, sticks and stones came flying out, and when one of the most fearless of the besiegers undertook to force an entrance by climbing a water spout he fell sputtering to the ground, half smothered by a cloud of ashes poured, apparently, from the roof.

Walford strode angrily on and as he neared the group he heard screams:

"Come out you goody-goodys."

"Think yer bettern we are, do yer?"

"Better say yer prayers. Here's a brick for someun's head."

"Thought yer'd get religion, did yer?"

"Come out, I dare yer like a dare dog."

Another shower of brick-bats met by the remnants of a chair from within, was followed by a wild cry from the ash-covered leader:

"Run, fellers! run! Here comes the minister!"

And before Walford could reach the garden they had fled so precipitately and mysteriously that the only proofs of their former presence were the broken windows and the many foot-prints on the wet earth of the ruined flower-beds.

Walford knocked on the door, but there was no response; then, shaking the knob, he called aloud to the boys to admit him. From one of the upper windows a head was thrust timidly out.

"Lordy! fellows, it's the minister!" he

heard someone say in an awed whisper. Then the door swung reluctantly open, and a small boy with whom he had entrusted the key stood, shame-faced, before him. In the large darkened parlor, in one of the most remote corners, other members of the besieged had huddled for protection.

"Yer said as how I might show the fellers the place," said the keeper of the key, shuffling from one ragged-shod foot to the other. "They didn't believe me till I brung 'em. They just laffed when I tole 'em yer wuz goin' to let us come here ez soon ez yer got yer furniture. Them fellers hev bin layin' off to beat our crowd fur a long time. I ain't afeard of them but they broke yer winders in. I'll smash Pat Sykes' head off next time I see him."

While he was speaking the other occupants of the room, anxious to hear what was going on, crept timidly nearer. As they formed a half circle around Walford he recognized Tommy. His nose was bleeding and he had evidently received the full brunt of the garden hose, for his clothes were soaked through and they dripped dolefully on the bare dusty floor.

"Tommy! Tommy!" said Walford, ignoring the rest of the crowd, "how did you happen to be here?"

"I just came in," explained Tommy, getting ready to cry, now that he was sure of a sympathetic auditor. "I saw the boys in the yard and I came too."

"Didn't your mother tell you not to go out?" began Walford, sternly.

"But I got tired of staying in," sniffed Tommy, "it ain't raining. I'm going home."

"In those clothes?" Walford smiled in spite of himself at the ludicrously pitiful picture Tommy presented.

"Yes, I'm going right away."

"Then I'll take you," said Walford, and much to the amazement of his audience he picked Tommy up in his arms and prepared to leave the house. The future members of the club had expected some sort of an outburst; for the damage done to the windows, according to their keen calculation, was five dollars' worth at least. Tommy looked down from the great height to which he had suddenly been elevated and smiled proudly upon his late companions of the siege, while Walford, too pleased with his successful search to heed the ominous beginning of his philanthropic plan, said quietly, "Close the shutters, boys, turn off the hose, and come out and lock the door. I'll send a glazier around in the morning to mend the windows. There is not much harm done. We will bring the other boys around to our way of thinking. I must hurry to tell Tommy's mother that he is safe. She thinks he is lost and is worried about him. Good bye."

And while the boys, dazed by the calm way in which the minister regarded the catastrophe, obeyed him silently, Walford wrapped his light overcoat around Tommy and carried him off in triumph.

Tommy objected to being carried, and, in his effort to free himself, he wriggled his short legs out of the folds of the overcoat, complaining bitterly of the cold all the while. Walford found him a heavy and troublesome burden, and he breathed a sigh of relief when the garden of the rectory was reached. Hurrying into the library, where Kate and Jennings sat before the fire, he deposited Tommy in a big arm-chair.

"We have had a row at the club-house," he said cheerfully. "Here is one of the victims, Tommy Hampden, nearly drowned by a garden hose. Take him to my room, Kate, and put him to bed, while I go to his mother and get him some dry clothes."

"Tommy Hampden?" said Kate, going

over to Tommy's chair for a closer inspection. "Why you're only a baby."

"I'm not," said Tommy, sitting up, his indignation overcoming the awe he felt at his strange surroundings, "I'm six years old."

Kate laughed.

"I beg your pardon, I see you are a delightful little savage. I love bad children, before they have developed a conscience. Why he is as wet as wet can be! he will catch his death of cold."

"He has a cold now," said Walford. "His mother is very much worried about him. Mix him a hot lemonade, Jennings, while Kate puts him to bed."

"I ain't going to bed," said Tommy, and struggling out of the deep-seated arm-chair, he started for the door. Jennings stopped him.

"Come here, Tommy, I'm a friend of yours. If your clothes are wet I'll lend you my coat. Go on Walford, Miss Kate and I will look out for Tommy. He is an interesting specimen—I want to hear his valuable opinion on club life for the masses."

Tommy seemed inclined to be tractable when he saw Jennings; and Walford left the trio, satisfied that his charge would receive every needed attention. He retraced his steps to the Somers' home. The door stood a little ajar and, in his anxiety to bring the good news as quickly as possible, he did not stop to announce his presence, but strode up the steps, three at a time, to Ralph's room. As he knocked Frances called out to him to enter. She turned her white face with an expression of anxious hope in her eyes. She was dressed to go out and it was evident that she had recovered sufficiently not to wish to remain inactive while Tommy's whereabouts was a mystery.

"I have found him," said Walford, and he was made happy by the mother's responsive look of joy. "He had wandered into my club-house with a crowd of other boys."

"Thank God!" said Frances fervently, sinking down upon the bed; her relief making her conscious of her own weakness. "It was foolish of me to give way to my terror. I have been so nervous—it all seemed so real. I—I might have known that Tommy had not wandered far."

"That boy ought to be punished," said Ralph crossly. "He has no business out today. I can't stand scenes in these days, Walford. Frances has been tragic ever since you left."

"Forgive me, Ralph," she said, softly, "I hardly knew what I was saying. Nothing else matters, now that Tommy is safe. Nothing else can matter to me now."

"Where is Tommy?" asked Ralph. "I think he ought to be put to bed. God knows that is the greatest affliction that can befall a man."

"He is in my bed by this time," Walford replied. "Someone turned a hose on him, and I came to get some dry clothes for him before I brought him home."

"A garden hose?" repeated Frances in some dismay. "Why should anyone bring out a hose on such a rainy day?"

Walford smiled at the recollection.

"It was used as an instrument of war," he said. "A crowd of street gamins attacked the new club-house and the future members tried to defend it. Tommy was inside."

"Poor Tommy! Oh, I hope it will teach him a lesson. I trust he will never give me another fright like this. I will get his clothes and go to the rectory with you."

"Get his clothes," said Ralph, fretfully, "but don't leave me in the house alone. I'm too nervous. Walford will bring him home; there is no need for you to go too. Won't you, Walford?"

"I think I might be trusted—."

Frances had risen to leave the room.

"I was thinking that we had given Mr. Walford trouble enough for one morning. I feel now that I have been very foolish."

"Of course you have," said Ralph. "But it is over now. If Walford knows anything about women he does not expect wisdom."

"My knowledge of women," said Walford, "is unfortunately very limited, but if you question me about the frailty of men I'll agree to all the disparaging things you say."

"I observe," said Ralph, who was rapidly regaining his good humor, "that you have acquired a certain amount of superficial gallantry in the years of your absence."

Walford smiled. "Perhaps, a very limited amount, but such as it is I wouldn't call it superficial."

"It's very new—"

"But all new things are not superficial."

"I'll leave you to argue the matter out," said Frances, with a touch of her old gayety. "I might try to bias your statements. I'll go get Tommy's clothes, and I suppose I'll have to punish him to make him remember that I mean what I say," and shutting the door after her, she left the two friends alone.

"You always were a comfort," said Ralph, stretching out his wasted hand and resting it on Walford's big strong one. "Frances ought to have married a man like you; it would have been so pleasant for your brother-in-law."

"Is that the only reason? I don't believe people marry with regard for their in-laws."

"But they might," suggested Ralph. "I fancy it would be pleasanter all around in the long run. I never liked Paul Hampden—I told you that years ago."

"Yes, I remember."

"Father liked him because he liked General Hampden, which was no reason at all; and mother liked him, because—well, for some mysterious virtues which most women admire and which few men possess. I don't believe Frances ever loved him,"

Walford gave a little start of surprise.

"Why did she marry him then?"

"Did you ever know women to reason? I don't think she loved him, because of that." He pointed to a newspaper that was lying on the bed beside him. He still held the torn wrapper in his hand. "The boy brought it from the post-office while you were gone."

Walford looked curious.

"But why of that?" he asked.

"It's a notice of a divorce. Paul didn't waste any time. I fancy he had begun to make the attempt before he saw Frances. It is easy to manage those things in the west."

Walford interrupted him.

"Would she care to have you confide in me?"

"And why should she object? I always confided in you in the old days. The matter is no secret—the divorce is published. You cannot keep a secret in this town."

"It is an outrage," said Walford, picking up the paper and scanning the few marked lines, "I think it is an outrage."

"An outrage!" repeated Ralph. "To my mind it is a great blessing. When Frances read the notice she did not seem to care."

"Did not care? She must have cared for her wifehood—her womanhood."

She did not care for him," said Ralph, "and that is the main point with a woman. I believe she is so dead to him that she doesn't even dislike him. From the first they did not have one idea in common. She refused to get the divorce for re-

ligious reasons. He took the matter in his own hands. I am glad that she is free."

"Free legally—but the church?"

"The church? oh, on that score, she is more straight-laced than you are. She is a Romanist."

Frances came into the room at this moment, with a small satchel. She started when she saw the paper which Walford still held in his hand.

"Oh! Ralph," she said impulsively, and the reproof was full of pain.

Walford crushed the paper in his strong grasp. There was an embarrassing silence.

"My curiosity was unwarranted," he said at last humbly, and he went forward and held out his hand to her for forgiveness. "I can only plead the deep interest and sympathy I feel for an old friend."

She put her cold hand in his. "It—it—is hard for the world to know," she said, simply. "If we could only suffer as individual souls."

"Our individual bodies suffer," said Ralph bitterly, "and as for our souls, I don't know whether suffering in secret is any satisfaction. Your grief about Tommy a moment ago was tempered by being borne in public."

The words sounded hard and Frances seemed to wince under them. "Here—here—are Tommy's clothes," she said, striving to regain her composure as she handed Walford the satchel. "I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the trouble you have taken for him, but I have one more request, can you let Doctor Aberly know that Tommy is safe?"

"Yes, let the Doctor know," added Ralph, " there is no telling how far the Doctor's impulsiveness and indignation will lead him, and if you would like to administer a little corporal punishment to Tommy for the excitement he has caused I am sure Frances will give you permission."

"But Tommy would not forgive me if I accepted that commission," said Walford, and he felt, with a sense of shame, that Frances's words had amounted to a dismissal. "I will see the Doctor, but I am not willing to risk Tommy's friendship so soon," and bidding them good bye he turned again homeward.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. VALKIRK'S DINNER.

When Kate came down stairs dressed to dine at Mrs. Valkirk's her brother exclaimed in some amazement. "Why, Kate, aren't you a bit too fine for a country town?"

"A country town," repeated Kate, who was standing before the small hall-rack mirror, arranging a white bow at her neck, "you dear innocent, don't you know that people in a country town pay more attention to clothes than they do in the city of New York? True, their fashions may be a bit belated and I trust that they won't know that my sleeves are too big, but I hadn't the energy to cut them smaller. Mrs. Valkirk will be arrayed like Solomon, mark my words. Help me on with my cloak, Charles. I wish we had a carriage to take us there. I never was created for poverty—I am too lazy."

"I think that dress shows an unusual amount of energy."

"Oh, I am painfully aware of the time I took making the ruffles and tucks and sewing on the ribbons, and I look like a fright."

"Oh, no," said Walford, stooping to kiss her as he threw her long cape about her shoulders, " you are always beautiful to me."

"That sounds pretty, Charles, but it doesn't make me so. We won't stop to discuss my deficiencies or we shall be late for the dinner, and I am hungry. I am lured on by the prospect of a feed. I

don't suppose there is another word in the English language that will express the kind of a dinner we shall get tonight."

"Well, as long as you don't express your opinions we are safe," said her brother as they went out into the cold night air and the rectory door closed after them.

"Are you afraid of me?" laughed Kate.

"In mortal dread that we shall both be socially ostracized before the evening is over."

"Why what are you going to say?"

"I'm going to talk mines."

"What for?"

"Because our host is one of the mine owners."

"And you want to tap his sentiments?"

"I hardly think the word 'tap' applies. One is led to expect an outpouring after a tapping, and my private opinion is, that our host has no sentiments to pour."

"Then he will be very interesting," said Kate, "for he must be a wise man."

"Kate dear, why are you cultivating cynicism?"

Kate squeezed her brother's arm affectionately.

"Out of pure contrariness. Someone has to preserve the poise of the family. You are all sentiment—I have to go to the other extreme."

Walford took her ungloved hand and put it in the pocket of his great coat.

"What is your definition of sentiment?" he asked.

"Heart hunger after all humanity," she answered promptly. Walford laughed. Kate was still a surprising mystery to him.

"Your appetite is certainly influencing your judgment. Suppose I should tell you that, naturally, I am more lazy than you ever thought of being, that if I followed my own inclinations I would shut myself in my library with my books and never stir outside my leather chair, and take massage instead of exercise?"

"I wouldn't believe you."

"And suppose I told you that if it were not for an ever-pursuing conscience I would let my congregation and the miners and the rest of the world go on unmolested until the end of the chapter?"

"Your molesting will probably not do them any good," she said.

"You are encouraging."

"I am truthful, occasionally."

"But you will agree that I will at least have the satisfaction of effort and my conscience may be quiet on the day of judgment?"

Kate asked him what he knew about the day of judgment, and then she undertook to prove that his conscience was too demanding. They were still arguing this point when they reached Mrs. Valkirk's door.

Mrs. Valkirk's parlor was a strange mixture of a decorator's art, scarred by relics of a past plebeian poverty. Over the carved mantels hung crayon portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Valkirk, Senior, sketched by an itinerant poster artist. On the tables stood pieces of china bric-a-brac, purchased at bargain sales, crowding into corners jades and Japanese ivories of real value. The floor of the long room was covered by a rich velvet carpet; soft yellow laces hung at the four wide windows; the furniture was gorgeously preposterous in harmony and design. Kate found herself actually blinking at one of the chairs; the red roses on the back were dazzling in their color and profusion.

Mrs. Valkirk met her guests with the warmth of her provincial cordiality slightly cooled by long perusal of a book on "Modern Manners and Customs." She was arrayed in a trailing gown of velvet, cut low in the neck to exhibit a necklace of diamonds, which sparkled ineffectual-

ly in the creases of her short fat throat. Mr. Valkirk stood beside his wife, looking starched and uncomfortable, and wearing the air of a man unused and averse to evening clothes, but dragooned into putting them on for an unusual occasion.

The other guests had arrived some time before,—Miss Melinda Tibbs in her best black silk, and an elderly red-faced gentleman, introduced impressively as Mr. Brown, the secretary of the Valkirk Mining Company.

After a few feverish remarks about the weather, dinner was announced by a loud bell that would have done ample duty on a wind-swept prairie to summon farm hands to their mid-day meal. Kate half started from her chair and Mrs. Valkirk explained, hastily:

"We bought a loud one so it would wake us in the morning. Come, let us go to dinner," and taking Walford's arm she led the way into the dining room.

Mr. Valkirk followed with Kate, and seating himself at the foot of the table he carefully tucked the corner of his voluminous napkin into his collar, and smiled pacifically upon his guests.

"Dinner looks sort of slim, Amanda," he said, with matrimonial jocularity, as he looked from his plate of oysters to the gilt lamp, set in the middle of an ornate centre-piece. "Well, I'm not much for style myself. I like to see what I'm going to eat and eat it. Dinner in courses takes too much time, but when we have distinguished company, time that means money means pleasure."

"It's nice to feel so valuable," said Kate, enigmatically glancing at her brother.

Mrs. Valkirk moved uncomfortably and said, with wifely resignation, "Mr. Valkirk always was so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned and poor as a church mouse," announced Mr. Valkirk, cheerfully. "Glad to get one plate for dinner let alone five or six. Soup next, eh? I always forget when the solids are coming. Women have better memories than men for small things. Don't you think so, Mr. Walford?"

Walford smiled back at his host in a way that Miss Melinda said afterwards was beautiful.

"I have a firm faith in their superiority in all things," he replied.

"Now, hear that Melinda," said Mr. Valkirk, genially. "Mr. Walford talks like a gallant gentleman and a bachelor. Wait until he has been married ten years."

"What do you prophesy?" asked Kate, who was beginning to enjoy the obvious discomfort of her hostess.

"It don't take a prophet to say he will sing another tune."

"I don't believe it," said Kate, for the sake of argument. "You talk like most happy men."

"Well, you are a bright one," announced Mr. Valkirk, approvingly. "I guess I'm as happy as they make them. Amanda is a good woman, there is no denying that. Getting old like the rest of us—losing her hair and teeth, but I'm satisfied. I'm comfortable and rich for this town. We don't make millionaires up here."

"But we are going to," said Mr. Brown, in a deep, mournful voice.

"Maybe we will and maybe we won't," began Mr. Valkirk, growing serious at once. "If we could get machines instead of men there might be some hope of it."

"Why? Isn't the labor of the men cheap enough?" asked Walford.

(To be continued.)

"THE HAPPY DAYS IN ALBA LONGA."

THE AMERICAN BOY IN ROME.

(From the Leaves of an Old Note Book.)

BY MAX WALTER MANNIX.

It was the day before Trinity Sunday, and a day that is seen only in Italy, with the blue sky stretching far beyond the Campagna. The sunbeams dancing in the mists seemed like so many jewels, and far in the distance, hidden in the fleecy clouds, stood Soracte, rearing its majestic presence like some mighty monument. Verily is it a land of dreams, where fancy is never idle and where nature decorates in her most exquisite way. Yet surrounded as we were by beauty's cohorts, and enjoying a scene that perhaps had no equal, we were lonely and sad as we gathered around the famous palm in the Cortile. We were about to say farewell to Rome, it might be forever, and as we glanced at the statue of the Immaculate Conception where often we had lingered, each heart had the same thought, "We may never see it again."

"Tomorrow in the grand old church of the Lateran," said one of the students, "all our ardent hopes will be realized, and all the struggles and sacrifices will be amply rewarded in those solemn words, 'Tu es sacerdos in aeternum.' "

"Let us take a promenade in the Villa Borghese," proposed Billie, "where often we astonished the Romans by our base-ball exercise."

We paid a fond and last visit to St.

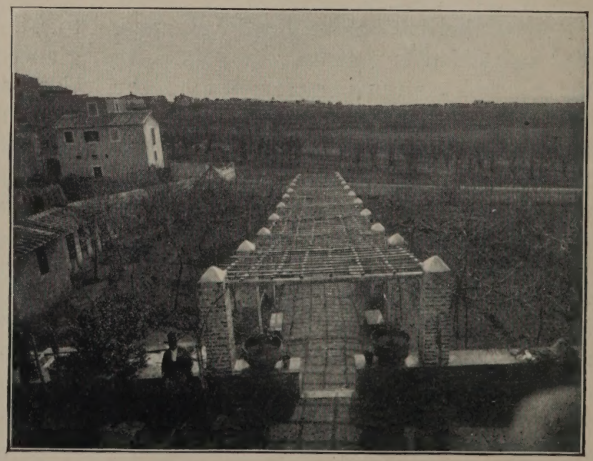
THE FAMOUS PALM IN THE CORTILE.

Mary's Of The People, which is almost at the entrance of the villa, and passing by the old lady with the oranges and apples tossed her a few soldini, for she knew us all as the Americani and always expected a recognition of this kind. We strolled to our favorite place of recreation, just beyond the amphitheatre, where we met a group of Armenian students busily engaged in study. Here we seated ourselves "a pensive hour to spend."

"Now, Jack," protested Tom, "don't start on reminiscences. We are blue enough. Save them till we get on the steamer and then hold forth as long and eloquently as you wish."

But disregarding the protest Jack did rake up the ashes of the past, and the dear old days when we walked through the arbor in the Alban mountains were again with us. Oh! for just another week in Alba Longa, and an early morning tramp to Rocca di Papa to see the sun rise! And then breakfast at the foot of the mountain and the reunion with the Scotch and Irish students! Dear old days! Are they indeed gone forever? Yes, forever, for we have all drifted apart, and the old times are now but a pleasant memory.

Seated tonight beneath the summit of Nissitisset, and listening to the sorrowful flow of the river wending its way through the beautiful village of Babbistasset, a thousand thoughts come quick upon me and each one is of Rome, great Rome, Eternal Rome! The gay days of the Carnival when we first met the little prince, as we called him, who afterwards became a favorite with the students, and was always on hand when a camarata appeared during Carnival season, to salute them with a handful of confetti. And poor old Davide, the faithful guardian of the dispensary, long since gone to his reward, who boasted of being the friend of the hierarchy in the United States, and who would sit for hours telling of the good old days when Pius IX. came to visit the college; and of the great speeches of the students. And dear old Padre Segno! Can we ever forget him and the encouraging words he daily spoke? telling



THE ARBOR IN THE ALBAN MOUNTAINS

us to be true Romans and take up our crosses like those soldiers of long ago, whose sole desire was to be faithful followers of that crucified leader, St. Peter, to look upon the Vatican hill as the reservoir of Christianity, and to be hourly reminded that we were the channels through which the true faith must be propagated, and America the soil for our labors and priestly duties. "True Romans and if so true Americans."

But why let sadness enter now?

With a loving and long look at that hill where Peter was crucified for his Master's cause, and a glance at the Propaganda where day after day we toiled in the vast field of Theology, let us say perhaps a last good bye to them and grow retrospective for a while, other scenes engaging thought, and voices from the past recalling happy hours.

"That was a great game," says Mac, "when the East defeated the West by the shortest possible margin."

"But," replies Billie, "wasn't that a grand game when our friend from Boston turned defeat into victory, and Richard of Scranton in open rebuke to the members of his ball aggregation cried out, 'If you gentlemen can handle a thesis in dogma as badly as you do a ball, then I as captain advise you to burn the midnight olive oil.'"

THE DINING HALL OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

Never was a day more welcomed than the one set for our departure to Castel Gondolfo. We were the happiest group

of students imaginable, and just as enthusiastic over our base-ball contests as in our college days.

"Johnnie" of Alleghany, the famous player of the olden days, is now gaining fame as a preacher in Buffalo, and "Pete," his companion and classmate, is rapidly advancing in the line of oratory. I wonder have they forgotten the good old times of Grotto Ferratta, and the many discussions we had after each game sitting around the old arbor near the Villa? I daresay each would willingly wish them over again, and would ask nothing better than a grand reunion at Frascati near the beautiful Aldobrandini Villa, one of our favorite meeting places.

"That's a nice alb you chose for tomorrow, Harry? You must be a special favorite of Nick's, for he is a little loath to give out the choicest ones."

"O! well I have left him my history notes you know, and history notes are considered a great find, Tom."

"That reminds me," answers Jim, "I think we should call on that kind old Professor Pennachi who held forth as the Propaganda historian these many years and extend our thanks for his earnest endeavors to make us realize the importance of church history."

"Don't forget Dogma either," counsels Hugh of the Southern clime, "for that was always my forte you know."

"Let us wait until after ordination," advises Charles of Chicago. "I move some one tell us of that gala day at Tivoli, and the visit to Adrian's Villa when you all

THE VILLA AT GROTTO FERRATTA.

A GROUP OF ARMENIAN STUDENTS.

missed the train and sent that famous Italian telegram that could never be interpreted. Come on, Tom, you know it well, for you were the Italian of the crowd."

So Thomas seats himself a little higher on the embankment and with a side glance at Billie relates a little Italian experience which happened near the Fons Bandusiae of Horace.

"Six of us started out early one Thursday morning bent upon a pleasure excursion and fully determined to cast study aside and enjoy ourselves near the Falls of Tivoli. A merrier party never wore the dress of the American College, and the ringing laugh of dear old John is still in my ears as he watched me bargaining in my worst Italian with the cab-driver. Everything seemed propitious enough after the cab experience, and we boarded the train for Tivoli little dreaming of the reception we would receive when the American College was again sighted. Adrian's Villa so captivated Billie that he declined to leave as early as the others, and said he would meet us at the Falls later. The rest of our party arrived at the celebrated Cascade just in time to see a beautiful sunset and to find, also, that our train left in ten minutes. Five minutes elapsed and no gentleman from Worcester had arrived. The train was ready to start when we espied in the distance our friend, but without the well-known three-cornered hat of the American student. The train had departed, the hat had departed, and we stood there wondering what to do, when a bright idea came to Jack, and he proposed telegraphing the Reverend Director as to our delay." ("Yes, Tom, I

A LITTLE PRINCE OF THE CARNIVAL.

acknowledge I sent the telegram and worded it, but I've done penance enough for it so let it pass.") "You know how it read when received at the college, something to this effect: 'Lost train in the Falls at Tivoli, but enjoyed ourselves immensely. Will return when the Italian Government sends a special.'"

"Of course all the students were prepared to receive us when we returned that night, and to this day no one ever salutes dear old Billie without an allusion to the hat he left at Adrian's Villa."

"But, Tom, that's not all of it. Tell the comical part when Billie went to explain to the Director."

"No, let Billie do that, and besides you know we are leaving on the same steamer."

"It is only a few minutes before the Ave, Jim, so if we intend going home by the Corso we had better put on our three-leagued boots and start."

The bell was just ringing as Pasquale opened the door, but we were Deacons now, and a few moments overtime could certainly be conceded to our dignity. What a mighty word is "deacon" to the American College boy, and what aspirations goes with that title and the much coveted suit of black!

Long will that evening be remembered. How we busied ourselves preparing for the morrow, and each one as he knelt beside his couch that night thought of the joy and gladness that would fill dear mother's heart when on the morrow she received his first blessing through cablegram.

Long before the appointed hour for rising we were wide-awake, and had everything in readiness for the Lateran. The minutes seemed like years, but at last we set forth and soon found ourselves answering the usual questions put to those about to be ordained. It is a long ceremony and one of the most solemn nature. Every nerve seemed strained to the utmost. But at last it was over, and having bestowed our blessings on friends and schoolmates we returned to the college to hear the old familiar "Prosit," and wishes for success and a long life of spiritual good. Then the dinner in honor of the young priests, and the speeches and songs in the sala at even-time, and another shower of good wishes, and lastly that grand old hymn, "Viva Leone."

The American Boy has now completed his Roman education, but his life is just beginning, and this day is but his birth-

AFTER A BASE-BALL GAME IN THE VILLA BORGHESE.

day of labor in the Master's vineyard. No more will he grow uneasy in fear and trepidation of being called in Dogma or History. No more will he practise his Italian on Luigi, and tell him that it would be impossible even to exist without his assistance. No more after luncheon will he hurry to find a letter from America, or hear the good news of a holiday. The old days are gone forever, and yet the same old ways continue, for Rome is always Rome. New faces will now greet you as you enter on the Via dell' Umilta, strange voices will be heard in the Cortile, and around Gigi's tailoring establishment. But Gigi will never change his salutation to the new arrival: "You want soutane very good?" Every student must know of that or else his education is neglected.

The old rooms are now occupied by other students, who no doubt will carry from them memories as pleasant as we have, and who perhaps may listen to Antonio's remembrance of No. 69 and the Italian students. It seems ages since all these things transpired, and I begin to feel a little old as I sit dreaming tonight and living the old times over again. I see the faces of old friends, and hear the merry voices as in those dear old college days, and fancy I hear Billie's rollicking laugh or Mac's loud knock at the door, and the oft-repeated question, "What's the lesson in Scripture for tomorrow?"

Was that Tom's voice I heard just now on the corridor asking "Frankie" if he heard from Cleveland yet? Ah! no, it is but a thought in my musings, a something of long ago, a bright scene that shall remain in memory forever as one of the links that binds me nearer to Rome. But I must awaken from my dreamings, and recall a few more incidents ere we bid farewell to the American Boy in Rome.

Farewell is always a sorrowful word, and yet it comes to us all, "a word that must be and has been." The friends we cherished and admired are about to leave us and take up their life's work. It seems

THE STATUE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WHERE OFTEN WE LINGERED.

that after all these five years have been but a preparation for parting and today but a sad visitor and bearer of sorrowful tidings. Yet we shall hope to meet again in that fair land "Of that true Rome, wherein Christ dwells a Roman."

A few hours more and the happy class is broken forever, never again to meet as happy students beneath the dome of Peter, but always to cherish those sentiments we imbibed in Rome, and principles that if closely followed will make us what our dear Padre Segno wished "true Romans and true Americans."

The last good-bye is spoken, and as Pasquale closes the cab door on Bill[illegible] and myself and wishes us bon voyage and a safe return to America we feel, as we pass the Via Archetto, that we have left an old dear friend, and a shade of sadness envelops us.

They have all departed now, and a new band of students take our places, no doubt eagerly wishing for their Trinity, and little dreaming that they too on that festive day must taste of the cup of sorrow.

Each of the newly ordained has some particular spot in Europe to see, and is anxious to visit it. It may be a few days of rest in lovely Lucerne, or perhaps a short stay in Florence or Milan, en route for the Emerald Isle. Then again some of our German enthusiasts may seek an hour of recreation close by the fair city of Munich. All, however, have looked perhaps for the last time on the Colosseum and Roman Forum, where our good friend Professor Marrucchi spent so many days with our class in archæology.

That parting was long ago and little did I in my mountain home dream of meeting so many of the American boys from Rome a few evenings ago, when our college class held its first reunion. Sure enough I had not left the carriage before I saw Jack's smiling countenance, and that old time salute "Buon Giorno Signore mio." It did seem good I assure you, and it was well worth all the difficulty in coming. "Well, well," I said,

A FRIEND OF PADRE SEGNO.

"you have not changed a day, but where are you holding forth may I ask?"

"In good old Manchester," he replied, "where a little of your bad Italian and worse French might make some kind of an impression. But wait, here's Tom, and Jim, and Michael, who never wore a frown, all ready for a laugh and a chat over by-gone days. Billie you know was unable to be present and I hardly expected to be here myself."

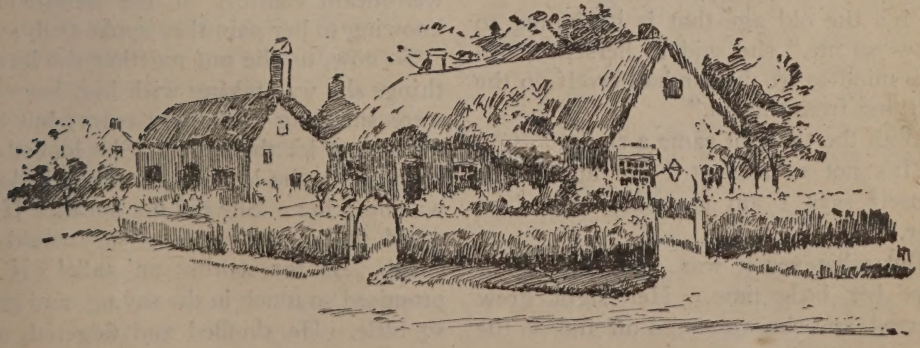
"We could ill-afford to lose you to-night, Jack, and although you do hold the title of Doctor you're the same good old friend of No. 30 Via dell' Umilta," said Tom. And just then I thought I heard that old familiar strain "For he's a jolly good fellow," one of the last songs we sang in the land of the Cæsars.

"Where are the others, Jack," asked Michael, "and how are they getting on in life's battle?"

"Well, Jim and myself are together, and Charles of Chicago is winning new laurels daily, I hear, in the plain chant line. The others are far away, some in the west, toiling earnestly and well, and all trying to live up to those good lessons we learned in our last retreat given by our kind and always considerate spiritual Director."

I returned to my mountain home, and felt a trifle sad as I picked up my Dante that evening and saw these few words poor Frank once wrote in it: "How hard is the path." They were written after we had spoken of leaving dear Alma Mater, a few nights, I think, before that memorable Trinity. How often in the stillness of evening do I review those days again, and long for an outing at Velletri, or a day with camarata at Tivoli, or a merry jest with Antonio while he busied himself arranging the chapel in nice order or swept the lower corridor with a broom that was used in the household of Cæsar, as Mac used to say.

Old days, a last good-bye. Wherever I go my last thought will be of you, and years shall but increase my love for Rome and the many pleasant hours spent with that merry group of students who entered in '96. May the same spirit that we fostered, one for the other, cling round that dear old home forever, and may each day add another charm to Roman life for the newcomers who take their places in the ranks we left. May their outgoing be filled with the same kindly feeling as ours, and midst the battle of life when scenes, and friends too, so often change, may they always be true sons and devoted followers of Alma Mater, ready to sacrifice for her sake, honoring her, loving her, faithful to Church and duty, and ever practising those virtues held up to us as the guide posts to victory when we were American boys in Rome.



"THE WOOING OF EILISHEEN."

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

Before the sorrow came upon Ireland there was a time of plenty on the people, and a very good time it was. In every hill-slope and deep in the valleys the crops were thick in their yields. O, it was a laughing age of peace! Now, the land but covers its lonely bosom with the fruitless brown of the bog-heath and the sadder brown of the talking rushes.

In Aughray o' the Mountains where Eilisheen lived they had never heard of fever or famine. Nor would she have had parley with either, but that she left the mountains and stepped westwards.

She might have dwelt under the purple shadows of them all her days but for an happening. For it was on a fleecy day of mist in the late autumn that her mother was in the bog cutting turf, and she saw a strange gray-green herb growing on the edge of a peat-hole. For better, for worse she gathered it. There was nothing in that—anyone with natural curiosity would do the same; but there was no need for her to nib-nibble at it as she trudged slowly homewards with the turf-creel slung on her shoulders, and the setting sun slanting at her from behind Slieve Cladiah.

When the first giddiness came on her she put it down to the weight of the dripping turfs, and staggered on.

"It's the old age that is beginning to show on me," she said to herself. "I'll take mind to let the girsha herself do the carrying from this on."

With the thought came a smile.

"It's not so ancient I am at all; for himself says I am as young-lookin' as ever."

But whatever it was, age or sleep, it gave her little time. Her sight grew blurred, and she wandered off and on the track, just saving herself blindly from sudden falls.

When she reached the bend of the road, at the smithy, she knew she would never reach home. She gave a sharp cry of agony, and her husband's arms closed round her. He had been coming along to meet her. She never felt his touch or heard the wail in his voice as he saw the death-mark on her face. Perhaps hereafter he would tell her how he suffered.

Even Eilisheen could not keep him from listening for the sound of vanished footsteps through the shieling, or watching for the sight of another face round the hearthstone. When the old year passed he followed *them*—and her.

Eilisheen stayed on in Aughray until the whins pricked their spiky green with scented yellow. Then she waited no longer. There was a pride in her, and a certain aloofness, that kept her solitary in the midst of many. Her pride could not soften the heart-break that lay in the emptiness of the house where she had been born.

"It's not by such a cold hearth ye should be sittin' at all, at all, if the man had the sinse of a man, an' the stren'th o' wan."

And Eilisheen turned away from the well-meant comfort of the neighbours, knowing to her pain they spoke truly.

So now, as she put together the bits o' things she was taking with her, her eyes were smarting with fiery tears; but she would not let them fall. She looked up at the man who leaned over the half-door, watching her. She did not speak. If he could find naught to say she would be silent. As for words; an' talk! It all promised so much in the saying, and gave so little. He shuffled and fidgeted, and

could not keep his eyes off her, try as he might! The loose waves of her hair fell in wonderful curls and clusters over her homespun gown of blue. That sun-kissed hair; where the red and gold took their pleasure, and made her seem, in that land of black-haired people, like the princess out of one of their own fairy-tales, with a living crown woven on her white brow.

Then, because the time was shortening, he spoke in to her. His face was a very pleasant one; but there was an indecision in the mouth and chin that his character wrought out. Yet she loved him. Her strong nature had wrapped his weak one in its power, and had given him attributes he had no claim to. And he? Oh well! he had for sure put himself into many a trouble for many a long day, because he would not give her up. His mother had set herself against the match just for contrariness, and because she had a warm seat by her son's cabin, and did not want another woman about the place. There was no need for two to do the work of one.

"But I will come for you, Eilisheen, see if I don't; over the big hills, and the long roads beyond. Oh! every foot of it will I take; but not until the bog-birds are mating again. Only a year round till I see you! I do not like to be sayin' the hard word to the old one. Shure the aguey chill may take her off in the dark days, an' no harm done! If I was alone now it's to me you'd be coming, not away to your strange kindred in the West!"

He paused to look up the road, then he came in and stood beside her.

"It's herself will be wondering what's become of me. But it will only be a black dream to us, all the lone days between, when I go to bring you home. It's not one I am for showing sorrow; but you are leaving me leaden days and nights to weary through till I stroke your hair again, acushla! I don't know how to live without you; but I misdoubt you'll forget me an'—"

She rose up and looked at him.

"Do you never be thinkin', dear, that what is hard for you is so much the harder for me?"

She came closer to him and put her hand on his arm.

"Milagh, do you not think that the love of a man's life comes first with him—not last? If you would put me in my right place, this once, your mother would soon get over it. It is only her comfort she thinks of, an' I would be a daughter to her."

"Shure!" he said impatiently, "we talked it over often before. It won't be long till she wears away, an' it's the terrible bad tongue she has in anger. She could put a spell on me an' spoil the beasts an' the harvest an' we would be ruined."

"Very well," she said calmly. "You may come along to the Stannin'-Stone with me—but let us say good-bye here."

She held up her face to him.

When they reached the Stone at the Crossways he rested her bundle on it, and looked down at her bowed head. Life gets very intricate at times, especially when two such opponents as Love and Cowardice choose a man's breast for their battlefield.

"To say the hard word," that was Milagh's fear.

"I do not like to see you faring solitary on your journey; but it will come as I say. On a day such as this, you'll see me on a far hill, then I will be down in a valley, then a long stretch of road, with maybe another hill to climb, then your arms! Vein o' my heart!"

She freed herself from him.

"You must not fear for me on my lonely journey, Milagh. I have money, and my father told me it all often before he died, even to the names of the people I

am to rest with at night. I do not fear for myself—it is the long waiting—"

She turned her face away.

"It is the shadow of farewell that is on me. I seem to be lookin' at you an' the mountains for the last time. As if I had left one life here and was going into another."

"That is foolishness, mavourneen; they will be turnin' your head, until I come, with praises of you. But you will not forget me?"

She slipped away and ran down the valley road with no word of parting. He climbed upon the stone, and stood shading his eyes gazing after her. The loneliness of that girlish figure in its blue gown! A feeling deeper than ever he had felt before surged up in him, like a wave, threatening to overthrow the flimsy barriers indolence and weakness had builded. He staked it all on one chance. Would she pause and look back?

"Ah! if you do, bit o' maythorn, it will not take me long to be even with your small feet, an' it's together we push forward or come back."

But she never stopped nor stayed. The tears were dropping so thickly that the road itself was swaying underneath her. She could not have seen him had she looked. As he stood, hesitating, seeing the gray distance gathering round her like a shadowy shroud, a boy came calling along the village lane.

"Milagh o' the Farm! Milagh! Milagh! Your mother is waitin' for ye this hour past."

He jumped down and went homewards.

PART II.

BY THE SEA.

So Eilisheen took the long road to the west and thereby journeyed into the land of the sunset. A land like an emerald heart throbbing and beating in beauty, with the snow-foam of the misty Atlantic forever fretting round the haunted shores.

But the fever and the famine stalked through the glamour of it; they never passed a shieling, no matter how humble, without one or other stepping in to sit for a while by the fire.

Now Eilisheen was a mountain girl, and this solitary country, with its leagues of flat morasses trailing off into the gray sky, ahead, with no hill or coppice to break the monotony, made her afraid. The purple-sided Aughray mountains, threaded by the blown silver of the leaping streams, had her still in their spell. But to her wonderment she experienced a stronger fascination than that of the rain-thralled giants behind her. For, as she walked along a road that was loosening into a cart-track, four days after leaving home, she felt a stinging wind on her face; but a wind that was as wine to her, and, for the time, put her sorrows away from her. She began to sing, and her tired feet kept dancing amongst the tiny heartease that dappled the sandbanks. All the while she heard a sound that is like none other the whole world over—the sound of the unfettered sea breaking upon a lonely shore. But she knew it not until, rounding a high slope, strewn with forgotten wreckage, and dried sea-weeds, she stood face to face with the ocean. For an instant she was motionless; then the Viking blood leaped in her veins, the sea-love came upon her, and she ran down the shallowy beach crying and laughing with pure joy. She stood at the edge of this new wonder, wherein every wave was a breath of living beauty. And the strength of it! Ah! and the great green breadth of it, flaked and ringed with the ceaseless hurry of its coming and going! She bruised her mouth upon the masses of wet shells and wrack, and slipped her arms up to the elbows in the crystal water of the glanc-

ing pools, crooning all the time like a mother over a tiny child. And this Joy —this Glory—was hers!

In a waking dream she reached her journey's end. It was a black enough welcome. The fever had been there before her, and it did not pass the doorway alone. They were very bitter about it, poor souls! "Just a slip of a girleen, an' she doin' no harm, an' they with but the wan."

The man's heart was maybe the sorer; but he did not let Eilisheen go by for all the ache. He could not bridle his wife's tongue. Between the gusts of her wild sobbing she looked darkly on the stranger, until the girl felt that she was taking the empty place the Dead only could rightly fill. She had no choice. Her cheeks burned as she thought of going north again. "He would think I was hung'rin' for him, an' could not content myself away!"

She would stay the days out; it would not be a long wait, either. The heat of summer was on them now. Her tenderness waked for the lonely mother-heart in the little cabin, and the man was her own father over again. Besides, whose hand was it who knocked at the weeny window of her room, and called her to rise and come forth in storm and shine? Whose but the sea.

The year mellowed and sickened.

One day in the Autumn she wandered over the bank-heads, herding the goats. It was a golden day, amber everywhere, save at the sky-line; there the storm-cloud lay blue-gray, like a trail of smoke, shadowy, yet impenetrable. She dallied, fascinated as ever by the restless majesty hundreds of feet below, and suddenly a puff of wind arose and lifted the kerchief off her hair, and carried it over the edge. It was a slight thing of little value; but to her it was the first snap in a chain of pearls. It was Milagh's last gift to her. She peered for one dizzy moment over, and saw it had caught in a briar some ten feet down. The thought of such a descent made her fall half-swooning on the grass. "It was the bad luck come to her an' she'd never see him more."

When she got up to go homeways the scarlet kerchief lay at her feet, and a strange man stared at her from the other side of the whin-bushes.

He was a man, too! Tall, and the hair of him red and long and curling. His eyes puzzled her they seemed so familiar, and yet unknown. It was not until long months afterwards she knew their secret. They had the changing beauty of the sea in them. He had some nets slung over his shoulder, and his jacket was made of fur. His face was tanned brown by sun and rain, and the mouth was hidden by a long, fair moustache. He did not seem to her to be a real man at all, he was so unlike any she had seen, and she called to mind stories of drowned sea-kings who appeared to the daughters of men round the solitary coast. But as she stooped to lift her treasure from the grass these thoughts had no hold upon her. She had no heed of wraiths or aught else as she faced him.

"Why did you do this? Think, had you fallen there below." She shuddered.

But he threw back his head and stared straight into her eyes.

"Because you are the one woman in the world for me. That is my answer to you."

He turned and swung down the sheep-track to the farther shore.

* * * * * *

When the whins grew scented with yellow, and the birds preened themselves, and trilled each other love-songs, she haunted the hill of the gray cairn, because from there the long road lay plainly stretched as a silver ribbon. And she saw many travellers speeding or loitering out of the gray distance. But none of

them mattered to her. Yet it was early days, and she cast no doubt on the dream of the future. Only her face grew white and the youth went out of her mouth and eyes. The woman in the cottage made it into a laughing-stock. "For shure! no man would foot it all that long, lone way for a bit of a girleen at the end, an' a red-haired wan, too! Ah no! Men were men, an' it was ever the nearest that was the dearest with them."

Under these stings Eilisheen grew listless. One day as she turned her eyes wearily from the sight of the passing of the Springtime, trying not to know that the promise of fruition that had lain like a soft green web on the land was merging rapidly into the deeper green of fruitage, she heard a man's voice crooning a ballad, on the other side of the old rath. She stood very quietly; but every nerve was tense with exaltation. Why had she doubted? It was a man from the mountains! No one else could know that song; the sweet Irish words dropped like honey one by one in the sunny stillness.

"I think I would journey a long way the world over
Without finding the like of you.
There could not be two of you and but one of me,
For where you are there I must stay and abide.

I do not fear Death that he will lead you away
For your soul is mine and I would go also,
Down into the Darkness, or up by the Stars,
God would smile when He saw two and not one!"

Swaying a little she went to meet the singer. As her shadow fell upon the grass he started up, and held out his hands.

"Donnan the singer!" she said.

"Ay, Eily; but 'tis the first song has passed his lips since you left us."

His face whitened and darkened under the stress of the moment. It had never been a secret between them, or anyone else in Aughray, that he loved her. But Milagh was his friend. There she stood, this love of a life, and ah! how changed she was!

They spoke of trivial things, the common gossip of parted friends, and all the time, underneath the unmeaning glow of talk, he saw the unspoken question in her eyes. His own gaze wandered past her. At last, soft as a snow-flake, came the name, "Milagh? What of him?"

"Oh! as for Milagh," he answered lightly, "he is as big as ever, an' getting on to doin' well, an' better, so they say."

"So they say!" she repeated wonderingly. "Do you not come from him—to—me—? Is he here with you now—only hiding to make me feared? Oh! what is it? what is it?"

He cursed himself for a fool. He had meant to leave no wound in that throbbing heart, to tell his story cunningly; but now there was no turning back. She knew, or guessed, his coming meant evil for her. A woman in love is a woman with a sixth sense. There was little or no need of words between them.

"I think I know what you keep from telling me," she said slowly. The speech was hurting her; her throat was like a flame.

"I am bleeding for you, mavrone, at my heart's core," he said, tenderly, "though I know I can never step beyond friendship with you—perhaps even be only a shadow in your life, yet what you are to me is unchanging. He was my friend, and I would that I had closed his eyes on his death-bed rather than borne this message."

"Then he did send me word? He has not forgotten?"

But his silence was enough.

After a while she asked, without looking at him, "Who is the woman?"

"How did you know that?" he replied.

"Ah!" she said, and the ghost of a

cruel smile showed in her face, "there is always a reason for men's ways. It is only we poor fools who change as the wind does, without any sense at all. But a man! Oh! they plan out every foot of the road they journey, with its kindness and its faithlessness. Who is she?"

"A stranger, well-to-do. She has brought them three beasts, and the feeding of them, an' the old mother is greatly set up on her for her son. But her looks are not to my liking."

"And you came the long travel just to tell me this?"

He looked at her averted face.

"Ay, just to keep you from wasting the sweet of your life. He was not fit to be trod by your little foot. He has the soul of a bat in his big man's body. There are others—there is one near by who cannot bear to see your cheeks wearing thinner—"

She turned and held out her hands to him.

"No! No! don't spoil the last bond that I hold with affection, and to you. The old love is but this moment plucked up. The hurt it leaves is very deep, and ah! it aches! it aches!"

She pressed her hands to her heart.

"I must stay here in all the years to come, here by the sea. I will not look on your mountains again, nor will I trust the word of a mountainy man ever. I might have known that Happiness and I have said good-bye, as you and I do—now."

In silence he took her snow-cold hands, and watched the slow tears dropping down her face. In silence, too, he took the long road home, and so passed out of her life for always.

* * * * * *

Then her days sank into grayness. There was nothing to remember, because Memory meant pain. There was less to hope for. Milagh had seen to that. The present was hers alone, with empty dreams to fill it full of mockery. Blank days, and blanker nights, yet full of the summer's rarest witcheries,—the sun-kissed flowers, the strong breath of sea-scented grass, the slow dawns, and purple-misted sunsets. And through all, the sea itself, pulsing and leaping, foaming and surging under the smile of a sky never rain-clouded.

These things passed before her like shadows; their joys of springing sap and blooming bud did not enter into the darkened house of her soul; but unconsciously to her the beauty was healing her. In time even the thrawed faith might be woven to perfection again.

It was the crisis in Eilisheen's life, and she standing solitary with none to guide or bless.

Through all the dull days, before and after Donnan's coming, she was aware of a presence—a Someone who watched her, never intruding, but lynx-eyed, from cliff and inland hill, by shore and meadow. She met the gaze of steady eyes sometimes through the matted tangles of blackberry briars; sometimes they stared up at her out of a covering of whispering brackens; or oftener, as she sat on a rock, with her fingers busy in wonderful embroideries, a footstep would crunch the sandy gravel behind her, and, without looking, she knew it for the same. If she did turn her head suddenly, she would catch a glimpse of a tall figure, with its burden of nets slung loosely round the broad shoulders. Those same strong arms would fearlessly breast the sweep of the long rollers, cleaving the green waters with even stroke, and tossing the white feathers of the spray backwards, till it gleamed as a crown of snow on the swimmer's bronze hair. At such times the girl muttered a prayer for his safety, for the human life out there, at the mercy of wind and tide, seemed so pitifully frail.

She need not have feared for him. On all the sea-border there was none braver or more skilled in the cunning wisdom of the sea. There was the glamour and gloom of mystery about him, and he let it remain so. His home was perched on a tiny island of rock and turf, at the mouth of the bay, and there he had built him a house. It was accounted a castle by the folk on the mainland, and they told in hushed tones of the curious woods, and rare hangings, he had garnished his nest with, things cast at his very threshold by the wanton hands of the sea. For by that island many ships came to anchor, and their harborage was fathoms down, down on the cruel jagged teeth of hidden reefs. On the landward, sunny side of his kingdom, Freel the Frisian made a sleeping place for those whom he found when the storm calmned, and there they sleep to this day.

He spoke to few, and no one had crossed his doorway. He was held as an alien, a stranger, one whose ways were outlandish, and only the fact of his iron fist, and manner of using it, kept the fisher-people from laughing at him when he strode amongst them. But, after months of silent interest, Eilisheen grew to think him the incarnation of the sea itself; strong and mysterious.

Still hoping against hope she climbed the hill and scanned the road to the north. Perhaps the old love was dying, and she was striving to keep it alive for the sake of memory. Milagh's niche was empty; she would not have allowed him, had he come, to step into her heart and life again. She was amazed at her own inconstancy, and so strove to quicken the whitening embers of affection into the crimson flame of love, by spending lone hours of watching on the gray cairn. It was about that time she remembered how to smile, and she used to sing to herself, and then stop, as if the past had just put its icy hand on her and frozen the music dumb. But she could not help her face changing into happy beauty.

One day in mid-winter, when the afternoon was glooming to dusk, and the sea was moaning sullenly, she ran lightly up the worn sheep-track, holding her scarlet hood round her closely, for the air was nipping. "For the last time," she said, as she stood breathless on the summit, and the thought brought little or no sorrow with it.

Before she could scan the frozen road beneath her a voice spoke softly out of the twilight.

"Why do you watch for one who comes not?"

She knew who stood there, and some foreboding seized her, she who was so serene and calm in her bearing, and she leant against the frosted stones for support. She could not speak, and the deep voice went on.

"I've followed you every time you came here, although you saw me not. It was pain to me to watch you grieving for a sorrow that is no sorrow."

The pride of a rejected love stung her into anger.

"What do you—you—know of my sorrow?"

She stood up very straightly.

"You are a sea-man, and a stranger; what can you know of the lives of landfolks? Nothing! You only guess. Our ways and yours they never meet."

"I've heard all," he said. "I know you wait still, and watch always, to see the false mountain lover come laggard from away yonder—but he will never come. He loves his beasts, and his warm hearthstone, and the sight of two women working for him; he loves these and not you; blind fool that he is! O Blind Fool!"

Her head sank like a flower beaten by the rain.

"You speak truly," she said, "he will never come, and I do not care, now, save that no woman likes to be chosen and

then—set aside. My pride is sore, not my heart. Nothing can stir it again for pain or pleasure."

"I have much to say to you, and little time to waste in speech," he said.

"You can have nothing to say to me," she replied wonderingly.

"Ah! you will see. Do not turn away—and still what matters it? We have all time to look at one another in. Look where thou likest and I will talk to thee. And first I would have you know that I love you! I love you!"

"Love!" her voice was cutting.

"Yes, but my heart matches my body, maiden, and you are the only thought in both. I think I must have been waiting for you always to leave your grim mountains and come to the sea—and to me! The sea and me! And you for us both. You, and no other, forever. And I will tell you another thing. Who but yourself is like unto me in this land of strangers? I am no alien to you, or you to me. See! we are alike in face, in form, and in—our loves!"

He laughed low as he saw her quick gesture of dissent. The belated sun burned through the mist, and one fierce spear from his burning came to the help of the man and his wooing. It rested on his uncovered head, and on hers, from which the hood had slipped, and bathed them both in the same glow. She raised her eyes and looked at him. It was as he said. The red-bronze curls, and underneath the changing eyes, blue to gray-green! The level brows, and the lips cut into flexible curves! And the dented chin! It was her own face looking back at her, and yet—and yet—it was as utterly unlike as it was like. For the face is a mask; granted a mask of beauty at best; but we look at the soul for the understanding of the masker.

The light dazzled her, so that she missed that supreme moment in the life of a man and woman, when each soul thrusts aside the body and asks the truth for itself, without a mediator; but he saw her dreaming soul awake, and peer for one instant through her eyes, wistfully, pleadingly, and he read the unspoken question.

He smiled and his voice hushed to a murmur.

"You may doubt all else, life! death! the stars! the sea! but you must *never* doubt this, never in this world or another, that I love you, and that you are mine. Even if I leave you now, and you do not see me again, or hear me speak again, you will be mine all the same, and I am not afraid of another man taking my place."

"You are very sure," she said, and her eyes stared down on the rusted heather at her feet.

"You do not look at me, Eilyeena. Are you angry with me for telling you? I had to; I go away tomorrow seal-hunting, to the Outer Islands, and it is no work for your small hands, else I would take you, for the waiting will be hard on you."

"What waiting?" she said scornfully.

"Until I come back," he said tenderly. "But you cannot escape me. I will not turn to another girl, and let your eyes grow dim looking vainly for me. No! I will come back, alive or dead, to claim you, and I will find you watching! But it will not be the inland road you'll be sitting by, but beside the sea."

She turned round to speak, but he caught her hands in his and crushed them to his breast.

"Ah! do not speak. Keep silent as I have ever seen thee. We will have a time, and times, for love-talks. Think of the long days we two will spend together. We four! You and I, Love and the Sea! Let your hands stay. Do not—but you cannot—take them away. When I come back you will not want to take them from my holding—or your hair—or your heart!"

She shivered; the night was creeping on them, and it was very cold. He leaned forward to draw her cloak round her, and the fringe of her hair swept his throat.

"I have forgotten thee, little one," he said softly. "Thy hair is wetted with the mist, and the frost. But it is all I carry with me until Springtime, this remembrance of thee, and it is a weary time for both of us."

He stared down at her white face, and as he did a tear fell on his hand.

"It is so long since anyone cared—and I am tired," she said brokenly.

In a moment his arms were round her, and her head was on his breast. Just for an instant; before she could free herself his grasp was unloosed and his kiss was on her lips.

"You will remember my words when you cannot see the speaker. Now may all the Saints bless the head I love! Farewell!" And he was gone!

* * * * * *

When the snows were melting, and sliding from the hidden green of the land, and the blackthorn in the hedge was flowering, she stood at the threshold on a day of sun and looked under shaded eyes over the skimming waves. Far away, like a great bird, brown against the blue skyline, she saw the sails of a boat. Nearer and nearer it came along the path the wind made for it. Ah! it would pass. So many sails she had watched—half unwittingly. But the steersman tacked for the mouth of the bay, and her heart told her why. She paused, cast a look up the inland road, and another into the cottage—then, with a flushing cheek, she took the path down to the sea.

A HUMBLE PASTEL.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

High noon; across dead fields the Angelus rings;
The humble toilers pause; a far bird sings.
Deep silence reigns; the voice of bell and bird
In mingled harmony alone is heard.
Within, a woman kneels beside the bed;
Upon her arm a tangled, curly head,
Half praying, and half crooning lullabies.
One toil-worn hand in benediction lies
Upon the baby brow; and one is pressed
In "Mea Culpa!" to her sluggish breast.
O, weary woman of the toil-worn hands,
And patient, loving heart—God understands!

HER COUSIN GERALD.

BY KATHERINE F. MULLANY.

"Miss Katherine O'Neil." So read the bit of pasteboard in Gerald Burke O'Neil's hand.

"Who the dickens is this," soliloquized the young lawyer. "I don't know any 'Katherine' in the family. By George! The governess! I had clean forgotten what Minnie said about her being in the city and wanting us to know each other. And Minnie says she is a literary genius too. Wish to Heaven she had come another day, when I would not be so busy!" and he looked ruefully at his open law books heaped upon and about his table. "Well, Gerry, you might as well face the music, at once, and be done with it. I'll make the visit as short as possible by asking her in here, when she will see how busy I am, and go. Heavens! Suppose she pins me on literature, and talks dictionary! If she does," here he looked as savagely as his good natured face *could* at the open window; but he didn't quite make up his mind as to whether it would be this new relative, or himself, who would go through it.

By this time he had run his fingers through his close crop of curling hair, pulled down his cuffs, and was standing at the outer office door, the picture of annoyance. "I wish this literary O'Neil was in Harlem!" he grumbled. "Homely as a hedge fence, I'll be bound, like all the literary women I ever saw or heard tell of. You just wait, Minnie O'Neil Burke! If I don't pay you off for this genealogical tree crimbing, call me Davy!" Here he opened the door with an unconscious jerk—to find himself face to face with a singularly charming and graceful-looking young woman with a pair of mischievous brown eyes, that seemed to read his very soul, as she said in one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard: "So you are my cousin Gerald?"

"I hope so, anyway," was his smiling response; and Gerald Burke O'Neil forgot then and there that he was a busy man, and thought only of the charming woman before him—his cousin!

"But you don't look a bit like the O'Neils I know," she averred, shaking her head. "They were all black-haired, blue-eyed, and of ordinary build; while you are a real giant, with hair like a Saxon. Wherever *did* you get that curly flaxen crop? Surely not from your father's side of the house."

She wasn't a bit "stiff" or stilted, he decided.

"No. But first tell me where you got such brown eyes? The O'Neils, you say, were all blue-eyed." (By this time they were seated before the open law books, but Gerald never glanced at them.)

"Oh, I got them from my mother, who came from the south of Ireland, and had Spanish blood in her veins; but the rest of me is O'Neil."

"Well, my 'Saxon crop' came over with the invaders, at the time of Strongbow, or later, I suppose. My mother—God rest her soul—was of pure De Burgo lineage—God save the mark!—on her father's side, and her mother came down from the Black North, where white heads are plentiful, they say."

"Why do you say 'God save the mark' as if you didn't prize your De Burgo lineage one bit?"

"Simply because I detest snobbery. That's 'why.' This craze after 'noble line' in our country is simply an indication that the health of the Republic needs a good tonic. If we keep on, nothing short of a crowned head will make our aristocra-

cy, so-called, satisfied with their native land. We are getting too fond of sweetmeats, social and otherwise, and too altogether conceited over our prowess. Too much prosperity puffs up nations as well as individuals; and that is ever the precursor to a tumble of some kind. What is all this foolery about 'blue blood' but the pulse of monarchy? The De Burgos, by an accident of circumstances, were of a baronial family; and, when planted in Irish soil, became autocrats and harsh rulers, until they mingled their blood with that of the conquered."

"No! Not 'conquered,' Cousin Gerald; you know the Irish have never been that."

"Well, with the 'oppressed,' if that will suit you better. But what an Irish woman you are! You would be quite an Irish Joan of Arc, if you were born there. It is seldom one finds a 'country born' as hot as you seem to be on the Irish question."

She laughed. "That's what the Burneys say of me. But we won't even *think* of them, this afternoon, please. I have come down here because I want to forget them. I want to find out how much of an O'Neil you are. Whatever the De Burghs were, the O'Neils were of kingly line."

"Did you ever know of an Irish family that was not of a line of kings?" and he laughed a mellow, teasing laugh that had a tone of sarcasm in it, a tone she liked.

After which these new cousins chatted on as if they knew each other for years, instead of minutes, each admiring and liking the other better and better as the minutes lengthened into an hour.

Gerald felt that never before had he met such a charming cousin; and genealogical Minnie, whose snobbish fad of family tree climbing had brought about this acquaintance, was endowed with a good sense he had never before discovered in her.

In one of the conversational pauses, occasioned by their merry laughter, a near-by clock chimed out the hour, making Katherine O'Neil rise hastily to her feet, exclaiming: "Oh, cousin Gerald! and I must be at the Burney house at 4.30, or be changed into stone by Mademoiselle's stare. Really, I must not stay another minute."

"Why I haven't said half to you that I want to say. No; you are not going until you tell me when and where I'll see you again, for, I suppose, it wouldn't be pleasant to call on you."

"Not unless you enjoy the process of being frozen to death or stared out of countenance."

"I'd risk the latter, being a lawyer; and I'd not be afraid of the frost, being an Irishman. But I won't waste any of my sweetness on their desert air. No; you are not going," placing a detaining hand on the door, "until you say when I'll see you again. We haven't half finished about the 'clans' and I am going to convince you that the O'Neils, of whom you are so proud, were no better than others of as good a descent—even though Hugh *did* defy Queen Bess grandly; and Owen Roe broke his heart over Irish woe and Irish traitors. Suppose you meet me at the Park next Sunday, about three, near the museum. That's convenient to your place of punishment—and we will have it out. All right, then, I'll let you go, since you seem really distressed. Surely they can't be such gorgons as—" But she was gone.

"Bless her bright face!" he whispered softly to himself. "She is a darling and no mistake. Cousin? Um-m-m! I wonder how near. I'll have to enquire into that."

Two months later Gerald Burke O'Neil held this letter in his hand:

Dear Cousin Gerald:—I'm tempted to

vulgarize that high sounding name into "Gerry," because of your plebian tendencies and your insistence in minimizing my name into unmusical Kate; but I like it too well. I'm coming down to see you again, if you are in town, to save myself from being sent to Bloomingdale. Madame B—*et Mademoiselle aussi,* have set me on the edge of nervous prostration, by their exactions; and I must see someone—someone of my *own*—or die! So, as you are the only one I have, you must prepare yourself as a sacrifice, willing or otherwise, for the offering to my melancholia.

I have to listen to slurs on the Irish every day and often through the day, or lose my position if I lose my temper, and the restraint is wearing me thin. These people imagine themselves wonders of the world because they have Quaker blood in them. Quaker, indeed! The O'Neils had a name in the world a thousand years before the apostles of "thee" and "thou" inhaled the breath of arrogant England! and so I am tempted, full oft, to tell them they simply advertise their ignorance by slurring grand old Ireland.

The other day I exploded when they said something about "The ignorance of the Irish as a nation." "Of course, *you* are an exception," said Mademoiselle, turning her insolent eyeglasses full upon me, and smiling with that smile I hate. It is meant to display her dazzlingly white teeth—the only bit of beauty she possesses. "Pardon me," I said, as calmly as possible, "but the Irish, *as a nation,* were noted for their learning when England was sunk in barbarism. When Julius Cæsar found the Britons dressed in a garb of blue paint, embroidered with tattooing, Erin was known as the Holy Isle; and so she has remained, even after seven hundred years of British brutality. If the Irish are ignorant, it is not from choice, but from English cruelty. The barbarian is still rampant in the descendants of Cæsar's savages."

I really thought my hour had come after that sally; but, do you know?—they have let Ireland and the Irish alone ever since! Not the remotest allusion to captive Erin! but the blue of Cæsar's Britons is pale beside the indigo atmosphere of this dwelling. I am so saturated with it that I drink blueness; so have pity on me, and tell me what part of your legal time you can bestow in alms, on your desperate

Cousin Kate.

O'Neil uttered an undiluted expletive as he finished this note, dated a whole month before, and which had been lying on his desk, for that time, with the rest of his unopened mail, during a protracted business trip to the West.

"Poor little soul! What must she think of my silence? Those devilish people must have broken her heart by this time!" And he dashed off a note of explanation, asking her to come next day.

When Katherine appeared next day, looking harassed and worn, he just put his arm around her, impulsively, and kissed her twice, before she had time to say a word. He laughed, delightedly, at her amazement and confusion, and said: "Why, Kate, that's all right, isn't it? Aren't you my cousin? No, you are not going to sit away over there, either. Come right here near me. There! Now you can tell me all about everything." And so she did, until all the soreness went out of her spirit. A woman can't relieve her overcharged feelings with any *one* word, however expressive; so she uses many.

"Kathleen," said her cousin abruptly, during the visit, "why is it you never married? A woman, like you, must have had offers, in plenty."

"Just because I never met anyone who

satisfied my ideal of a man; and then—I don't want to change my name. I like O'Neil too well." Gerald laughed at the way in which she said this, and a light came into his eyes, that she didn't see, as he put his hands over them for a minute before asking: "What is your ideal of a man, Kate? A handsome, clever fellow, I suppose, with a pile of money?" He knew better but wanted to draw her out.

"Handsome! No, indeed. Beauty is well enough to look at, but it rarely satisfies the heart. My knowledge of handsome men leads me to think them a lot of popinjays, for the most part; and, if they aren't that, they are a dissipated lot, fonder of their own pleasure than of nobler purposes. Spoiled by admiration from their babyhood! No; handsome men never touched my heart, in the least, Gerald; though I like to look at them, well enough, at a distance. I love beauty for itself."

"What a critic you are. I begin to fear you. Well, but what *is* your ideal?"

"My ideal?—Well, it's an old-fashioned one, and belongs to the age of chivalry, not to this: one who reverences his conscience as his king; who speaks no slander, no, nor listens to it; who loves one maiden and cleaves unto her; who honors his word and loves truth and teaches high thought; who is courtly, kind and generous; who loves the fame of an upright life—and all that makes a man—a man!"

"Another King Arthur, I perceive. No wonder you are left unmated, Kate, with all that idealism about you! Couldn't you be satisfied, now, with just an honest fellow's honest love? A man that would shield you from every rough wind, and be kind and considerate without spoiling you by too much attention? Oh, you needn't laugh! A woman can be spoiled by too much, just as well as a man; only it is harder to tell where to stop, in her case, she can absorb so much of it."

"But what you say, Gerald, is the same ideal, in homelier phrasing. Yes, I would be satisfied with such an affection, provided our tastes and dispositions were in harmony."

"In other words, if he was your intellectual equal, or even superior, without making you feel your inferiority; if he could conquer you, in fact, you belligerent woman! I am inclined to think that he who wins you will have to do it masterfully, and by a sudden onslaught. Well, he will be a happy fellow that can do that same. In truth I—envy him. Now, then, I am going to spring a mine on you. Why couldn't you come and live with me until that Knight of the Round Table makes his appearance? I have been longing for a home of my own this many a day, and ever since I received your letter, I have made up my mind that the best thing for both of us to do is to get a home of our own, where Quakers will have no power to make you unhappy. We are cousins, you know, and it would be all right. Not a word, now. Take a couple of days to think of it. And now, I am going out with you. You look as if you needed a dose of ozone; if we can get it within the far reaching tentacles of Greater New York."

This cousin of hers was very masterful indeed, Kate thought, but she liked him all the better for it.

That night Gerald dropped in to see Father Donahue, a college friend.

"Hello, Ger! What's happened to make that homely face of yours shine as though you had prisoned the sun in your eyes?" was the first greeting of his friend.

"Only an inspiration, Father, an inspiration from 'Above' I believe."

"Well, let's hear it. The devil, you know, can assume the form of an angel

of light, in order to deceive the uninitiated. But, beg pardon! lawyers are so well acquainted with 'his Honor' that—ahem!—So you have had an inspiration?"

"Yes. You know how you have been bothering me to settle down and have a home of my own? Well, I am thinking of doing that same."

"U-m-m. Who is the chosen one? You seem to have made up your mind in a hurry."

"Yes again; but—it isn't just as you think. 'Tis only a little cousin of mine that I have found, and I want to make a home for her. She is a jewel of a woman, Father Tom, and I know you'll like her. She is entirely alone in the world and,—but I'll tell you all about her." Father Donahue listened to his friend's outpouring of "cousinly" eulogium without a word, but he looked very meditative as the relation went on.

At the finish he asked quietly: "How near a cousin is she, Ger? You forgot to say."

The lawyer laughed comprehensively.

"Her great, great grandfather, and my great, great grandmother were first cousins."

"Um-m-m. Pretty close kinship, that, I should say. Somewhere about the twenty-first degree. Well, Ger, you will have to give up that house-keeping plan of yours, or else—"

"Well?"

"Marry her, if she will have you."

"Marry her," he echoed, quietly. "Well, yes, so I will—if she'll let me. Thanks, Father Tom; your idea is good, even if not original. 'Tis what I wanted you to say, without asking for it."

"Well, well! You lawyers *are* a tricky lot and no mistake. No wonder 'tis said the devil is the patron saint of your mendacious order! When are the banns to be published? You know long courtships are seldom resultant of happy marriages."

"Oh, I'd marry her tomorrow if she would let me; but I am afraid I will have to go slow about it. You see, Kate looks at me as merely a cousin, as yet; and the Lord only knows if she can be won to look upon me in any other light. Yet—" and Gerald paused—but his eyes spoke.

"Well, try her. If she won't have you—but I know she will, if she has either the good sense or the wit you claim for her—why it will be better to find it out at once, Ger, before you are burned worse than you are; and you are pretty well singed, as it is."

O'Neil sighed as he looked his friend in the eye and said: "You are right, old friend, I am pretty well singed, but—"

"Whatever your luck, Gerald, keep your head! The heart of a man should always be subordinate to his head. 'Tis only weak-hearted woman, or, rather—weak-headed woman—who lets the heart rule, to her own destruction, only too frequently. Remember that! for, once in a while a big, soft-hearted fellow like you goes to wreck and ruin because the woman he wants is lost to him some way; or else he grows sour and hard and bitter. Do neither, Gerald; but you won't, I know; at least I hope you won't. But one never can depend on the heart of a man, in matters of this kind—more's the pity! If aught evil soiled your white soul, I would mourn, I would indeed."

"Don't worry, Tom, old friend! I'm not such a paretic as all that, be sure. Too old by far. Still—I'll be hard hit if she won't, for she seems to belong to me; fits into this empty heart of mine like an absent bit of it. Some way I feel as if it will come out all right."

"Well, you are old enough anyway, to have sense, and that's the main thing. Yes, and you have kept your soul too clean and your heart too upright, in the sight of your God, Gerald, to have Him

let you go astray in an affair of this kind. You lawyers know more—next to the priesthood—about the misery that results from ill-assorted marriages; so—be wise in season! You don't know this girl as long as I would like to have you, if you were a younger man; but I can trust that head of yours, I think; and your heart, whatever the rest of your wicked fraternity may be, has the right kind of chords to respond to the whisper of God's messenger. I used to hope that you would hear His voice calling you, as did Alphonsus Liguori; but—God's ways are not our ways; and the Church needs now, more than ever, perhaps—good husbands and wives, good fathers and mothers. The family is the foundation of earthly blessedness, the backbone of the nation—and the family, alas! is being undermined in an appalling manner by the red wickedness of divorce. Well, well, good night, Gerald, good night, and—God bless you! That clever tongue of yours will win the day, I am convinced, with its inherited eloquence and blarney; but I'll give you a 'memento' nevertheless. Ah, if men and women would only ask God's guidance, and *follow it,* when given—there would be no unhappy marriages. Safe home, Gerald, and let me hear the result."

When Katherine O'Neil next met her cousin, which was in the Park, by appointment, a week later, he whisked her away to a little rustic observatory on an isolated rock, where he could have her to himself and keep all contiguous paths under vigilance.

"Now then," he said, "I am going to say something that will make all your O'Neil blood curdle in your veins. Kate, I want you to marry me; and, what's more, you've got to do it! Hush! not a word now! I, Gerald Burke,—*Burke* mind you!—am master of your fate and you have nothing to say about it! Do you understand? No cousin in the question. That's all settled. Father Donahue is waiting the word to publish the banns, and"—here he sat down beside her—"and Kate, I'll love you as the very core of my heart."

What could a lonely woman do after that?

When they were parting that evening Kate said, with all her mischief rampant: "Do you know, Gerald, why I have consented to get married?"

"Because you are in love with me, and would die if I didn't ask you."

"You know better than that. No. It is because—*I won't have to change my name!* I'll still be an O'Neil."

"Wouldn't you marry me if I were a whole Burke?"

"Never!"

"I don't believe you." And he was right.

Father Donahue published the banns a week after; and when the Burneys heard of it they said, "Those vulgar Irish!" But the "vulgar Irish" cared very little for their opinion.

(Courtesy of Catholic Union and Times.)

RT. REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Rt. Rev. James Edward Quigley, D.D., Archbishop-elect of Chicago, was born, October 15, 1855, in Oshawa, Ontario. While he was yet little more than an infant his parents moved to New York state, residing for a brief space in Lima and Rochester, and permanently establishing their home in Buffalo, within the bounds of the cathedral parish, of which in after years their gifted son became rector. His early education was received under the tutelage of Father Edward Quigley of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and under the Christian Brothers of St. Joseph's College. In 1872 an examination for a West Point cadetship was held in Buffalo, and every institution of learning put forth a candidate. The future archbishop was the one to win the coveted trophy, but he did not demand the fruit of his victory. Instead he went to the Vincentian seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Suspension Bridge, and once again devoted himself to his studies. Bishop Ryan of the diocese of Buffalo had been attracted to the

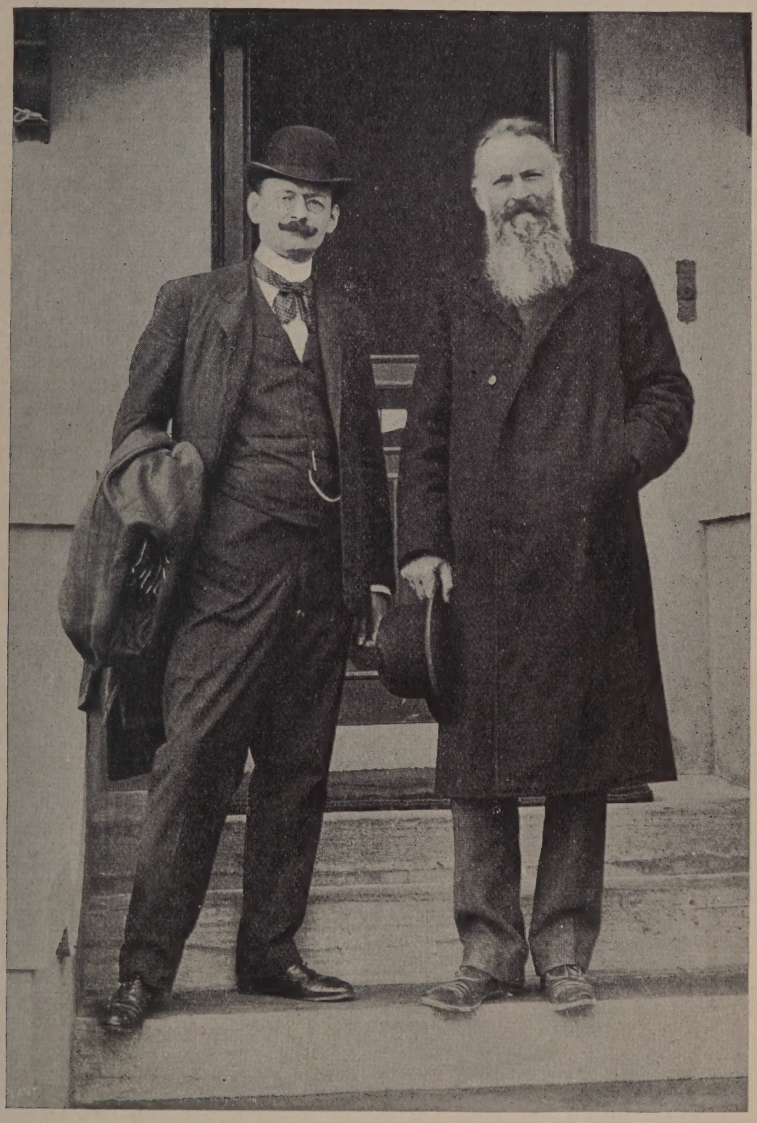
young student by this time and he procured for him in 1873 a "bursch" in the University of Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. Thence he went to the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Here he bore off the honors of his class again, and received the title "Summa Cum Laude" in May, 1879. He had already in that year received holy orders at the hands of the cardinal vicar of Rome. He returned home, and before the close of the year was assigned by Bishop Ryan to a rectorship at Attica, N. Y., where he remained until he was sent to Buffalo as rector. The episcopal see of Buffalo became vacant in April, 1896, through the death of Bishop Ryan, and the bishops of the ecclesiastical province of New York unanimously indorsed his candidacy for the high office. He was named for the vacant bishopric by Pope Leo, December 14, 1896. In his life in Buffalo Bishop Quigley

RT. REV. J. STARIHA, D.D.

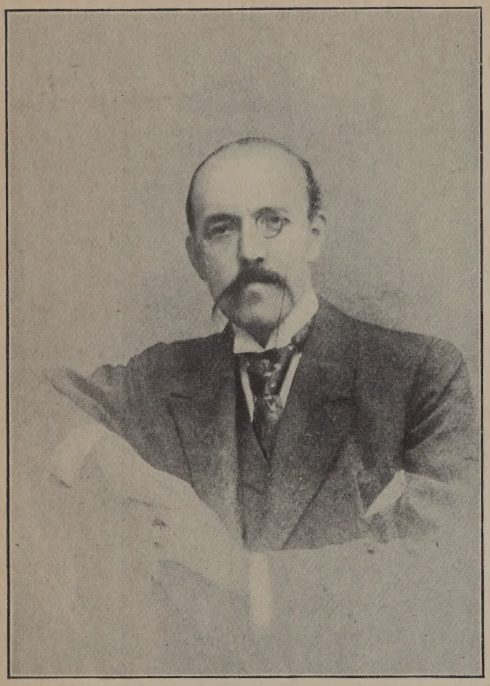
has become one of the most beloved of all men in public or private life. He was untiring in his efforts to aid in the settlement of the big strike there of the grain shovelers in 1899, and was strong in his opposition to socialistic control of labor unions.

Rev. Francis J. Barry, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, in his annual report, gives to the public much interesting information relative to the status of the Church in Chicago, and the progress achieved in the past year. The new Archbishop assumes spiritual control of a Catholic population of 1,000,000. The children in parochial schools and other Church educational institutions number 92,000, which is an increase of 12,000 over the preceding year.

There are at present 370 places of worship.



DR. F. MUELLER. PROF. DR. ADOLF LORENZ.



HENRI DE REGNIER.

Of these 153 are within the city limits. Seventy-one in Chicago are English-speaking churches, including one church for negroes. There are thirty-four German Catholic churches, eighteen Polish, ten Bohemian, four French, five Italian, one Greek, one Syrian and one Dutch.

The largest parishes in the city are the St. Stanislaus Polish parish, which numbers 30,000; the Holy Family Jesuit parish, English-speaking, 20,000; St. Michael's German-speaking parish, 15,000.

The entire number of priests in the Archdiocese is 566, of which number 149 belong to religious orders and 417 are secular priests. The number of children confirmed by Bishop Muldoon during the past year was 20,632. The financial condition of the Archdiocese is reported to be better than it has ever been before and reports on individual parishes which pastors have submitted to the chancery office show a steady gain in numbers of attendance, school enrollment and church finances.

The consecration of Rev. John N. Stariha, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, St. Paul, and vicar general of the diocese, to be bishop of Lead, S. D., and Rev. James J. Keane, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Minneapolis, to be bishop of Cheyenne, Wyo., took place recently, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Bishop Stariha was born near Laibach, Austria, in 1845. He came to this country when about 22 years old, and studied theology at the seminary of St. Francis in Milwaukee, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1869.

He served a few years in Michigan, going to St. Paul in 1872. He was appointed by Bishop Grace to Marystown, and the small parishes and missions in Scott county. After a few years he was sent to Red Wing, where he took charge of many new parishes growing up in Goodhue county. At the end of 1883 Bishop Grace found that owing to the increase of German people in the West Seventh street district it would be necessary to organize a new parish, and he appointed Rev. Father Stariha to take charge of it. In December, 1897, on the death of Msgr. Caillet, he was appointed vicar-general of the archdiocese of St. Paul.

In the sixty-one years in which St. Paul has been the seat of a bishop or archbishop, nine priests have been elevated to the episcopacy. But unusual as is that honor, and still more unusual as is the distinction of elevating two priests to the episcopacy on the same day, the archdiocese was still more greatly

CHINESE MINISTER'S SON AND BRIDE.

distinguished on a former occasion, for on December 27, 1889, three priests were consecrated at the same time. Those three were Rt. Rev. Joseph B. Cotter, bishop of Winona; Rt. Rev. John Shanley, bishop of Fargo, and Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, bishop of Duluth. Two of the three took an important part in the recent ceremonies, Bishop Cotter and Bishop McGolrick.

The marvelous success in surgery achieved by Doctor Lorenz has so absorbed public attention that his even greater character-success has been partially lost sight of. And yet it is a feature of his career that should be kept prominently in view. From "Camp and Plant," which publishes a comprehensive review of the doctor's life and work, including a hospital bulletin of his American cases, we take the following. We are also indebted to the courtesy of this weekly for the portrait of Doctors Mueller and Lorenz, one of many fine illustrations appearing in the Lorenz number.

"In 1880 he received his degree in medicine, and was appointed chemical assistant to Professor Albert, who occupied the chair of surgery in the great Austrian school. Professor Albert soon found in young Lorenz rare qualities, and gave him many advantages. It was the height of Dr. Lorenz's ambition to be a general surgeon. He was making rapid progress in this direction when an unforeseen obstacle appeared in his path which obliged him to abandon his course and take up a special branch of his profession, known as orthopedic surgery.

This was at the time when Professor Lister, of London, made known his great discovery of antiseptics. Strong solutions of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury were used to sterilize hands, instruments and wounds. Constant applications of these solutions so irritated the skin of Dr. Lorenz's hands that he was obliged to give up the use of antiseptics, which meant giving up general surgery and operations with the knife. Poverty, scant food and hard work made no impression upon him except to stimulate him and spur him on to action and success, but now came in his way a difficulty which semed insurmountable. He must give up his ideals. All his hard work for years must go for naught. An education and special training in a particular direction, obtained under adverse circumstances and against odds, were to be laid aside.

Discouraging it was indeed, but the will of former years again asserted itself, and when Professor Albert suggested that he turn his attention to orthopedic surgery, which would not necessitate the employment of the objectionable solutions, he again took courage and began his professional life in a new field. The idiosyncrasy which caused his hands to be so sensitive seemed almost providential. Had it not been thus, there would have been delayed, perhaps for years, the discovery made by Professor Lorenz which has been and will be the means of relieving thousands from deformity and suffering."

A wedding of unusual interest was that of Mr. Charles Hsing Ling, second son of the Chinese Minister in Paris, to Mlle. Genevieve Denux, a French lady. After the civil formalities had been carried out, the bride and bridegroom, who are both Catholics, went to the church of St. Philippe du Roulee, where the religious ceremony was celebrated. The Chinese ambassador and a great number of the staff of the Embassy were present in gala costume. The bridegroom wore his robe of office as a "supernumerary Tao-Tai," which included a sky blue dress with red coral buttons.

Henri de Regnier, a French writer of prominence, is among the recent accessions to the Church. It will be remembered that M. de Regnier lectured in America, some years ago, visiting many of the large colleges and universities. He was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1897.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments. By Rt. Rev. J. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

A collection of thoughtful essays, expressed in choice language, by the learned Bishop of Peoria. These papers cover a wide range of subjects, as is evident from the titles: "Socialism and Labor," "Basis of Popular Government," "Are We in Danger of Revolution?" "Charity and Justice," Woman and the Christian Religion," "Emotion and Truth," "Education and Patriotism," "Assassination and Anarchy," "Church and Country," "Labor and Capital," "Work and Leisure," "The Mystery of Pain," "An Orator and Lover of Justice," "St. Bede." On every page we have specimens of Dr. Spalding's vigorous thought and of his excellent diction. What a pleasure it gives to read through these pages and to feel one's mind growing in strength from the intellectual food so exquisitely prepared! In view of the prominent position occupied at present on the coal-strike-commission by the eminent author one naturally turns to the essay upon Labor and Capital to glean the Bishop's sentiments. "Reason as well as religion," he tells us, "impels those who work with the head and those who work with the hands to cooperation and not to conflict. The interests of both are best served when they are friends. . . . As in battle the generals, however humane they be, think only of victory and are heedless of suffering and the loss of life, so in the struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy, the men of ability, the leaders and capitalists are wholly bent on the attainment of their ends, and easily lose sight of the principles of justice and humanity. It is this that makes the organization of workmen into labor and trades-unions inevitable and indispensable. . . . (Little would be accomplished) if they themselves remained indifferent, if they did not organize, if they did not discuss and come to a fuller consciousness of their grievances, if they did not by strikes and other lawful means make strenuous efforts to increase their wages or to prevent them from falling, if they did not agitate for fewer hours of work and whatever else may give them leisure and opportunity to cultivate their spiritual natures and thus to make themselves capable of enjoying life in a rational and Christian way." This treasury of thought appeals to all classes, for among the essays are those which will be profitable to priest and to laymen, to maiden and to matron, to capitalist and to laborer. Ripe thought, classic diction and interesting illustration mark the literary work of Bishop Spalding.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 1902. 80 cents.

Teacher's Handbook to the Catechism, Vol. I. The Catholic Doctrine of Faith. By the Rev. A. Urban.

This volume is part of a projected series of instructions upon the dogmas of the Church. It aims to assist the teacher in his work of explaining our religious tenets in such a way as to make them as clear as possible to the untrained minds of children. All those who have had practical experience in Sunday school work know how extremely difficult it is to impart the knowledge of religious truths to an undeveloped mind. Father Urban wisely remarks that catechizing, in order to be fruitful, must be systematic and must closely correspond with the matter and the manner of the lesson. Hence the author has mapped out for treatment a well-arranged and closely-connected plan of Catholic truth. Each lesson is supplemented by an extensive series of questions and answers, which adequately rehearse the substance of the preceding chapter. The book will be an invaluable aid to the Catechist, and Fr. Urban deserves our congratulations upon the work accomplished and the plan projected. We should like, however, to see a few points more fully treated and a lengthier explanation given of terms like *person, substance, accident* and *quantity.* These terms convey little meaning to the average lay mind.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $1.50.

The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII (590-1303). By William Barry, D.D.

With the care of a scholar, with the ardor of a poet, and with the broad grasp of a statesman, Dr. Barry has given us a striking picture of the life and vicissitudes of the Papal Monarchy. The work is erudite, interesting and frank. It should be in every library, for it gives us, in a small compass, the best description in the English language, of the Papal Monarchy. It makes no pretensions to do more than open a large subject and serve the purpose of a sketch map, or general introduction to the volumes of Baronius, Muratori and other classic historians. And this it does admirably. The

course followed is neither that of a theologian writing on dogma, nor that of an apologist who desires to exhibit conclusions in favor of a religious system. Dr. Barry deals with the facts of history, not with inferences and deductions from them; he deals not with the Pope as a teacher, but with the Pope as a ruler of men, in affairs which may be viewed under a secular as well as a religious aspect.

Some of the days covered by this work were dark beyond description for the Church, and the records thereof make anything but pleasant reading; yet the present illustrious Pontiff urges us to face all disclosures without shrinking, since the most damaging instances of personal depravity on the part of certain Pontiffs serve to strengthen the truth that the Church was divinely established and divinely commissioned to lead men to the harbor of salvation. Even when the helm of the Church is in untrained or unworthy hands, her divine Pilot guides her safely over perilous waters and past threatening rocks. Only a divine institution could have weathered the storms fearlessly portrayed in this useful volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Onward and Upward. A Year Book Compiled from the Discourses of Archbishop Keane. By Maurice Francis Egan.

We all know the magnetic power of the apostolic prelate of Dubuque and many of us have been thrilled more than once by his persuasive eloquence. Few, however, are the utterances of the Archbishop which have appeared in print and these are difficult to procure. Hence we are delighted with this collection of choice sayings which have been so happily culled from the Archbishop's discourses, by Maurice Francis Egan. This little book draws us to the author with striking force, for we feel that he is a safe guide, whom we can trust implicitly and whom we can follow without hesitation. He knows well the upward and the onward way and his magnanimous soul points it out with unerring aim to all the world. His suggestive thoughts dwell with us during the day and raise our aspirations up to a lofty plane of spiritual activity. The message they bring is stimulating and uplifting, and spurs the reader on to climb, without flinching, the rugged ascent of Christian perfection. A book of this nature should be found on our prie-dieu, on our desk and on our drawing-room table, where its treasures can be often and readily explored. If we take the sterling advice of Archbishop Keane into our hearts, we shall live nobly, act religiously, and die piously. An admirable gift for any friend whose loyalty and spirituality we value.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. P. Hehel, S. J.

A series of brief discourses for the ecclesiastical year in which the doctrines of faith are clearly and practically explained. Father Hehel is very happy in the examples he uses to illustrate certain points of religious belief and we feel sure that many clergymen will find his sermons helpful both in matter and in form of treatment. Some of the discourses, however, need development in order to make them acceptable to the modern listener. This is especially true of those upon the Trinity, Hell, the Incarnation, and the Immortality of the soul. What we should like to see is a clear and intelligible explanation of these terms, before the proof of the dogma is begun. How few really understand the full bearing of these words!

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $1.25.

The Sacred Heart the Teacher of Mankind. Sermons for the Devotions of the First Friday. By the Rev. P. A. Halpin.

Father Halpin's long and useful career in the cause of Religion is known not only in the East, but also in the far West. His voice has been heard in the great pulpits of the country and there are few religious communities which have not, at one time or another, listened to his practical exhortations. His sermons, consequently, mean a great deal to us when they appear in a form which will assure their more permanent preservation. We are glad that, among the first to appear, are those upon the Sacred Heart, for the rapid growth of the League makes it necessary to have at hand a fruitful source of inspiring thoughts upon the great devotion of these "latter days." In this brochure Father Halpin gives us five sermons, as follows: "The Invitation of the Master," "The School of the Sacred Heart," "The Teacher," "The Scholar," "The Doctrine." There is a close bond between them all, and while not exhaustive, they are extremely suggestive, and will prove of eminent assistance not only to the apostolic clergy, but also to the devout laity. What genuine Catholic is not animated with a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Redeemer!

Joseph F. Wagner, New York. Price, 25 cents.

The Relation of Experimental Psychology to Philosophy. By Mgr. Desire Mercier. Translated from the French by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D., D.D.

We are delighted to see this translation of the striking address delivered before the Royal Belgian Society by the learned Mgr. Mercier. Although experimental psychology, as it is called, is still inchoate and not yet out of the development period, still it has accumulated a large number of extremely interesting facts for discussion. The interaction between soul and body, the exact relations between mind and brain, are subjects of fundamental importance in determining the precise nature and origin of thought. It is high time for Catholic scientists to engage in the investigations now being made and to draw from accumulated facts the logical consequences. The eminent Dr. James Walsh is authority for the statement, that there is no ground for the fear that physiological—psychology will prove materialistic in its development. "All its tendencies at present are towards a recognition of the mystery that lies behind all energy in the accomplishment of intellectual acts, while its present position emphasizes the truth that mental processes, though dependent on matter, are evidently beyond the sphere of the material and belong to a totally different order of things."

Benziger Bros., New York. 1902. Price, 35 cents.

The Review of Catholic Pedagogy. Edited by Rev. Thomas E. Judge.

Too long, far too long have we resigned the pedagogical field to non-Catholics. Our Teutonic brothers have long since given us an example of splendid work in this department, an example which we would do well to imitate. It is, consequently, with an outburst of enthusiasm that we greet the first number of the Catholic Pedagogical Review, issued under the able direction of the Rev. Thomas E. Judge, of the Archdiocese of Chicago. We trust that all our educators and friends of education will generously support this magazine. It will fill a long-felt want and will help to co-ordinate the studies in the various Catholic Colleges, Academies and Parish-Schools and to keep them abreast of the times. Time was when some of our venerable preceptors sneered at pedagogy as if it were a modern *fad*, and nothing more; time was when it was thought that the destinies of a class-room could safely be entrusted to anybody and to everybody. But experience—sometimes, alas, a sad one—has abundantly proven that pedagogy, correctly understood, is not a fad, but a judicious movement to apply the exact methods of science to problems of education, and to construct a code of laws which will guide the teacher in the noble art of mind-training. While not everyone has the natural gift of communicating knowledge with readiness and with precision, and while some are so lacking in sympathy and in penetration that they should be rigidly banished from the class-room for ever, nevertheless by a careful study of the precepts and rules as drawn up by successful educators, much, very much can be learned even by those to whom nature has not granted the teacher's gifts in fullest measure. The sacred cause of education will always suffer, unless our professors and teachers are not only bright, well-informed persons, but also thoroughly drilled in the ways and methods by which knowledge can be communicated to the young and by which the plastic mind of youth is moulded according to the noblest ideals.

Chicago, Illinois. Annual Subscription. $2.50.

Thousand and One Objections to Secret Societies. By Rev. J. W. Book, D.D. Revised and enlarged by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R.

The practical Catholic is often asked: "Why is the Church opposed to secret societies? Are they not philanthropic associations? Is there any crime in being charitable?" These and similar questions are answered simply and comprehensively in this enlarged edition of Father Book's work. Thus, for instance, the general principle upon which the Church is opposed to secret societies is tersely expressed as follows: "By a divine right the Church has charge of souls, and, consequently, she has a right to know *what* they are doing and *how* they are doing it. But how can she judge of the lawfulness of an act, if it is not submitted to her judgment? . . . All that the Church requires is that the end sought for be legitimate and that the means to attain that end be sanctioned by God's law. . . . Men can in this country give full expression to their convictions and aspirations and labor to attain them in the clear light of open day. What need, then, can there be of secret, oath-bound associations?"

It will thus be seen that this booklet contains a supply of well-arranged arguments in answer to the many inquiries of the non-Catholic world upon this all-important topic.

Herder, St. Louis. 1902. 15 cents.

The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. By Michael Fairless.

The story of a young novice sent out by his prior to study the ways of the wide, wide

world and to learn the meaning of hunger and of love. After many vicissitudes and after having won fame for his matchless skill in painting, Hilarius returns to the monastery, of which he is finally made prior. Death seizes him while engaged in ministering to the plague-stricken. The book is written by one who evidently knows nothing whatever of monastic life and of monastic traditions. We have, consequently, a thoroughly distorted view of the cloister life, with the usual array of fat monks and of lazy friars, so dear to the prejudiced. The story is without a plot, and told in a quasi-archaic style. We should, moreover, like to know what authority Mr. Fairless has for his peculiar use of the word *Frater* and for his employment of the term *Sacrist*. We cannot help wishing that the author might be privileged to spend a few months in one of our large monastic establishments and learn by actual experience how completely the religious life has been travestied in "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius."

E. P. Dutton Co., New York. 1901. $1.25.

Literary Boston of Today. By Helen M. Winslow.

Like a ramble through a series of well-kept, flower-sown parks, is this journey to the homes of Boston's literary celebrities. The task imposed upon the author was provokingly difficult. How could she award the full measure of praise to so many brilliant stars in the firmament of letters without being fulsome! How could she adequately notice the lesser without wounding the traditional sensitiveness of the greater notables! That the author has been so successful and has produced a work sympathetic yet discriminating, encouraging yet judicious, laudatory yet just, is a striking proof of her tact, broad knowledge and discernment. We must confess, however, that, in our judgment, M. E. Blake should have received a far more extensive notice. Her exquisite poems and her charming descriptions are products of a fine brain and of superior literary finish.

To those who know Boston the book will be delightfully reminiscent; to others delightfully instructive.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Irish Mist and Sunshine," comes to its readers with an introduction by William O'Brien, M. P., who, deploring the fact that more Irish priests have not enriched literature by turning to account the wealth of human interest and feeling which lies around the poet-priest in the wildest mountain parish, says: "Two Irish priests are at this moment setting the example of what men who combine literary ardor with a passionate love of their people can do to give the world some glimpse of the charms of the true Irish temperament, horizon, and spirit world. Father P. A. Sheehan's famous book, "My New Curate," gives perhaps the boldest as well as the truest picture ever painted of the Irish priest and his people, in habit as they live. Father Dollard treats Irish life and sentiment through the more glowing medium of verse and with the intensified passion of an exile from his native land. . . . Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who, in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bell of his young days floating on his ears."

For years the Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon) has been a contributor to numerous Irish and Irish-American publications —DONAHOE'S has been frequently favored— and the host of friends he has made will welcome this collection of his poems and ballads recently published under the characteristic title, "Irish Mist and Sunshine." The dedication reveals the inspiration of many of his tender verses, and the prelude makes known his high purpose.

"Fair land of Mist and Sunshine,
The distant exile thrills
In dreams of home and kindred
To see thy holy hills.
Should song of mine show clearer
Old scenes and skies of blue,
Old hopes that crown life dearer,
I hold my trust made true."

Turning the leaves of the book is in itself a pleasure, we meet so many simple, homely folk whose heart histories are as familiar as if they had lived among us. The pain of loss, tne yearning for home, are made so real in such ballads as "On Kenmare Head," "When the West Wind Blows," "Knock-an-Faerin," and "At Dead of the Night, Alanna," that even the reader who has never seen Ireland learns practically the obscuring qualities of Irish mist. But fortunately rifts of sunshine flash across the pages with welcome frequency. "The Ballad of the Banshee," "The Coista Gann Kown," and "The Fairy-Stolen" are as instinct with the superstition of the Irish peasant as "The Veil of the Virgin Mary" and "The Irish Mother" are with his faith, or "The Cry of the Exiles" with his patriotism.

In "Irish Mist and Sunshine," Father Dollard has indeed made true his trust, and produced a volume that will be treasured and read over and over again, each time with a truer appreciation of his exquisitely delicate

interpretation of the thoughts and emotions of his people.

Charles E. Peabody Co., Boston, Mass. W. E. Blake, Toronto. $1.25.

"Cecilia," Mr. Marion Crawford's latest novel, is a serious work dealing with hypnotism, spirit-rapping, trance love-making and other weird subjects, but for all that one cannot take it seriously. The heroine, aged eighteen, is much too young for a present day heroine, and though very youthful readers—who, by the way, should not be allowed to read this book—may enter with respectful sympathy into the troubles of the distracted Cecilia their elders will find her vagaries rather amusing. For instance, her appreciation of a certain class of travelers though cruel is positively humorous. Being strong-minded, she objects to having a servant attend her in her walks. "I shall only be seen by foreigners and Cook's Tourists," she says, "and they do not count as human beings at all."

Cecilia has studied much along occult lines, and is peculiarly sensitive to the influence of dreams. She has many suitors, of course, but two in particular engage her affections, and in making her final choice the dreams play an important part.

Lamberti, Guido d'Este, Don Nicola, "who chanced to be a priest," but had "no vocation whatever for saving souls," Monsieur Leroy, who held seances for the entertainment of the Princess Anatolie, are unusual types, and for the instruction of his readers Mr. Crawford subjects each one to a keen character analysis. We could wish that he had not introduced Don Nicola at all. There is so little for him to do in the actual development of the story that there is no excuse for an author who is a Catholic to add such a wavering, backboneless character to the ranks of the priesthood of fiction. The theologian, who soothes the conscience of this ecclesiastical archæologist, is equally unsatisfying. Having read Saracinesca, Don Orsino, and Sant Ilario, we lay aside this latest novel with sincere regret that the author has placed it before the public. It is not a wholesome book, and satisfies neither mind nor heart.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Andrew Lang holds the belief that romances are only fairy tales grown up, and, having given to the children a wealth of fairy lore, he follows his sumptuous green and pink and other bright-hued Fairy Books with The Book of Romance. Gleaning here and there, he selects the best from the mass of romance invented he declares "by nobody knows who, nobody knows when, nobody knows where." And thus we find the story of Arthur and his Knights, of Roland, of Diarmid, and Robin Hood, and Wayland the Smith, and many another, served up anew with the gorgeous embellishments of color and illustration that Mr. Lang knows how to employ with most happy effect.

It is a book of doughty deeds, magic happenings, and magnificent personages, passing in splendid pageant before the mind's eye at the summons of this past master in the art of entertaining with tales from many lands.

Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $1.60.

In "The Four Feathers," Mr. A. E. W. Mason, cleverly evolves from an old saying the plot for an interesting story. Harry Feversham, the son of a distinguished general, and himself an officer in the British army, inherits from his mother a fear of bloodshed, and death by violence, and when the moment comes to test his courage he fails. Anticipating an order to march with his regiment to the scene of war he resigns his commission, and retires into private life. Three brother officers, discovering his secret, send three white feathers to Ethne Eustace, to whom young Feversham is engaged. She demands an explanation from her lover, and he admits that the accusation is just. Miss Eustace, a proud, high-spirited girl, breaks the engagement, and adding a feather from her fan to those sent by the officers she sends him away, bitterly upbraiding him for his cowardice. Though lacking in courage to face death, Harry Feversham shows a wonderful firmness in meeting his father's wrath, and in accepting the consequences of his act. In no way does he seek to condone his conduct.

The subsequent chapters relate in detail many stirring adventures through which the dishonored officer passes, always fighting against a sickening dread of violent death, and yet incurring risks and enduring physical tortures from which braver men would shrink. His one thought is to redeem his honor, and to compel his accusers to take back the emblems of cowardice. Finally he succeeds and is restored to his place in his father's esteem and in the affections of Miss Eustace, and the story ends happily.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Rev. James H. Cotter, A.M., a keen student and ardent admirer of Shakespeare, has embodied the results of his studies in a volume bearing the title "Shakespeare's Art, Or Studies on the Master Builder of Ideal Characters." Readers of DONAHOE'S have already had the pleasure of reading several of

the essays now given permanent form in this latest contribution to Shakespearean literature. The author visited Stratford-on-Avon some years ago, and while viewing the scenes where Shakespeare lived and worked, the thought came to him that, after all, in the written works of the dramatist would be found the truer knowledge of his mighty mind. The outcome of his reflections is this volume, bearing "on one who was more than a Warwick, for he was a king-maker of immortal sovereigns, whose least subjects had the full sympathy of the power that fashioned them."

Father Cotter's book will be welcomed by reading circles, and by cultured readers everywhere for its scholarly characteristics and for the wealth of thought it suggests.

Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.

"Roadside Flowers," by Harriet M. Skidmore, is a collection of poems including many pretty legends in verse. One could wish that the author had chosen for the initial number something more in keeping with the title than the "Street Car Ride." But this is merely a detail of arrangement. The greater number of the poems are tenderly devotional in spirit, and inculcate many lessons of faith, hope and love.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.00.

"Our Lady of Guadalupe," by Rev. J. T. Roche, is a delightful and edifying booklet of one hundred pages, containing a history of the wondrous apparition of Our Blessed Mother on Tepeyacae hill, Guadalupe, Mexico; together with a minute description of the Miraculous Painting, given by the Blessed Virgin to the Indian, Juan Diego, as well as an enumeration of the numerous Proofs, Documents, Etc., in support of the supernatural Origin of the same. To this is added the briefs of Sovereign Pontiffs and a short history of some of the most famous miracles, making it altogether a work from which the learned and unlearned may derive much benefit. The author's purpose in publishing this pamphlet is made known in the preface. He says:

"I am firmly convinced that the time is ripe for a wider propagation of devotion to 'Our Lady of Gaudalupe' amongst English-speaking Catholics, and particularly amongst the Catholics of our own land.

"The story of 'Our Lady of Guadalupe' furnishes one of the most remarkable proofs of the charity, goodness and mercy of the Blessed Virgin toward mankind, to be found in the history of the world.

"It is a story of God's goodness and Mary's love, which ought to be known by Catholics everywhere.

"The purpose of this little booklet is to contribute in a slight measure, at least, towards this desired end.

"May its production be for God's glory and for the honor of His Immaculate Mother—'Our Blessed Lady of Guadalupe.'"

As "Our Lady of Guadalupe" is patroness of Central and South America, Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and that portion of the United States formerly embraced in the territory of New Spain, Father Roche's book snould have a wide circulation. To aid in its distribution will promote in a most effective manner devotion to our Blessed Mother. Father Roche is his own publisher. The book may be obtained by ordering from the author, Rev. J. T. Roche, Fairbury, Nebraska. Single copies ten cents; special rates for orders of one hundred or more copies.

A dainty little book of verse is "Shadows of An Ideal," by Emily R. Logue. The "Ideal" is a pure and lofty one, and the inspiration of it touches every selection in this little volume. "At His Call," "Light," "A Baby," "Sympathy," "Bridal Song," "Friendship and Love," "Consecration," "Longing," "Fidelity," and "At Parting" are some of the themes of which this gentle poet sings, always sweetly.

Peter Reilly Company, Philadelphia. 50 cents.

"The Five of Diamonds," by Mrs. Guthrie, is a rather improbable tale with many sensational features. The heroine, Esther Goldstein, is a devout Catholic, despite her name. She is devotedly attached to her step-sister, Adela, whose frivolous mother persuades her to marry a member of the secret society. A train of mishaps follows this misguded step. Wearying of Adela and the poverty that marriage with her brought on him Paul Reinoff deserts her, or rather makes up his mind to annul his marriage and contract another with a wealthy Russian lady. In the meantime he becomes a victim of the Five and is sentenced to Siberia. Esther is reconciled to Aedla and provides her with means to follow her husband on the Siberian march. But he repulses her brutally, and even attempts to kill her. There are numerous grewsome details before a comparativly tranquil end is reached. It may be said for the author that throughout the story she endeavors to show the influence of the Church in molding exemplary lives, but the omission of overdrawn, unduly sensational situations would have greatly improved the character of the story as a whole.

H. L. Kilner & Company, Philadelphia.

In "Child Culture," the author, N. N. Riddell, endeavors to present, first: the fundamental principles of physiological psychology and mental suggestion and outline rules for their application in the development of the child in character building; second, to point out some mistakes commonly made in the management of children by those unacquainted with the laws of mind; and third, to indicate traits of character that should be developed in every child, and how this may be accomplished.

The Child of Light Publishing Company, Chicago. 65 cents.

"The Henchman," by Mark Lee Luther, is a story of political life, tracing the steps in a politician's career till he reaches the goal of his ambition, the executive mansion, where as governor of the state he should rest content. But, without at all intending it, the author points a moral when he shows the successful politician as a disappointed, embittered man, deprived of the things that make life really worth living. A love intrigue is a disfiguring element of the story, which as a political tale might have been conducted to a successful issue without intruding upon readers the unwholesome details of the "Henchman's" love for an unprincipled woman.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

"Book Seven" of the McBride Literature and Art Books is admirably compiled. There are nearly one hundred selections in prose and verse gleaned from many sources—from the Bible down to writers of our own day. The illustrations introduce pupils to masters of art. It is no easy task to select reading matter suited to the young, matter that will instruct while not asking too much of undeveloped minds, and in her choice Mrs. B. Ellen Burke displays not only an intimate knowledge of the best literature, but excellent judgment as well in taking from it what will meet the requirements of youth. The manual for teachers, accompanying "Book Seven," will be a valuable aid in preparing class-work.

D. H. McBride & Company. New York.

A New England Conversion. By J. G. Robins.

This brochure tells the story of a change of mind from New England Unitarianism to Catholicity. Miss Robins' conversion caused no little excitement in Unitarian circles a few years ago when she left the fold of her youth and sought admission into the Church of the Ages. It is very instructive to read the gradual change of her mental attitude concerning the great dogmas of the Church and to study the causes which led to that transformation. Miss Robins wields a graceful pen, so that the facts are presented in an exceedingly beautiful setting.

Catholic Book Exchange, New York. 5 cents.

A NATIONAL BENEFACTION.

If it is true "That man is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before," what shall be said of such a man as the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, the originator of the "Keeley Cure," by which men and women have been arrested in their downward course and restored to their families and friends?

One of the most important and successful branches of the Institute is located at White Plains, Westchester County, New York, where a noble and spacious building has just been erected. Built in the colonial style, it shows both in exterior and interior all the beauties of 18th century architecture. In the furnishing of this building nothing that man's brain can devise for the comfort of his fellow-man has been omitted. Our space is too limited to go into full details; but any one interested in the matter would do well to visit the Institute at White Plains, or write for full information; such correspondence being strictly confidential. Address, "The Keeley Institute," White Plains, New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MISSION OF ST. COLUMBA TO THE PICTS, A. D. 563.

See page 291.

IN LENTEN DAYS

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. MARCH, 1903. No. 3

T. Harrington. Col. Poe. Col. Everard. Lord Mayo. Lord Dunraven. Capt. Shaw Taylor

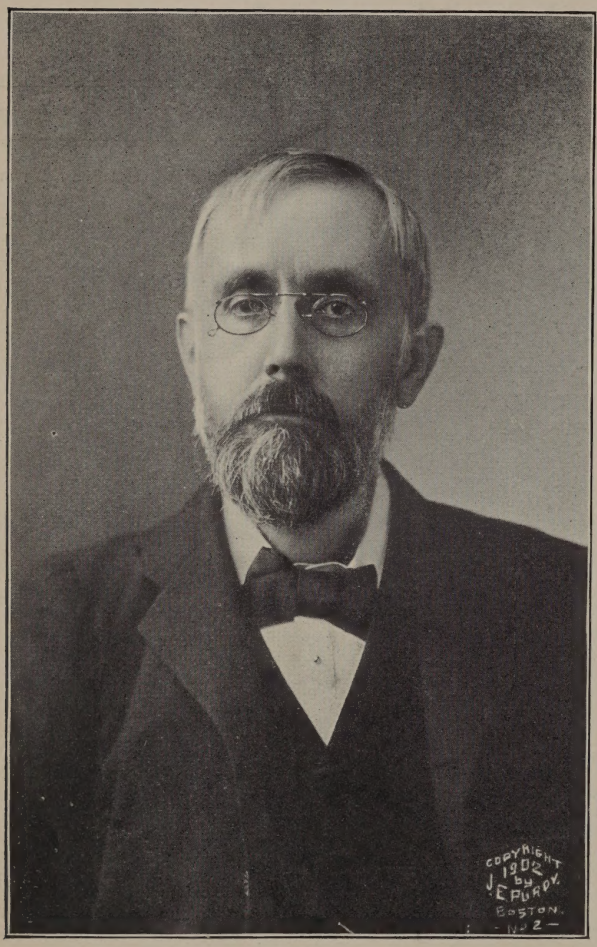
W. O'Brien, M. P. John Redmond, M. P. T. W. Russell, M. P.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE IRISH LAND CONFERENCE AT THE MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

IRELAND'S COMING DAY.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

It is highly creditable to American journalism to find several representatives of that press making a study of Ireland's condition on the spot. These representatives are men, moreover, of the front rank in their profession, so that their contributions to the sum of the world's knowledge must be something more valuable than the grandiose history of such authors as Macaulay or Froude. The letters of Mr. Hugh Sutherland and Mr. Walter Wellman, in the "North American" and the "Record-Herald," are especially valuable, because the



JOHN DILLON.

writers are not satisfied, like Mr. John Foreman in the Philippines, to take their information at second hand, but go note-book in hand to the very fountain head, the focus of disturbance, to see and hear and judge of the peasant's condition, with an impartial and unprejudiced mind.

Still, there are elements in the case that baffle the keenest and most sympathetic of non-resident observers. The late Henry George and the late William Redpath, both of whom went to Ireland to study its condition in the early phase of the land agitation, were probably of the best to be found in American journalism in such a line of enquiry. Yet neither was able to give a correct presentation of the case, because neither sympathized with the religious belief of the mass of the people. Mr. Parnell, it may be objected by some, was in the same position, and surely he could not be classed as out of sympathy with his countrymen. No; but his case was different. He was a thorough Irishman, a resident, and a man imbued with the Irish feeling and tradition as completely as Owen Roe or Hugh O'Donnell. His subtle delicacy enabled him to steer clear of the religious rocks and shoals that so often proved fatal, even to the '98 leaders, and furthermore, like the late Sir John Gray, also a Protestant, to keep on the most familiar terms with many of the leading Irish-Catholic Bishops. Henry George was not a favorite, because of his single-tax dogma, and he failed to diagnose the Irish character. When leaving the country he compared the fervor of the land agitation to the fire of chips, a blaze that lasts but a moment, and then ends in a little smoke. It was a most unfortunate estimate. The blaze has now been burning for three and thirty years, and it will not be extinguished until it has demolished the fabric of old feudalism, roof and wall, down to the very foundation.

But this is purely an economical question it may be urged; the element of re-

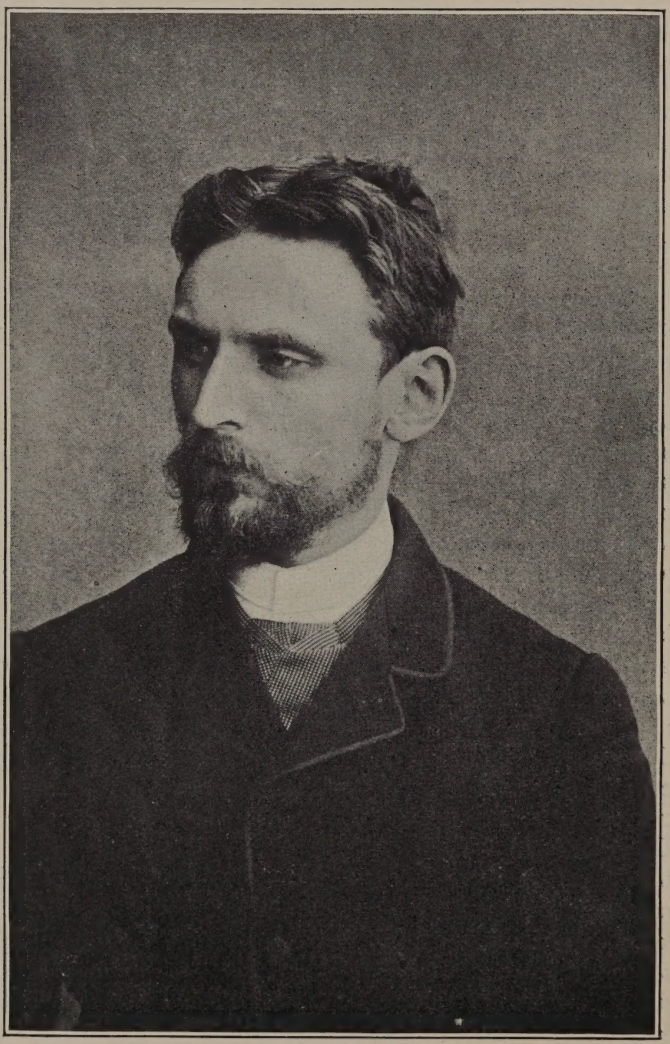
ligion has no place in it. How mistaken is such a view is best illustrated by what took place only a few weeks ago in Ulster. An election was held in South Antrim, which is largely an agricultural district, and the candidate who stood for the interest of the tenant-farmers and the sale of the land to the cultivators was defeated by the champion of the Orange faction. A large proportion of the Ulster farming population prefer the indulgence of their religious hatred to their material interests. And the people who give so remarkable a proof of their attachment to obsolete traditions are those who are being constantly held up to the admiration of the world as models of industry, practical commonsense, and progressive ideals. They fear that if the Irish-Catholic people get possession of the land they till, by some mysterious influence the power of the Pope over the country will become immensely enhanced and they themselves made "to lie under the Catholic drum."

JOHN E. REDMOND.

It is idle to deny that there is a religious sentiment in the atmosphere of the Irish situation. The brawling brook which begins the majestic river infuses its quality into the waters all along its course. It cannot be forgotten that it was by religious persecution that the land of Ireland passed into the hands of alien lords. A large Catholic population was exterminated in Munster, by famine and by the sword, simply because of their religion, and the lands of the gentry were bestowed by Elizabeth on English Protestant adventurers. This first "plantation," as it was called, was followed up by a far more sweeping one by the worthless son of Mary Stuart. He finished the Munster tragedy by "planting" an English colony of jail birds in the midst of the Catholic population, surrounding their settlement by a strong wall, and making the place the borough of Bandon Bridge, famous thenceforward for the most deadly animosity to everything Irish and Catholic.

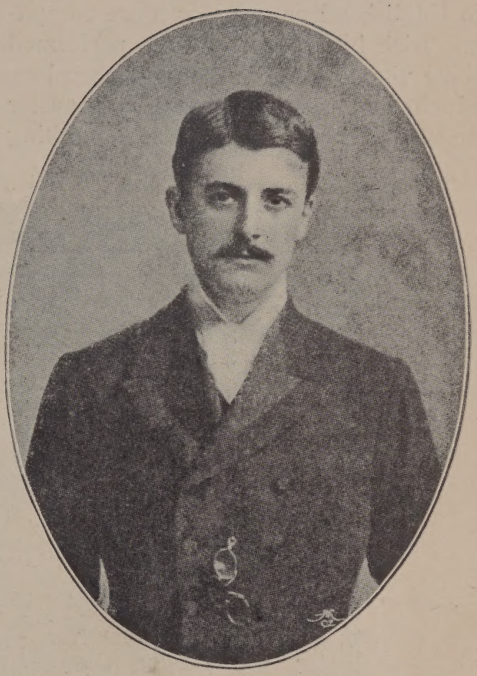
It is essential, in order to obtain a

clear view of the whole question at issue, to survey it in its historical light. It is too often left out of sight that English law on land-holding in Ireland is a thing of comparatively brief duration and modern experiment. It may astonish many to learn that it was only toward the end of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Elizabeth, that the ancient system of tenure, as laid down in the Brehon law, was finally swept away and displaced by the feudal code introduced by the Norman conquerors of England. The old law ruled up to the gates of Dublin Castle, all through the period of the Pale, and it was not until the defeat of Feach Hugh O'Byrne, the victor of Glenmalure, that it was extinguished in Lein-

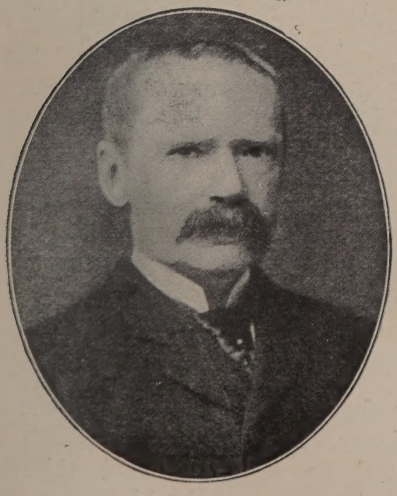


WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

ster. Previous to that event, judges "going circuit" were obliged to take cognizance of the Brehon code in cases involving questions of tenure and title. Under this code the land was the property of the tribe at large, the chief, as a matter of dignity, possessing a larger share than any of the others, but not an inordinate one. At death the land was divided among all the children, much as under the Saxon law of Gavelkind. Under the feudal law of the Norman conquerors the system of primogeniture and entail changed the ancient equitable rule into the barbarous one of handing all the land over to the eldest male heir and leaving all the other children to live by their wits or their vices, or whatever way they might. The Irish chiefs who exchanged their proud old tribal designation of "The," which signified headship in the clan, and was hereditary, changed the old land law also, on the first opportunity, in many cases, for that of the "Sassenach," but it was not until the brave Wicklow tribesmen were obliged to succumb to superior force, after a struggle compared to which that of Scanderbeg against the Turks was only a skirmish, that the banner of English feudalism floated over the whole ravaged country, outside of Ulster. So that three hundred years is the whole term of that system which has been habitually spoken of as though ages had lent it a sanctity which it were profanity to impugn. Everyone who ever dreamed of altering, or attempted to alter, the laws of land-holding in Ireland, has been denounced as a Communist and an enemy of human society, if not of God.



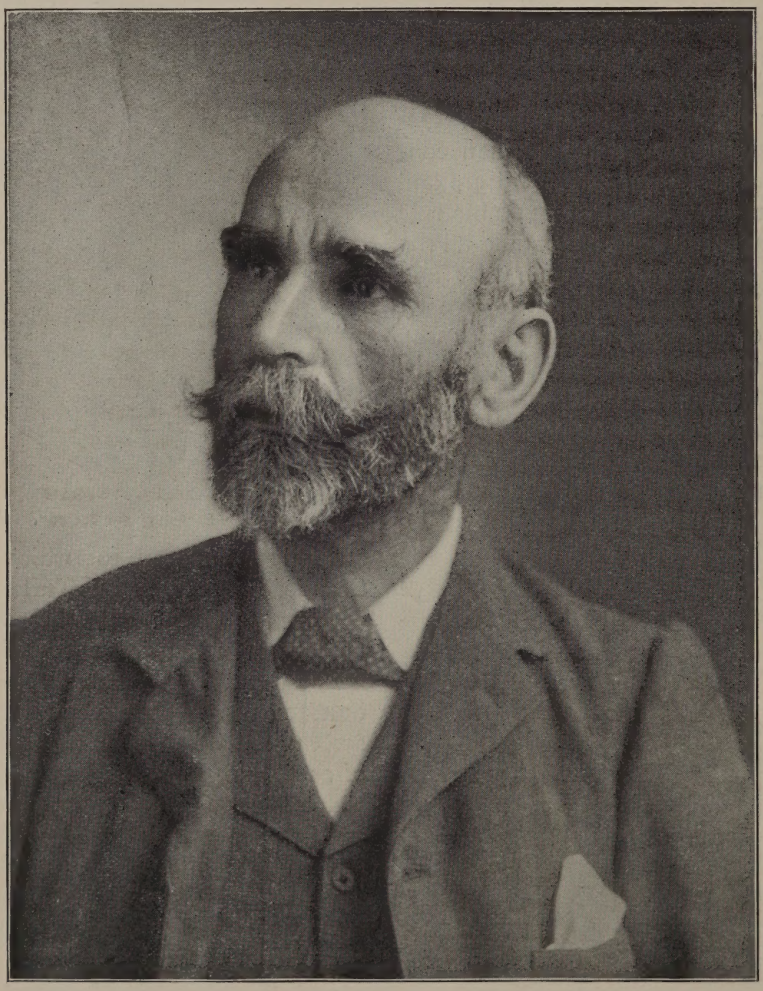
GEORGE WYNDHAM,
Secretary for Ireland.



SIR A. P. MACDONNELL,
Under Secretary for Ireland.

The religious aspect of the question became evident when the curse of the "Reformation" movement was extended to Ireland. Those old Catholic families who held out against that movement paid not only the penalty of their lives, as a rule, but their landed possessions were confiscated by the Crown and transferred

to English adventurers or more compliant Irish kindred who had performed some vile service for the English rulers. Much land was confiscated in Munster under Elizabeth, but this was as nothing when compared with what was done by James the First when he took up the work of persecution. Six whole counties in Ulster, the property of Irish-Catholic tribes, were declared forfeit to the Crown, on the flimsy pretext that the two principal chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell, had quitted the island without the new monarch's permission—although as a matter of fact they were not aware that any change had taken place in the sovereignty, since Elizabeth's death and James' accession occurred while they were traveling on the high seas. The Irish-Catholic tribes were driven out at



MICHAEL DAVITT.

the point of the pike and the muzzle of the blunderbuss and a horde of the worst kind of rabble, the offscourings of the Scottish lowlands and the English cities, was shipped over and set to swarm over the fairest lands of Tirconnell. Then arose the walls of "Londonderry" and began that bitter contest between the Irish denizens of the "Bogside" and those of the encinctured city above it, which has never halted to this day. All over Ulster this conflict began, in greater or lesser volume and asperity, since it was found physically impossible either to kill or drive off all the original tillers of the soil. These took to the neighboring hills or boglands, and commenced a system of harrying the crew who had supplanted them, which continued down to the end of the eighteenth century, and which, under changed conditions, survives in some measure to the present day.

Under Cromwell a similar process, carried out with still more ferocious concomitants, took place in the provinces. The "Popish" landlords were exterminated ruthlessly, and their lands were drawn for by lot in the back room of a Dublin tavern. Protestant landlords succeeded the old race of Catholic ones with whom the tenants had maintained the most kindly relations. The number of Irish-Catholic families affected by the Cromwellian confiscations may be estimated from the fact that three thousand officers were on the lists supplied to King Charles the Second, as those who had either mortgaged or lost their estates in his own and his father's cause, during the Cromwellian and Confederation wars, and whose wives and children were in a destitute or starving condition as a consequence. At Breda the King undertook to restore the property of those faithful followers; in London, when firmly planted on the throne, he abandoned them to their fate and assented to the bill confirming his father's enemies and his own in their possession of the homes of those who gave their blood and their lives for their sake.

A third great confiscation befell when the House of Stuart was finally driven from the throne. Ireland, unhappily, had sided with the miserable James the Second, and once again the old Catholic families suffered for their devotion and loyalty. No transaction in history affords a parallel to this, in shameless false pretences. The victorious Williamites had the effrontery to dub the war in Ireland a "rebellion," and on this ground the laws of treason were applied, for the purpose of having the lands of the "rebels" given over to the adherents of the Prince of Orange, the only genuine rebel in the case, albeit the successful one. Considerably more than a million acres were embraced in this final act of robbery, and nearly one hundred thousand of these were bestowed by the noble monarch upon one of his mistresses, the Countess of Orkney. Upon De Ginkle, Schomberg's family, and the more prominent Dutch commanders, other hundreds of thousands were bestowed, and the remainder fell into the possession of the Protestant neighbors of the Catholic owners, either dead or fled. All this was done in open violation of the stipulation agreed to by De Ginkle and the other commissioners who, on behalf of the King, negotiated with Sarsfield and the other Irish commissioners the terms of capitulation before Limerick.

This was the epoch which inaugurated the social and political system which wrought the downfall of the country and produced the conditions which confront its people today. It marked the beginning of the system of absenteeism, depopulation, and disafforesting which changed the whole economic position of

the island; it marked the commencement of that organized plan of persecution which, under the guise of zeal for the monarchy and the Protestant "ascendency" was designed to filch from the Catholics the remainder of their landed property and make them helots and slaves in their own country. It marked also the origin of that system of industrial monopoly by England by means of which all rivalry of Irish products was rendered impossible. The great and flourishing wool trade of Ireland was destroyed by direct action of the English Parliament and the Dutch king, and as a consequence many collateral industries which had grown out of it shared in its fall. The policy of confiscation was equally ruinous in its results in other directions. In forestry, for instance, Ireland had been especially rich. Immense woods had furnished timber in abundance for ship-building, architecture, fuel, and other requirements. No sooner were the greedy new-comers settled down upon the Catholics' lands, than many of them, fearing that somehow they might in turn be ousted, began a systematic onslaught on this source of national opulence. Commissioners appointed to inquire into the condition of the confiscated estates, in the public interest, found that the cutting down of the woods had everywhere been resorted to. On one estate they found that trees to the value of twenty-five thousand pounds had been demolished; on another to the value of twenty-seven thousand. "Those on whom the confiscated estates have been bestowed, or their agents," these commissioners reported, "have been so greedy to seize upon the most trifling profits that large trees have been cut down and sold for sixpence each." All this was done in the reign of King William. So widespread and sweeping was this wicked devastation that in Dean Swift's time it was impossible, as he wrote, to find timber for ship-building or the housing of the people.

Then was begun also the process of turning tillage land into vast sheep-walks, and driving the population thereof into the towns and the sea-ports to wait for shipping to bear the more hardy and adventurous to other climes. This startling innovation was bitterly denounced by Swift. "Ajax was mad," he wrote, "when he mistook a flock of sheep for his enemies; but we shall never be sober till we are of the same way of thinking." Then also was begun the pernicious system of short leases and facile ejectments, rack-renting, and discouragement of good cultivation by means of the short lease system and the raising of the rent on renewal, in consideration of the improvements made by the tenant. "Thus it is," bitterly complained Swift, "that honest industry is restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; and it is well if he can cover his family with a coarse homespun frieze." The competition for the land became so keen, as a result of the clearances, that the merciless landlords had no difficulty in getting tenants, on any conditions they were pleased to exact. Many would have gone into the towns to try their hand or get their children taught in the walks of trade or manufacture, were it not for the atrocious operation of the penal code, which made it criminal for Protestant artisans or merchants either to take Catholics for apprentices or enter into business relations with them. The decay of industry in the cities, consequent on the destruction of the woolen trade, and the huddling of the peasant population upon the mountain and moorland, wrought a condition of things so desper-

ate that Dean Swift was impelled to write the most galling satire upon misgovernment that man ever composed. He called it "A Modest Proposal" for the relief of the general misery, by allowing the practice of killing, cooking, and eating the children of the poor! The irony was patent to many, but not to all. By some the proposal has been treated as one made in all seriousness.

Is there, then, no religious element involved in the Irish land question? To Swift one more reference must be made, in considering the answer. He had an English visitor once while he was rusticating, "far from his debtors," and he was asked by him, after taking him for a tour about the country, where were the Irish nobility, the Catholic gentry, of whom his host had frequently spoken. "You will have to search for them," replied the acute divine, "in the hovels of the poor." It was a melancholy truth. Those who have read Burke's "Vicissitudes of Distinguished Families" know how much religion was involved in the transfer of Ireland's soil from the old Catholic stock to Protestant Dutchman and English Roundhead and dour Scotch Presbyterian—bitterest foe of all.

Although more than two centuries have elapsed since the position here outlined was first crystalized, practically it was what prevailed down to the regime of Mr. Gladstone, and its skeleton is visible in the Irish situation of today. The great question at issue, when all subsidiary matters are disposed of, is the retention of the Irish people in their own natural home. If they cannot find any adequate means of living there, there is no proposition more certain than that the island must speedily be depopulated. They are a Catholic population—that is those of them who form the bulk of the emigrant class. When the Catholic population is finally got rid of, who shall take their places but the surplusage of England and Scotland? This is what makes the Ulster Orangeman so determined an opponent of men like Mr. T. W. Russell, who desire a pacific settlement of the Irish land question. Anything that is likely, either remotely or indirectly, to foster the growth of a larger Catholic population about the Orangeman's habitat he will oppose to the death.

Gentlemen from the United States who go to Ireland in order to study the complex Irish question in "the own country," as a French lady once said to me in her charming broken English, as a rule have no knowledge of the conditions here described. They know little or nothing of the historical background, and they are reluctant to inquire into the religious causes that underlay its origin. But readers of this Magazine stand on a different plane. They are profoundly interested in the event. It is not merely the existence of the "bold peasantry, their country's pride," that is at stake now; it is the existence of the Catholic faith in Ireland. What neither penal laws, nor gibbets, nor confiscations could effect in the ages of the Tudors and the Stuarts and the Hanoverians, the slow, deliberate, merciless policy of Irish landlordism, as it works out today, is most certain to do, if some mighty brake be not applied to the monstrous machinery.

At length there is a line of pale amber along the Irish sky-rim. A Lord Lieutenant again begins to speak of a new era of hope for the country and of giving the people control over their own proper affairs. A Tory Lord Lieutenant, too, be it noted, not a Liberal, like Lord Aberdeen, the first one who held such language since the days of Lord Fitzwilliam. The Tories have got enough of

the policy of "resolute government"—after Lord Salisbury's plan. An armistice has been established between the opposing forces of landlordism and land-labor. An agreement has been reached which is to be the basis of Irish legislation for a settlement of the long-protracted trouble. How account for this transformation? What has induced this change of heart on the part of the British over-lordship?

A curious story is given in the Review of Reviews about the manner in which the change in policy was initiated. Strangely enough, it is given out as a "state secret," without any explanation as to how or why it had been confided to the writer's safe keeping. Lord Lansdowne, it is prefaced, had known Sir Anthony MacDonnell in India as the solver of an agrarian problem in the northwest provinces, quite similar to that which exists in Ireland. When the Irish Chief Secretary was called upon to act according to the King's wish, as it is understood, he found he needed a helper—and we may well believe it, since he himself had shown nothing since his accession to office but his utter ignorance of its responsibilities and want of sympathy with the Irish people. He was told by Lord Lansdowne of Sir Anthony MacDonnell and his fitness for the work contemplated. It was thereupon agreed that he should be recommended to the King; and he was accordingly summoned to the royal presence. "I am willing to undertake the work," said Sir Anthony to the King, "but you must bear in mind that I am not only an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, but a Nationalist and a Home Ruler." "That makes no difference," replied the King, "you are the man we want." So Balfour and Wyndham sent MacDonnell to Dublin as under-secretary. Whether the anecdote belongs to the class of imaginary "conversations" or veritable chronicle may not be decided presently, but there are certain facts in relation to the story which it would be well to bear in mind before accepting it as more than *ben trovato*. The most striking one is that in reference to the ex-Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne. This is the same Minister who was attacked by Mr. William O'Brien, and bearded in Canada, because of his merciless proceedings as an evictor in Ireland. He is the son of one as merciless as himself, the man known in connection with the notorious "Lansdowne Wards." The Lansdownes, in fact, have a reputation of the darkest kind in connection with their landlordism; hence it can hardly be believed that such a man as the present Marquis would be likely to be entrusted with any part whatsoever in a scheme involving the overthrow of the system of tyranny and coercion which in his own dealings with his Irish tenantry he had exploited before the gaze of the whole world. Even the magic wand of a royal command can hardly make a life-long despot become suddenly a zealous reformer; a miracle of heaven is needed to work such a change. Another matter for consideration is the probability of Sir Anthony MacDonnell making so frank an avowal of sentiments not usually found in the holders of Civil Service posts under the British crown. Sir Anthony may possess them, but they seem somewhat incompatible with the Indian official view. However, we must remember that the late Lord Mayo, who was Indian viceroy, was a sort of Home Ruler as regards Irish affairs. Home Rule of a mild type, on the federal principle, had commended itself to several members of the nobility, at the time Mr. Isaac Butt led the agitation, and among others to Lord Mayo. He was a Mayo man (one of the McWilliam Burkes who became allied with the family of the O'Malleys by the marriage of Granna

Aile) and Sir Anthony MacDonnell is also a Mayo man, and in Mayo, in his earlier years, he had witnessed such practical examples of the iniquity of bad landlordism, both on big estates and little, as must have left an indelible conviction of its enormity. The Browns, the Binghams, the Palmers, the Gardners (especially Harriet, the notorious), there played such characters in the horrid drama of extermination as gave the county the premier place in the dark competition. Whatever Sir Anthony's views about the practicability or desirability of Home Rule, we may believe him to be honestly imbued with the belief that the only effectual mode of reforming the system of which Lord Lansdowne is a pre-eminent exponent is by Hamlet's recipe—getting rid of it altogether. Land, like man, cannot be made to serve two masters, and this was what it was expected to do under the system of dual ownership. In India, the land system is much more complicated, by reason of the irremovable government tax on the soil, and the strangling grip of the gombeen man everywhere. If Sir Anthony has found himself strong and resourceful enough to grapple with these twin dragons and overthrow them, then he surely may be trusted to deal with the half moribund remnant of Irish landlordism, if he only be honestly supported by the Government.

But not to any one special incident or event, perhaps, may the observer look for a reason for the proposed settlement of the land question, but rather to a series of events, culminating in the recent remarkable one of the Galway election and the return to Parliament, as an Irish representative, of a man whose chief recommendation to an Irish constituency was the fact that he had taken up arms and joined Britain's enemies in making war on her forces. This was the culmination of a series of manifestations of national temper which, owing to the concentration of public attention on the stage of British royalty, produced a profound impression on all minds capable of serious reflection. The refusal of Ireland's representative bodies to take part in the late queen's jubilee or the coronation festivities of her successor, the intimation that a visit from his Majesty would not be welcome while the machinery of coercion was being operated in the interests of Irish landlordism, the withdrawal of the whole body of Nationalist members from Parliament during a large part of the late session, were symptoms of a political malady so alarming that none could mistake or underrate. There was no longer any possibility of hiding or minimizing the appalling fact that Ireland was profoundly disaffected. At a moment when it seemed likely that a European league against Great Britain might become a definite possibility, the statesman or sovereign who could calmly view so deadly a disease eating at the very heart of the empire would be one of exceptional fibre. The crown of England is now on a different brow—the head of a sensible, well-meaning man who loves smooth sailing on the waters of life, and not that of a somewhat perverse woman who knew little of the world and was easily misled by statesmen who could stoop to flatter her vanity. The King desires to strengthen the empire, rather than to endanger it, and there is good reason to believe that he knows how to make his wishes respected. Hence the change.

A parallel for the present situation with regard to the Irish difficulty may be seen in the case of Prussia after the armies of Bonaparte had trampled its crown and dignity in the dust. The statesmen of the beaten monarchy recognized the causes which had led to its

overthrow, in the serfdom of the peasantry and the tyranny of the feudal jonkers. There was no time for parley if the country was to be saved from ruin utter and complete. An agrarian population rooted in the soil and owners of the land they tilled, not the slaves of a drunken, brawling, brutal aristocracy—this would be the monarch's bulwark, they rightly gauged, instead of a source of danger. So Minister Stein brought in his great measure transforming the relations of peasant and potentate, by compulsory transfer of ownership, buying the landlords out on a gradually decreasing rental, until their right was finally extinguished. He did not live to complete the colossal task, but his successor, Hardenberg, took up the work, and laid the foundation of that social readjustment which made it possible for the descendants of the defeated Hohenzollerns to turn the tables on the French empire, the cause of their country's humiliation.

But for the amicable conference of land-holders and land-cultivators recently witnessed in Dublin there is no parallel. It is an event altogether unique—almost as remarkable as the Millennial possibility of the accord of lion and lamb.

Are there any breakers ahead in the new situation thus unexpectedly developed? He would be an optimist overbold, indeed, who could shut his eyes to the truth. What has been accomplished amounts to little more than a mutual confession that a state of war is bad for both sides, and that an amicable understanding on the terms of change is desirable for both parties, as well as for the country at large. The crux will come when the terms of capitulation are presented for discussion. It is understood that the element of compulsion is to be excluded, and the aim of the Government confined to lending assistance to both parties when they desire agreement—to carry out the terms of the bargain made. Naturally the landlords will endeavor to secure the highest figure that capitalized annual value will bring; and quite as naturally the tenant-purchaser will seek to keep down his annual instalments to the margin where repayment will not mean starvation or ruin. Fortunately, the basis for a reasonable settlement of the terms of agreement is practicable, by means of the returns kept in the Land courts. The recorded results of judgments under Mr. Gladstone's law—which provided for a periodical revision of rents to match the fluctuations in market values of produce, and the rates fixed by the decisions rendered under this arrangement, all over the country—will afford a reliable guide for a mutual understanding. The danger point arises when the conflicting interests of both parties bring pressure to bear in opposite directions, when the proposals of the Government are brought forward. These may induce such a spirit of stubbornness and impracticability as may impel the Ministry to throw up the whole measure and abandon the respective contestants to their own resources.

Rents of the settlement known as second term—that is, first revision after the original ruling on the amount by the land tribunal, after a lapse of five years—were suggested as a base by the members of the Land Conference. Seeing that there was little likelihood of both sides agreeing on the scale of ratio, the proposal was made that the tenant was to be allowed to buy at eighteen years' capitalized value of the holding, at "second term" rate, while the landlord would be given twenty-five years for his interest. Thus either side would have an inducement to agree. The difference between these extremes was to be made up

by the Government, which could in time recoup itself by a gradual diminution in the cost of governing Ireland, especially in the departments of magistracy and police. Ireland at present has a police force three or four times greater than its proper need, all because of the existing landlord system; and, besides this anomaly, has to pay the cost of a huge standing army, one-fifth of which would be amply sufficient for garrison duty were the people friendly to England, as in the case of Scotland. The cost of this army of soldiers and military police is not justly chargeable to Ireland, since it is incurred in pursuance of an imperial policy which is now admitted to be altogether wrong and mistaken. But the saving to be effected by the reduction of these forces would offset any loss which might be entailed by composing the differences between landlord and tenant. In any case there ought to be no delicacy about asking the British tax-payer to pay some price for the pacification of Ireland, since it has been conclusively shown that Ireland has for many years been heavily overtaxed in her share of imperial burdens by the English fiscal system. This is the verdict of a Royal Commission, arrived at after a most exhaustive enquiry ordered by Parliament, and not the random statement of an individual or a party. The over-charge is variously estimated at between fifteen and seventeen million dollars a year, and has been going on at that rate, approximately, ever since Mr. Gladstone assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now here is an opportunity for English statesmen to do something in the line of "conscience money" without any sacrifice of England's amour propre. By helping on the arrangement needed between the Irish landlords and the cultivators, they can at one stroke secure peace and safety for the empire at home and make some sort of restitution for the wrong inflicted upon Ireland for the length of a life-time.

It is erroneously assumed by some of the writers on this subject that Ireland is by necessity solely an agricultural country, or almost solely. This is a grievous mistake. These writers seem to be quite ignorant of the great eminence which Ireland had attained as a manufacturing and artistic country prior to the disastrous "Union." Its position as a self-governing country, with a resident nobility and gentry, attracted men of genius and enterprise to the place; the cities were hives of industry and artistic production; the cabins of the peasantry, in many places, the centre of a home output which afforded profitable and decent employment to all members of the family able to work. All this was changed when Castlereagh's sinister project became law. Trade vanished with national life. It has been shown in some measure that it can be revived, but with a diminishing population what hope is there that the revival can be anything more than a pre-mortem flicker? On the preservation of the people at home everything depends. Their fate is in the hands of the present National leaders, and the auguries are hopeful.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

Some Doctrines That Are Not Well Understood by Non-Catholics. The Institution of the Holy Eucharist.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XV.

In my last essay I considered the promise of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament as contained in the sixth chapter of St. John and I proved that our Blessed Saviour did declare the doctrine of the Real Presence, whereby men would be completely united to Him, being truly made partakers of His adorable Body and Blood, and so applying to their souls the merits of His sacred passion. In this essay I shall consider the institution of this heavenly rite whereby men are made partakers of God Himself. St. Matthew describes this wonderful institution in these words: "And while they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke and gave to His disciples; and said: 'Take ye and eat, This is my body.' And taking the chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: 'Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins.'" These very words are related by two other Evangelists and also by St. Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians.

I.

We have in this text: "This is my body,—this is my blood," the doctrine of the Catholic Church. We might rest our case on these words, and leave to our non-Catholic friends the burden of proving why we should depart from the literal interpretation which we give these words. However, I will make a few observations on the methods used by them in their efforts to overthrow our doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. With them the words, "This is my body," are made to mean "This is the figure of my body." This is their interpretation. They fail to tell us how one expression is equivalent to the other. Here is another sample of their reasoning: "We contend that we must understand the words figuratively because there is no necessity to understand them literally." Surely this is a strange canon of interpretation, that no passage of Scripture is to be taken literally unless a necessity can be shown for it; "that we must on principle take everything as figurative till those who choose the literal interpretation demonstrate that there exists a positive necessity for taking it so." This is poor logic. The correct rule is to take the words literally unless a necessity be proved for taking them figuratively. I would like to ask how this rule would stand in proving the divinity of Christ or any of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The same author proceeds: "and because it was morally impossible for His disciples to have understood Him literally." This is just what requires proof, because on this point hinges the whole question. Then he continues: "What is more common in all languages than to give to the sign the name of the thing signified? If you saw a portrait would you not call it by the name it represents, or if you looked on the map at

a particular country, would you not describe it by the name of that country?" Where is the proof here? Why a portrait is a representation of a person. There is great difference between taking up a piece of bread and saying: "This is my body," and pointing at a picture of Theodore Roosevelt and saying: "This is the President." Ordinary usage gives the picture that name. Its very object is to represent the original. But suppose that I held up a gold coin without the President's effigy and said, "this is the President's body," would anyone understand that I meant to institute a symbol of his person on the ground that I showed them his picture on the coin and said: "This is the President?" They would easily understand me to intimate that it was his portrait. We have also an instance of a map. Now what is a map but the representation of a country? If it fail to represent it, it is no map and the expression would be no longer intelligible. But when Christ says of bread, "This is my body," there is no natural connection or resemblance between the two: there is nothing to tell men that He meant, "This is an emblem of my body." In all such assertions there may be declaration, but there is no proof: nothing to demonstrate that the Catholic interpretation of the Real Presence must be rejected. Here is another passage from a well-known non-Catholic writer, a professor in a Theological Seminary. He says that the Catholic dogma of the Real Presence is "erected on a forced and literal construction of our Lord's declaration." Who ever heard of such a proposition before or since? Why if a man had a case before a court, and his attorney were to open by saying that the case must be adjudged for his client as the opposing party had nothing in their favor except "a literal and forced construction of the statute provided for the case" would this not be considered equivalent to a betrayal of his cause? For conceding this much is practically granting that there is nothing to be said on his side. That any teacher in charge of students should condemn the Catholic doctrine, on such superficial and incorrect reasoning, is surely extraordinary and deserves severe censure. These examples show how difficult it is for our opponents to establish grounds even of plausibility for the rejection of our doctrine.

But there are more solid writers who admit that so far as our Lord's expressions go, all is in our favor. I will quote one passage from "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," where he is giving proofs that the Gospels were not books merely made up for a certain purpose, but whatever they relate did really happen. He says: "I think also the difficulties arising from Christ's expression, 'This is my body,' would have been avoided in a made-up story." He continues: "I allow that the explanation given by Protestants is satisfactory, but it is deduced from a minute comparison of the words in question with forms of expression used in Scripture and especially by Christ Himself on other occasions. No writer would have arbitrarily and unnecessarily cast in his readers' way a difficulty, which to say the least, required research and erudition to clear up."

From this we conclude that to arrive at the Protestant interpretation, it requires erudition and research, and hence that it is not the simple obvious meaning which these words present. If it requires study and learning to establish the construction of a passage, we claim that it is his duty who has taken upon himself that construction to make use of these means; and the burden rests on him of

proving his interpretation, and not on those who adopt the literal and obvious sense. Therefore it becomes the duty of those who claim that we are wrong to prove that the figurative interpretation is the correct one and that the words, "This is my body," did not mean the body of Christ, but only a symbol of His body. This they attempt first by establishing that our Saviour's words may be taken figuratively; that they may be so interpreted as to signify: "This represents my body, this represents my blood," by bringing together a number of passages in which the verb "to be" is used in the sense of "to represent," and thence concluding that here in like manner it may have the same meaning. Then again to justify such a departure from the literal sense, it is urged that by it we encounter so many contradictions, so many violations of the laws of nature that, however unwilling, we must abandon it and take the figurative signification. This is the clearest and most complete form in which their argument can be presented.

Let us briefly examine these objections. It is urged that we may take our Saviour's words figuratively because there are many other passages of Scripture in which the verb "to be" means to represent. To establish this point a great many texts are thrown together in a confused heap. Dr. Adam Clarke tried this line of argument. I will classify his quotations. In the first class I will place this form "And the seven good kine are seven years." (Gen. XII. 26, 27) "The ten horns are ten kingdoms." (Dan. VIII. 24.) "The field is the world"; "the good seed are the children of the kingdom, the tares are the children of the wicked one." "The enemy is the devil," —"the harvest is the end of the world," —"the reapers are the angels." (Matt. XIII. 38, 39.) "The rock was Christ." (I. Cor. X. 4.) "For these are the two covenants." (Gal. IV. 24.) "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches." (Rev. I. 20.) This forms the first class of texts in which the verb "to be" means "to represent."

I find in the second class, "I am the door." (St. John X. 7.) "I am the true vine." (St. John XV. 1.) Thirdly, "This is my covenant between thee and me." (Gen. XVII, 10.) In other words this is an image of my covenant. Fourthly, "This is the Lord's Passover." (Exodus XII. 11.) Here are four classes of passages. The texts comprised in the three last classes have nothing to do with the subject, for the verb "to be" does not signify in them "to represent." Therefore, I will at once exclude them, for if we substitute the phrase considered equivalent, we produce a totally different sense from what our divine Saviour intended. Besides what I have to say of the first class of texts will apply to the others.

It is argued then that the words, "This is my body,—this is my blood," may be rendered by, "This represents my body, this represents my blood." The only way in which this argument can hold is by supposing that the texts quoted form what are called parallel passages to the word of institution. But first I will ask a simple question. In these passages the verb "to be" means "to represent," but there are several thousand passages in Scripture where the verb "to be" does not mean "to represent." Why detach the words of institution from those thousand passages and interpret them by the others? What is the reason for this peculiar ruling? Why detach these words from the multitude of places where "to be" has its proper signification and join

them to the few that are always to be considered the exception?

A noted Protestant commentator says: "that we must hold that similitude of *things* not of words constitutes a parallelism." From this we conclude that two passages are not to interpret one another merely because the same word is in them unless the same thing also occurs in both. Let us examine and see whether the same thing occurs as well as the same words in all these passages of this class. We can exemplify the rule in these passages. If I wished to illustrate one of them by another, I would say: "The seven kine are seven years" is parallel with "The field is the world"; and both of them are with the phrase, "These are the two covenants." Why? Simply because in every one of them the same thing exists. In every one of these passages there is the figurative interpretation. In the first a vision, in the second a parable, and in the third an allegory. I do not put them into the one class because they all contain the verb "to be," but because they all contain the same thing. They speak of an interpretation of a dream, an allegory, and a parable. Therefore having discovered that in one of these the verb "to be" means "to represent," I conclude that it has the same sense in the others. When therefore you tell me that "This is my body," you may mean, "this represents my body," because in these passages the same word occurs with this sense. I must in like manner ascertain not only that the verb "to be" is common to the text, but that the same thing is to be found in it as in them. In other words, that in the form of institution there was given the explanation of some symbol such as the interpretation of a vision, a parable, or a prophecy. If you show me this as I can show it in all the others I will allow this to be parallel with them.

This similarity of substance will readily be discovered by examining closely the passages I have just quoted as parallel. "The seven kine are seven years": here Joseph is interpreting the dream of Pharaoh. "And the ten horns are ten kings": Daniel is receiving the interpretation of his vision. "The field is the world"; our Saviour is interpreting a parable. "The rock was Christ": St. Paul is explaining the symbols of the old law; he is speaking of the spiritual rock. "These are the two covenants": here St. Paul is interpreting the allegory upon Hagar and Sarah. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches": St. John is receiving explanation of a vision. All these passages belong to one class because they refer to similar things: therefore, before I join to them the words "This is my body," you must show me that it enters into the same class by the same circumstances: you must show me that not only the verb "to be" which occurs in a thousand other instances is there, but that it is used under the same conditions, in a case clearly similar to these by the explanation of allegories, or dreams, or parables, or of any other mystical method of teaching you please. Until you have done this you have no right to consider them all as parallel, or to interpret it by them. You must show me that a similar instruction is found in these words as in the other passages. How would this process of our opponents apply to the divinity of Christ? In the first verse of the Gospel of St. John we have this remarkable expression: "And the word was God." This text has always been considered by believers in the divinity of Christ as an exceedingly

strong one, and all its force lies in that little syllable "was." Now if the word "was" may mean "represents," where is the force of the expression? If I say the "Word represented God," instead of "The Word was God," I destroy the sublime idea of the divinity of Christ. No one has ever thought of reasoning in this way. I conclude therefore that we must have a better argument than the simple assertion that our Saviour spoke the words of institution figuratively because in some passages of Scripture the verb "to be" means "to represent." It is evident that not one of these passages can be said to be a key to them, and that the words of institution cannot be figuratively interpreted by them unless you show more than a resemblance in phraseology; until you prove that the same thing was done in one place as in the others; otherwise whatever is denied to us is conceded to the impugners of Christ's divinity. Compare these three texts—"The Word was God." "The rock was Christ," "This is my body." If we may change the verb in the last text quoted because we can do so in the second, what is to prevent us from doing the same in the first? Now these are the only passages that are quoted by Protestants as parallel to the words of institution and they are of no value in proving their position, as they are inadequate to interpret the words: "This is my body."

II.

There are a few difficulties that I must meet before entering upon the second part of this paper. The first is the assertion that in Hebrew there is no word for "to represent"; secondly, that with the people who spoke the same language as our Saviour did in instituting the Eucharist it was common to say, "This is" when they meant to say, "This represents"; thirdly, that if He meant to express, "This represents my body," He could do it in no other way than by saying "This is my body." Grant all this to be true, which is not so, it would prove nothing; for the same phrase would be necessary for the literal declaration. The words would be at most equivocal and we would have to look elsewhere for their interpretation.

Now these bold assertions have been examined carefully by a host of distinguished Biblical scholars with a result that astonished all seekers after truth. They found that the English language has only four or five words to express the word "represent." The Greek and Latin about the same, whereas the Syriac language has upwards of *forty* taken from the most classic authors. Here then is the first assertion that in the Syriac language there is not one word for an idea, for which it has upwards of forty. This is a good specimen of how easy it is to make bold assertions relative to subjects that are not much studied. Thus any person not acquainted with the Syriac language, and knowing the writer to be a learned man, and believing him to be honest in his statements, would take it for granted that his positive assertions were accurate and on his authority would reject the Catholic doctrine. These assertions, however, have no foundation in fact, as the Syriac language has plenty of words to express the idea required.

The second assertion is that it is common with persons using that language to employ the verb "to be" for "to represent." This point also I deny. For instance, I find in the writings of Ephrem, the oldest in the Syriac language, that the verb "to be" occurs in the sense of

"to represent" only twice, or at most four times, whereas the words which signify "to represent" occur at least *sixty* times. Many other commentators bear out this conclusion.

The third assertion was that any person wishing to institute such a rite nowadays would be compelled to use this form. I find on examining several old Syriac commentators, many of them venerable Fathers of the Oriental Church, like St. Maruthas, who wrote 300 years after Christ, that our Saviour instituted the Real Presence, because speaking in their language, He said, "This is my body," and not "This is a figure of my body." Dear Protestant friends, a theory of interpretation supported by such rash assertions as these, cannot stand even the elementary test of Bible study. You cannot convert us to your way of thinking by such sweeping and groundless assertions. We will not be content with the authority of any learned man unless he gives us clear and strong reasons for his opinions. Let this serve as a warning to Catholic and Protestant controversalists. Assertion, no matter by whom it is made, is not proof.

The second objection contains a similar misstatement. We are told by many non-Catholic writers that it was customary for the master of the house, at the Jewish passover, to take in his hand a small portion of bread and pronounce these words, "This is the bread of affliction which our fathers eat," evidently meaning "This represents the bread which our fathers eat." The formula of institution being so similar, we might conclude that our Saviour spoke in the same sense signifying "This bread is the figure of my body." In the first place no such formula existed at our Saviour's time. This we know from the ancient Jewish ceremonial in which is minutely laid down all that is to be done in the celebration of the Pasch. There is not a single word of this speech. This is sufficient proof that such a formula never existed. But suppose the expression did exist, I deny completely that it meant "this is a figure of the bread." If anyone held a piece of bread in his hand and said, "This is the bread which they in Mexico or South America eat," would he not be understood to say, "This is the kind of bread they eat there?" and not "This is a figure of their bread." And the case referred to is not the natural meaning of the words. This unleavened bread is the sort of bread which our fathers eat.

The answers to the objections I have selected will apply to the great body of objections urged against our interpretation of the Scriptural proofs of this blessed dogma. They have an air of deep learning and therefore may easily impose upon superficial minds. They are good examples of the various contradictions into which the Protestant system leads its followers, and of the extravagances into which many of them have fallen. Catholic truth is free from these constant shiftings. Error is always inconsistent, always changing, always seeking what it has not. In the midst of all this restlessness, dear Protestant readers, the old Mother Church prays that you may catch a glimpse of the truth, and with God's grace be led to study it, and finally be brought to embrace it, in whose profession alone is true peace, satisfaction, and happiness.

IRISH FIRESIDES.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD.

"Mabhron! I wish I was in Carrick!" How naturally and readily the old phrase rises to the lips at the bare mention of "Irish firesides!" And no other form of words, now, or ever, can so fittingly express for the Southern Irishman the longing that will not be smothered when he sees, in vision, the misty peaks of his native mountains, the Tir-na-n-og of fable and legend, whose faces forever follow him, the Green Hy-Brazil of his dreams and memories, "With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below."

I have often been puzzled to explain the secret charm of that same Carrick for bard and ballad-maker and story-teller. You'll find the name in every collection of Irish songs, it is up and down through all the windings of Irish folk-lore, and if you "take to yourself the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost ends of the earth," you shall not escape it, for did not the Gobán Saer say in the days of eld:

"Wherever you go you'll meet a Carrick-man."

"And there isn't a word of a lie in it either," as a Carrick man said to me one day last year on the Oakland ferry-boat to San Francisco. "I met one of the Condons from Coolin-na-faha in Yokohama when we were there, on our way home, an' he's over there now," pointing to one of Uncle Sam's big warships in the bay, "an' looks like a Christian instead of the red divil he was." From which I surmised that Tom Condon had taken French leave of King Edward's livery.

And yet Carrick is not particularly noted for its picturesqueness, or its prosperity, or its freedom from "sojers" or "peelers" or "seoinins," or "prodestans," or process-servers. Fairs or faction fights have not added to its renown, and the only "patthern" it celebrates is at Mothel. Why then are its praises sung and its memory hallowed through the ages?

A couple of years ago a Carrick-man, apropos of the athletic Davins, talked from somewhere in the Southern states to his fellow-exiles, and lo! Lough St. and the West Gate and Harry the Bellman were recognized from Maine to Mexico, and I could almost hear the sharp, short, triumphant, rallying cry of the Tipperary and Kilkenny hurlers ring across the rivers and mountains of broad America! "Carrick."

Monuar! how it hurts, how the heart bleeds, to think of the spirit, the dash, the pluck, the honor, the honesty, the intelligence, the purity and the treasure of tenderness violently wrenched from the helpless mother of us all, year in, year out, and made to flow in the unkindly soil of American materialism.

It is no comfort to me to be told "Ah! see how much better off they are. They have work, they have money in their pockets and in the bank, they have the best of eating and drinking. They have a roof over their heads that no crow-bar brigade will pull down, an' the childhre are dressed like ladies an' gintlemin, thanks be to God!"

Yes. But my Carrick friend gives a sigh as he says it, and adds, "'tis a cowld country though." It is. He misses the wonderful courtesy and reverence of the young for the old, the loving obedience, the simplicity and unselfishness, the

homely greeting, the holy peace brooding over hill and valley, the perfect contentment with so little, the warm neighborliness, the long, lingering summer twilights, the *croonàn* of the western winds, the soft green of the earth, and the tender blue of the sky, "Kindly as a cailin's eyes." And he is lonely. He is sorry somehow for the "childhre," and so is the *vhanithee* though they don't know exactly why. "They are good, God and the Virgin be thanked," but when himself and herself were young they didn't bother so much with the world. The boys and girls nowadays are different. They never seem to care about anything in life but the business side of it, and a song or a dance or a sheanacus is no use if there is not a lot of style about it. "They do be thinking too much, and there's no heart at all in anything they do."

That is just it. The young people reflect the colors of their environment. They are hardened by contact with the coarseness around them. They have never known the softening influence of Irish skies and Irish winds, Irish singing and dancing, tradition and folk-lore, feeling and fancy and legend, the universal devotion to ideals as far removed from hard and practical Americanism, as New York and Chicago from Hy-Brazil and Tir-na-n-og. And this is why himself and herself are sorry for the "childhre." Though they may be unable to express it, they are well aware that their own youth with its freshness and charm and innocence and unselfishness, was immeasurably the better in its promise and fulfilment, "For man or boy, for maiden coy or rosy leanbh.*" And in their hearts they pity their children and pray God to keep those young hearts warm in a "cowld" land, to keep them always,

> "Kindly Irish of the Irish,
> Neither Saxon nor Italian."

And the great nursery of this extraordinary spiritualistic tendency of the Gael, in all his aims, objects and ideals, next the Catholic Church and his native temperament, is the Irish fireside as it used to be in our day and in our fathers' days.

I think I never realized this fully until I asked the inevitable Carrick-man in Chicago "what it was he missed most in America?" He answered me almost in the words of Moira O'Neil's beautiful little ballad. It wasn't because the "girls were all heavy goin'," nor because "the boys were hard to please," nor because nobody gave him a "God-save-you kindly" in answer to his salutation, nor because everybody was "richer nor the Jews," "An' not the smallest young gorsoon but thravelled in his shoes"—it was not because of any or all of these things he was lonely and often homesick. What he missed most was "A shough of Andy Phelan's pipe," a long evening's sheanacus over the greesach, with the rest of the boys, a fiddler inside custham-ana,—the "cosey corner" of the fire,—and the boys and the girls of the village "havin' lashins of fun on the flure." That was the desire of his heart, poor fellow! while we talked about the days of our youth, and the "fair hills of holy Ireland," by the shores of Lake Michigan.

And I am persuaded that the fame of Carrick, and the unpurchasable affection of all her sons for this extraordinary Alma Mater (Quae regio in terris nostra, non plena laboris!) is to be explained only on the ground that nowhere else in Ireland has the fireside circle played such a part, and nowhere else have the simple social virtues and accomplishments of

*Pron. lanniv, a child.

the Irish peasantry found such congenial soil for fullest development. A wonderful country it was in those old days, when the "boy" who couldn't play a flute or a fiddle was called a dhournan, a dark fellow, fit for "treasons, stratagems and spoils," a truly Shakespearian verdict.

But the day came when all this glory departed. The fireside had kept alive whatever of distinctly Irish spirit or genius there was in the land. Emigration and the politicians were making great gaps in the magic circle. The people were being taught that it wasn't "stylish" to dance on the cross-roads of a Sunday afternoon, that reels and jigs were "so Irish you know!" that collars and cuffs and silk hats covered all that was decent or worth anything in the country, that it was only blind fiddlers and blind beggar-men who would waste time telling Irish stories or playing Irish music.

Where is the Carrick-man of the seventies who doesn't remember Theevin? Poor old bowed, blind John! John of the gentle voice and the soft hands, around whose knees the delighted children gathered, when he had taken his shining violin from its green baize bag, and with the aid of a door-key, in some wholly miraculous manner made the instrument say "Ma-ma" during the intervals of a most melodiously accordant Gaelic lullaby, whose silvery sonorous cords linger in our hearts to this hour, and fill them with poignant love and sorrow and sighs of Fad O, Fad O! Old times, old times!

John of the gentle voice and face and gesture, John the beloved of children, from afar, across the years and the yeasty leagues and over that bourne whence no traveler returns, I hail thy hallowed spirit and pray thou hast found the Father's smile gentle as thine own to us, the harping of His harpers as full of melody, and the sound thereof as sweet and as ravishing to thine ear, as that forever haunting "Ma-ma" lullaby was to the little ones who loved thee!

Where is the man who ever shouted "Carrick!" who doesn't remember Bobby Brannigan, and his note-book of the hieroglyphics? the fiddle that came apart if put to "concert pitch" (one of Bobby's Machiavellianisms for evading broken strings or avoiding a fast flute player); or the hollow tube with holes, garnished by yards of waxed ends, from which rolled in soft or stormy spells the magic music of the "Miners of Wicklow" or the "Flogging Reel"? Bobby! true son of Apollo, and blood relative of that Irish Orpheus whose fiddle betrayed the secrets of Lobhair a Leinsach the King, long may thy laurels wave and thy name be held in highest veneration by the Gaels of Ardara and Mooncoin!

And what shall be said of "Whack," the blind beggarman, the prophet, the philosopher, the poet, the incomparable rhymer, the ragged Homer of our happy valleys? Was there ever such a trio? Can their places ever be filled in the villages of South Kilkenny, from Carrick to Waterford Bridge? Have the story and the song and the dance disappeared for ever from all those Irish firesides? Have the warm hearts there grown cold and the eyes dull and the laugh infrequent, and the speech Saxon, and the people stylish? Forbid it, Heaven! Else were all true manhood banished from Banba of the Streams, and Irish womanhood fitted only to "suckle slaves."

(Concluded on page 306.)

COPPER AND BRONZE STALLS—"OLD LAMPS AND NEW."

THE CAMPO-DI-FIORI.

A ROMAN SKETCH.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

ST. CECILIA.

Among the varied sights which the Rome of to-day offers to the stranger passing a winter within her gates there is none more thoroughly characteristic and unique in its way than the "Campo-di-Fiori." But let it not be imagined from the flowery title that the "Campo-di-Fiori" is, as its name implies, a "field of flowers." Quite the reverse, for it is nothing more or less than a heterogeneous Roman market, which takes place every Wednesday in the quaint, old "Piazza della Cancelleria," where almost everything under the sun is to be had, not for the asking, but for the bargaining which is an important part in all the transactions.

In spite of the wave of modern life which has swept over the face of the old-world city, with the inevitable accompaniments of ugly buildings, wide streets, electric cars, and every strenuous effort to force

it into a smart and up-to-date capital, the innate picturesqueness of its past clings about it, refusing positively to be thrust into the background. Vanishing Rome has not yet reached the dim regions of shadowland, and as long as some faint glimmer of the "light of other days" still remains to us,—in the street pictures, the Twelfth-Night Fair of the "Befana," the peasant costumes, and last but not least the "Campo-di-Fiori,"—we cannot altogether complain.

As we turn the corner from the busy, modern thoroughfare, "Corso Vittorio Emmanuele," with its ceaseless stream of traffic, we find ourselves in the midst of this survival of old-time Rome, going on merrily under the shadow of the grey old Cancelleria Palace, whose massive masonry has looked down upon it for centuries. It is this contrast of every-day life with a background of majestic architecture that constitutes much of the charm of the "City of memories," rendering it unlike any other city in the world. But let us plunge at once into the mazes of the market, which, with its diversified coloring, its merry street cries, and its costumes, offers a tempting prospect for an idler's morning. Rows of open booths, for the sale of literally everything imaginable, are erected around the Piazza and in the adjacent streets, close together like the old "Tabernae" of the Romans, and are served by every whit as noisy and witty venders as sold in the Roman Forum when the young Virginia tripped lightly past the shops, all unconscious of her impending doom.

Here the most varied tastes are catered for, from the common-place and practical to the artistic and antiquarian. The articles for sale are piled up side by side in a pleasing confusion,—bronze and copper,

THE KINGDOM OF BOOKS

"A FASCINATING FLOWER STALL"

china and jewelry, silks and brocades, carpets, curtains, furniture, household utensils, velvets, satins, laces, marbles, mosaics, plants, flowers, fruit, food, books, arms and armor, old court costumes rich with gold and embroideries, gorgeous church vestments, objects of art of every description, old and new, everything in fact which the practical-minded Roman vender thinks likely to tempt the pocket of his fellow-townsman, or to catch the eye of the unwary "forestiero," (stranger) roaming in search of a bargain. A rich array of brocades meets the eye on the first stall, church vestments, altar frontals, portieres, table-cloths and curtains, also unmade pieces, large and small, of delicate coloring hung side by side and skilfully mingled with richer, warmer tints. Some of the brocades are new and fresh, wholly suggestive of the upholsterer's shop, but many are thin and worn with age, though precious still for their tender, artistic coloring and the rich, raised embroideries in gold and colors with which skilful hands, long crumbled into dust, have covered them. They have come down to posterity as memorials of an age of patient industry. Now-a-days we can pause only for a moment to admire such work while we marvel at the patience of our ancestresses. Here is a splendid brocade of glorious crimson, which once formed the hangings of some patrician palace, for the family coat-of-arms is emblazoned in raised gold on a central shield. One often encounters these heraldic devices of the old Roman families, on the brocades, or engraved on the old oak furniture,—historic names such as a Colonna, an Orsini or a Borghese. One loves to think that the delicate loveliness of Pauline Borghese may have rested against these gorgeous draperies in her dainty boudoir in the Borghese Palace.

Next to the curtains is an ecclesias-

tical design on white silk, evidently an altar frontal, wrought in a wonderful pattern of birds and flowers, fruit and foliage, so rich and glowing in tint that it seems more like a superb painting than a work of the needle. Yet this is but one of the many exquisite embroideries spread out on view, and there is generally a throng of strangers in the vicinity of the brocade stall, admiring the precious pieces, and sometimes reaping bargains pervading one's open-air bargains at the "Campo-di-Fiori," which the shop article would surely lack? At a fatally tempting brocade stall near us a group of bright-faced American girls are engaged in a bargain of absorbing interest, the result being that one of the party falls a victim to the charms of certain sunshiny brocades of cloth-of-gold, rich and sparkling as the Queen of Sheba night have worn, but which this modern young princess is

BROCADE STALLS, UNDER THE CANCELLERIA PALACE.

which they carry away in triumph. As one lingers awhile amid the profusion of rich stuffs and gorgeous colorings, occasionally noting the price paid for them by the contented purchasers, the practical thought occurs, "might not the same thing be bought as cheap at one of the antiquity shops in which Rome abounds?" But "Va, Va!" as the Italians say. Is there not a certain flavor of genuine antiquity doubtless carrying off to decorate a Boston or New York drawing-room.

Farther on we come to the domain of copper. Every stall is set out with a fascinating display of bronze and copper, green bronze and dark bronze, glittering brass and heavy wrought-ironwork. Here are the picturesque water-jars with two handles which the Roman women poise with such perfect grace on their stately

heads; there a collection of lamps, candlesticks, plaques, vases, urns and kettles, in chased, beaten, and hammered bronze. In a corner stands an antique copper chest, formidable enough to have been Ginerva's hiding place, and around it are piled in artistic confusion a variety of objects in beautifully-chased designs,—brass flower holders in the shape of half-opened umbrellas suspended by chains, candelabra, and statues. All are really excellent copies of the antique which they are popularly supposed to represent, though judging from the way in which they are turned out in quantities, and the similarity of the designs, one is rather apt to doubt the absolute veracity of the salesman who earnestly assures us that *his* bronzes are "vero antico."

A DRAWN BARGAIN.

A favorite subject among the Campo-di-Fiori bronzes is a bas-relief of the head of St. Cecilia, a copy of Donatello's famous relief, exquisitely lovely in its tender spiritual grace. Another, a very different subject, is the figure of the "Winged Mercury," bearing aloft in his aerial flight a tiny lamp suspended by chains. The most prominent object, however, on all the bronze stalls, is the reproduction of the Seven-Branched Candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem, an exact copy of the ancient bas-relief sculptured on the Arch of Titus in the Roman Forum. But, oh! the lamps! the lamps! for this Roman "Rag-Fair" is a veritable Aladdin's Palace of "Old Lamps for New,"—Pagan lamps, Christian lamps, Catacomb lamps, in terra cotta, bronze and silver. Some of the Pagan lamps are carved with beautiful decorations, others are in the shape of gargoyle-like monsters, whose cavernous

READY FOR OPENING SALES.

mouths form the opening for the wick. Copies of the early Christian lamps of the Catacombs are to be met with in a variety of designs, the most noticeable being the lamp with the Greek monogram signifying Jesus Christ, and that in the form of a fish (the Catacomb symbol of Our Saviour). Another constant favorite among the Campo-di-Fiori lamps is the tall, graceful, Roman oil-lamp with its three wicks, and long chains holding scissors and snuffers, lamps which are in daily use in Rome even at the present day. Though the supply of veritable antiques has long since run dry, the rapidity with which these modern copies are picked up shows that the artistic is appreciated now as of old.

Wit and humor enliven transactions between buyers and sellers, and very often the stall-holders entertain themselves with jokes at the expense of their customers, especially when the latter offer what *they* consider too low prices for their goods. Of course everyone knows that Campo-di-Fiori charges are by no means fixed prices, in fact one is expected to give about half the price demanded. One vender on being offered five lire for a candlestick of antique design for which he asked twelve laughed satirically and wished his would-be customer a polite "buon giorno." Another antiquity seller of more accommodating disposition asked a tremendous price for his brocades, "just to begin with," as he naively stated. As a rule the stall-holders of the Campo-di-Fiori are extremely unwilling to let a customer go, and if you are unwary enough to allow your eyes to linger on any object on their stall, they will even snatch it up and follow you, calling out after you and begging you to buy, their persistent question, "What will you give for it?" following you around the market like a chanting refrain.

The next stall is a curious mixture of artistic wares, majolica plaques, silver ornaments, old jewelry, mosaics, and marbles, china and glass, ivory and painted fans, masquerade costumes, old swords and armor. Most of the wares are old and tarnished and have seen better days, but occasionally one meets with a treasure-trove in the shape of a rare piece of "Capo-di-Monte," a quaint bit of rich-hued majolica, or an old silver buckle or clasp of splendid workmanship, which

A CORNER OF OLD ENGRAVINGS.

richly rewards delving and digging among the antiquities and modernities spread out for sale. Here is a silver shoe-buckle of Renaissance design, wanting its mate, which may have been worn by an historic cardinal as he paced the cypress avenues of the Villa Medici, or ascended the marble staircase of the Vatican, while from his shoulders flowed those folds of faded silk—now hanging so carelessly over a corner of the stall—which once represented the splendors of the cardinalatial mantle. Amid a confusion of articles lies an ivory miniature of the Napoleonic era, in its faded velvet case. Such a sweet young face it is, so delicately lovely in outline and coloring and so out of place in these incongruous surroundings! Could one not picture how a glance from the eyes of this maiden fired the blood of the gallants of her time? How they must have fought for her slightest favor! And how came she to find a final resting-place here after all her triumphs? But one cannot long indulge in retrospection in the Campo-di-Fiori. I am promptly aroused by the delighted voice of a countrywoman at the stall next to me, who rejoices in the proud possession of an ivory fan, painted in delicate Watteau designs, which she has just acquired for the modest sum of twenty-five lire. It is yellowed with age and perhaps a little ricketty, but beautiful still, and one does not wonder at the little woman's enthusiasm. The normal and well-regulated feminine mind is essentially "bargain hunting," deriving the keenest pleasure from a really honest bargain.

An abrupt transition brings us from fans to books, but judging from the numbers who surround the book stall it is a prime favorite. A veritable feast of books is this, books old and books new, from the mustiest, dustiest tome that ever formed

part of a student's library down to the newest novel of the most frivolous type. Books on theology, archaeology, and medicine, ponderous volumes of history, moth-eaten and dog-eared manuscripts in crabbed characters, poetical works, and sometimes, but not often, a rare edition of some standard classic. Together with the books are massed a promiscuous collection of prints and engravings, also copper-plates, among which artistic treasures

A QUIET CORNER. PRACTICAL BARGAINS.

are occasionally to be found. A motley group is gathered around the books, eagerly poring over their contents, or rummaging among the formidable piles with that recklessness of the chase which characterizes the book-hunter and student. Some of the faces at this stall are a study. Look for instance at that white-haired old priest, with his curly-brimmed, black hat well forward on his head, and his gold-rimmed spectacles pushed back from his Roman nose. He is utterly oblivious of the world around him and all unconsciously jostles his next door neighbor with the huge green umbrella tucked away under his arm. For the old padre has found a treasure he has long been in search of, and the expression of pure contentment on his benevolent face is good to see. Next to him stand two shabby young students in rusty coats, and if one could judge from the hungry look of their thin, pale faces the fickle goddess has not yet smiled on their efforts after literary fame. Near the students is a completely different type of bibliophile, an English "Mees" of the hard and angular variety so frequently to be met with abroad. A severely reproving look dwells upon her features, as if she were disgusted with the frivolity of the world in general and more especially the ways and customs of these foreigners, as she is

pleased to designate the Italians in their own country. If you listen long enough you will probably hear her ask in the most correct Ollendorf Italian, for an old volume of Dante or Petrarch in the original, or perchance even a copy of Jerusalem Delivered, for this type is nothing if not literary. Nevertheless she is uninteresting, so we will leave the students to their dry as dust volumes, and wander unconsciously back to the more fascinating realms of antiquities—the marble and mosaic fragments.

Now there are those who unhesitatingly assert that all the antiquities sold now-a-days are of modern manufacture. "Trash!" they will say, contemptuously, "modern rubbish which comes from Birmingham, or whatever may be the Italian equivalent for that town." As regards the hundreds and thousands of candlesticks, lamps, vases, etc., in copper and bronze, turned out constantly in facsimile, this is practically true, but among all the odds and ends of marble, mosaic, silver and stone, I still venture to retain my opinion that some genuine bits are to be discovered. For where more fittingly than in Rome, where every turn of the spade in the rich earth reveals hidden treasures, can there be found fragments of the architectural richness which built up the splendor of the "World's Capital?" Until lately, when strict regulations for the preservation of all archeological remains were enforced, ancient Rome—from Hadrian's splendid villa at Tivoli to the wide extent of the Palatine Hill, the Colosseum, and the Baths of Caracalla, each one of which contains a mine of precious fragments of variegated marbles and mosaics—was a treasure trove for collectors. What is there more likely then than that a great many of those tiny bits from pagan temple, or ruin, or villa, find their way eventually through many vicissitudes to the Campo-di-Fiori. At any rate let us have the luxury of thinking we are carrying away with us a portion of the splendor of imperial Rome, in the shape of a piece of porphyry from Caracalla's Baths or a fragment of Oriental alabaster from the "Rostra" of the Roman Forum, upon whose glittering surface the feet of a Caesar trod.

Then, for those whose tastes run to a later period, there are the trophies of arms and armor which may have figured in Colonna and Orsini feuds; or, more recent still, the old court costumes,—velvet doublets, satin flounces, and gorgeous waistcoats of flowered brocade, covered with hand embroideries. This rich blue costume of Metastasio's time suggests a stately sixteenth century gallant treading a measure in the minuet, or flaunting down the Corso in gay carnival days. And who knows but that this self-same costume may figure in yet another carnival?—for the modern Roman is a practical and economical personage. Indeed the Romans come to the Campo-di-Fiori for all kinds of useful purchases which are also found here. At the next stall they may be bargaining vehemently for a fender, or carpet, a frying-pan, or a pair of opera glasses, and when the bargain is completed to their satisfaction they carry off the purchase in triumph, innocent of paper or wrappings of any kind.

To many people the most fascinating part of the Campo-di-Fiori is the collection of coins, many and varied specimens of the whole coinage of the "Three Romes" from the coin of the Caesars, with "the image and superscription" of many an imperial tyrant down to the papal coins of a long succession of sovereign pontiffs, and finally the coins of United Italy, showing the image of Victor Emmanuel and Humbert of

Savoy. Many of these are genuine and authentic, many more are successful copies. The coin-collecting mania always has its votaries, and one notices learned savants fingering and inspecting the coins lovingly, peering at them through glasses and spectacles, and finally, after assuring themselves that it is what they want, making an offer to the stall holder for the precious object.

One day at the coin stall of the Campo-di-Fiori I witnessed a delightful little bit of by-play, better than any curtain-raiser, and humorous as only a Roman bargain could be. The principal actor was a fat old gentleman, evidently a professor or antiquarian, with a soft slouch hat and a pair of huge round spectacles on his hooked nose. Apparently he was a constant frequenter of the market for the proprietor greeted him with elaborate politeness, begging him to examine all the articles at his leisure, knowing full well, the rogue, what the coin hunter was in search of. The professor waved his hand with a superbly condescending gesture, then proceeded to cast a seemingly careless glance over the wares, biding his time till the stall holder was engaged in another bargain, to minutely examine the special coin he coveted. This being accomplished he sauntered up to the proprietor and demanded in a negligent manner, as if it was an object of little interest to him, "What might be the price of the few coins in his hand," among which is the treasure. "Of course they are only trifles, mere rubbish," he slightingly said, "but still, just for the sake of asking," etc., etc. "Madonna mia!" ejaculated the vender, with a well simulated expression of horror, "Trifles? Rubbish? My coins are the finest collection in the Borgo! But the Signor Professore only jokes with me."

"No joke about it," growled the professor. "I will give you five francs for the whole lot. Take it or leave it as you please."

"Five francs," shrieked the salesman, now fairly entering into the spirit of the thing, "I, who only last week refused one of these coins to a milord Inglese for twenty francs. Nay," he continued, seeing that the "milord Inglese" produced no impression whatever, "the Austrian Ambassador offered me thirty francs for that one coin of Marcus Aurelius alone."

"Per Bacco," rejoined the professor sweetly, "then either thou or the Ambassador must be a fool," and tossing the coins down he made a feint of moving away, though he had not the slightest intention of leaving till the coin was safe in his pocket, and at his own price too. So the combat continued with great zest, the professor increasing little by little his original offer, and the salesman coming down. At last there came a hitch, the professor stuck obstinately on a matter of four soldi, and ended by walking away in a rage, whereupon the stall holder, rather than let this big fish slip through his net, snatched the coin off the stall, rushed frantically after the professor, and thrust it into his hand, with a beaming smile, as if there had been no dispute in the world between them. The professor smiled too, but somewhat grimly, as he counted out the money, slowly and with precision. A gleam of triumph at the satisfactory ending of the little comedy twinkled in his eye. I turned away much amazed, together with the small group of spectators, who, after the manner of Italians, had been as much interested in the affair as if it concerned themselves.

It is difficult to tear oneself away from the fascination of the Campo-di-Fiori, for the study of human nature is not second in interest to the study of the antique. The most cosmopolitan crowd in the

world, perhaps, is gathered here, and it is most interesting to watch them emptying their pockets of the coin of the realm in exchange for an inconveniently heavy burden of antiques.

My favorite bronze stall had once more chained my attention for the time being, but as I turned reluctantly from it I descried a curious figure, which nevertheless bore a strange fantastic resemblance to a friend at home whom I had not seen for years. But could this be my usually correct and faultless acquaintance who was wont to survey human nature and its development of "sights and shows," from a lofty level of calm superiority? Yes, it was he! He had descended from his pedestal, weakly succumbing to the insidious fascination of a Roman "Rag-Fair." His well cut coat was somewhat dusty, his eyeglass had fallen and the ardor of the chase glistened in his eye, as he rummaged among the bronze and armor, valiantly struggling meanwhile with the difficulties of the Italian language with which, on occasions less momentous, he declared himself utterly unable to cope. His wife was probably in another part of the market, bargain hunting, for surely the various purchases with which the gentleman was laden could not all have been his own acquisitions, too many of them being of a decidedly feminine nature. In one hand he carried a Seven-Branched Candlestick, in the other an exquisitely-chased Roman lamp, while under his arm was tucked away a sword of mediaeval design. His various coat pockets seemed to have been used as "hold-all" receptacles, for they bulged out in strange protuberances, giving him much the appearance of a modern Santa Claus, minus the snow. From one pocket appeared rolls of rich silk brocade, and the sticks of an ivory fan, while from the other a silver dagger paper-knife protruded itself ominously on public notice.

Nothing, however, seemed to shake his complacent serenity, for in the zeal for bargains his usual regard for "les convenances" had forsaken him. At such a moment it would have been cruel to recall my friend from the enchanted land where he was so happily wandering to the practical world of every-day acquaintanceship. So I turned to another stall, and left him all unconscious, postponing our meeting till a more favorable time. There was much to interest and amuse in this quaintest, merriest of markets, but among its many sights the picture of my Bostonian friend stands out prominently in my memory, and I see him as I saw him that sunny winter day in the Campo-di-Fiori, laden with the spoils of a Roman bargain hunt.

Towards "Ave Maria," buying and selling at the market grows slack, the forestieri have betaken themselves to their hotels to discuss their bargains over afternoon tea, and the venders fold their tents with truly Arab-like facility, wheeling away their antiques till Wednesday comes round again. Darkness quietly descends on the deserted Piazza which was such a scene of life, color, and emotion only one short hour ago, and the grand old Renaissance palace reigns alone in solemn dignity.

"CREDO---IN VITAM ETERNAM."

Apostles Creed.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

The days and months have lengthened into years,
  Since pale lips said "farewell,"
And 'twixt thy heart and mine, O best beloved!
  Death's strange, sad silence fell.

The air, so vibrant with our joyous laughter,
  Has strangely silent grown;
The path so easy when we walked together,
  Is hard to tread alone.

Alone, yet not alone, for hearts so closely
  Entwined, as mine and thine,
Are one forever, though we walk no longer,
  Thy dear hand fast in mine.

"For time and for eternity,"—how often
  I heard that low, deep tone;
Each day of time but linked our hearts more closely,
  And thou art still my own.

Death only robbed me of the body, holding
  Thy soul, my life's one star;
And still upon my life I feel thee shining,
  So near, and yet so far.

How rich is life! Fond Memory illumines
  The darkness of today.
Eternity's calm glory casts a brightness
  Along my lonely way.

Patience, my soul! Think, in thy darkest hours,
  Of joys that thou hast known.
Courage, my heart! Each day the hour draws nearer,
  When thou shalt claim thine own.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"It isn't the actual wages I'm complaining of, it's the demands of the men. Got to look out for them as if they were children—save their heads and necks, and some of them are not worth the saving. Valkirk mine has a poor roof—got to leave thousands of good dollars worth of coal down there as pillars to keep the roof from caving in. Got to have safety lamps on account of the gas, and then you've got to lock them to keep the men from opening them. One fool tried to light his pipe from one the other day and got blown into—"

Miss Melinda looked painfully shocked and gave a religious little gasp. Mrs. Valkirk reproved with ponderous playfulness:

"Now, now, John, remember we have a minister at the table."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Walford—guess you have heard the word before. I'm apt to swear outright when I talk about those miners. Soon I've got to go and sit beside them and fan them, I calculate."

"Fan them?"

"Yes, fan them, they say they have got to have more ventilation. Got to spend a mint of money trying to get a contrivance to shoot more air into that pit."

"There are various methods employed," began Mr. Brown, but Mr. Valkirk was too full of his subject to heed interruptions.

"Nothing will satisfy those men—had to build a bonnet to the cage."

"A what?" asked Kate.

"A roof to the cage."

"The cage?"

"Well, I guess you would call it a platform,—for raising the miners and the trams. Had to have a roof to protect their worthless heads. Now they want more air and more wages. They will be wanting automobiles and trips to Europe next."

"And why shouldn't they?" asked Walford, quietly.

Mr. Valkirk put down his knife and fork aghast. "You're joking," he said doubtfully, after a moment's pause.

"No, he is not," said Kate, who scented a controversy. "Charles never jokes."

"No, I'm not joking," said Walford. "I meant to say that those miners are human, but they are forced into the position of brutes. Why shouldn't they desire more than their sordid surroundings? If the world looks upon an automobile as a visible mark of respectability, and Europe as a place of culture, why shouldn't a man reach honestly after them both?"

Mr. Valkirk meditatively rubbed his grey hair until it stood upright. "But they haven't the sense," he said at last.

"Then they ought to be educated."

"Educated to a state of dissatisfaction?" asked Kate, her eyes twinkling.

"No progress was ever made by a self-satisfied society," continued her brother. "Religion teaches resignation to the inevitable, but we are not to believe that every misfortune brought on us by men's avarice, injustice, and corruption, is God's law. We are not to bow our heads in a democracy like this and acknowledge that we are powerless when all things are possible."

Mr. Valkirk looked ruffled. He had a vague idea he was being insulted. Mr. Brown got red in the face and demanded: "Are you accusing us, sir?"

Walford smiled reassuringly.

"Why, I'm accusing no one," he said, pleasantly. "I don't doubt that Mr. Valkirk is a very conscientious employer, and I thought I might get him to use his influence—"

"He has a great deal of influence," broke in Mrs. Valkirk, anxious to temper the dreaded wrath of her spouse.

Mr. Brown turned for commendation to his employer and said: "So much influence that we are thinking of sending him to Congress."

"What a laudable intention," said Kate, the irrepressible.

"I am not so sure I would like Washington," began Mrs. Valkirk, "the social life there must be such a strain on public characters."

"Very great," agreed Kate, "and as for the congressmen's wives—why the whole social structure of the capitol is built upon their nerves."

Walford glanced at his sister imploringly while Mrs. Valkirk, ever serious, began to discuss with Kate and Miss Melinda the responsibilities that possible politics might bring to her.

Walford turned again to his host: "The votes of the miners would be of value?" he began, interrogatively.

"Easy enough to get those," chuckled Mr. Brown.

"But I am sure Mr. Valkirk would prefer persuasion to threats."

"Of course," agreed the embryo congressman, suspiciously.

"It seems to me," continued Walford, meditatively, "that the easiest way to reach those men is through their children. I am sure that Mr. Valkirk, having little ones of his own, does not approve of employing those children in the 'breakers.' Why some of them sit for hours with their feet in running water, on chilly fall days, until they are numb with cold, and pictures of misery. I don't know, of course, who is responsible for so many deplorable conditions, but I feel sure that if pressure were brought to bear by one of the large stockholders it would not be a difficult matter to put a stop to this abuse of child labor at least."

"These children are all over twelve years old," began Mr. Brown, protestingly, "and that's the age the law fixes."

"Some of them are under seven," said Walford, decisively.

"How do you know that?" Mr. Brown asked, suspiciously.

"Because I know something about the relative size of children, and because I was out there talking to some of them the other day."

"What for?"

"Because they interest me."

Mr. Valkirk's face had been growing forbidding as this conversation went on, and he had drained his glass once and refilled it. "You'd better leave them alone," he broke in sulkily. "Their mothers and fathers hire them out to us, and are grateful to us for takin' them and givin' them a chance to add to the family earnings. It's a charity to their parents, sir, to take them. And we don't take none unless the parents swear in writing that the child is over twelve." And then noticing a queer smile on Walford's face, he added: "If they choose to lie about their ages, it's none of our business."

"But you could make it so," insisted Walford.

"Make it? They ain't my children, and why should I be going around trying to run their family affairs," retorted Mr. Valkirk, angrily.

"I think it would be good policy, to say the least, for any one with political aspirations," suggested Walford quietly.

From Mr. Brown's throat there came an unpleasant guttural sound, which he meant to be accepted as a laugh.

"These miners care more about dollars

than they do about their children," he said.

Walford's indignation was rapidly rising towards the elderly secretary. "But why do they?" he asked, striving to speak calmly.

The question seemed so obviously stupid to his hearers that an awkward silence followed the asking. Mr. Brown looked puzzled, uncertain as to whether an answer was really expected. Mrs. Valkirk's expression was one of compassion for the young minister's palpable ignorance, while Mr. Valkirk busied himself emptying his glass again and refilling it.

"That was merely an oratorical question," explained Kate, anxious to relieve the strain.

Walford could not help smiling as soon as he realized the situation he had created.

"I should have asked," he went on, hastily, "what can have brought about such an unnatural state of things, unless it is that every generation of these people has been brought to a lower and lower stage of degradation by their struggle against abject poverty, until at last even the natural affection of a creature for its young is being stifled? And what will the children of these children be like, do you imagine?"

Walford's face had been coloring as he went on, and it was plain that his feelings were rising, but he had caught Kate's significant look as he reached this point, and he had ended abruptly, and taken up a glass of water to gain time to recover his self-control.

For a moment his last question elicited no more of a response than had the former one. Mr. Brown gave a clumsy shrug of his shoulders and looked deferentially toward Mr. Valkirk.

"It's none of my business, I tell you," repeated Mr. Valkirk, plainly annoyed. "And I'll tell you one thing," he went on in rising tones, "any preaching to those men of this sort of stuff is going to raise the biggest kind of a row. You'd better keep away from those parts and leave the men alone."

"Good advice that Mr. Valkirk is giving your brother," said Mr. Brown, addressing Kate, but intending his remark rather for the two men.

Walford flushed and was about to reply, when Mr. Valkirk, who now seemed to have gotten under headway, began again in the same loud tone:

"The only ones you could get a hearing with are already a mighty dangerous element to the peace and the prosperity of this town. Most of the men in the mines are Poles or Eyetalians, though there are still a good many Irish around. But they're nearly all Romanists, just the same, and the ones that go to their own churches—which most of 'em do—wouldn't listen to you. Why, you couldn't get a hearing with 'em, at all. Lots of 'em don't speak English, and even those that do wouldn't believe you were the real thing, no matter how much you take to candles and gowns."

Melinda and Mrs. Valkirk, who had been suffering more and more with embarrassment and nervous dread ever since the conversation had taken this turn, were aghast at this uncalled-for fling, and both tried to look apologies at Walford. Mr. Brown's head was nodding approvingly, with the regularity of a mechanical toy, while Walford turned a look of mingled anger and surprise toward his host. Kate was about to come to the rescue in an attempt to divert the conversation, when Mr. Valkirk took a fresh breath and began again. He had been nettled by hearing in his own house and at his own table the sort of talk that he imagined was only

heard at labor meetings and he was now fairly launched into a harangue on the whole situation. He had fortified himself with wine, and as he recalled the past his vehemence of manner increased, while his regard for grammar and other minor conventionalities diminished.

"Their own priests can make trouble enough for us," he went on, "without our minister joining in with 'em. Sometimes you think you're glad they do go to church, as them sort seems most of the time to be less troublesome than those that don't. But then again when their priests takes the bit in their teeth and get bull-headed it seems to me we have more real trouble in handling the churchy ones than we do with the others. Why it ain't been but a few years back—Mr. Brown remembers it well—when some of them agitators came in here with their talk about organizin' the men, and tryin' to stir them up to a strike, for the devil only knows what. The men was getting the same wages they had been gettin' for years past, and the agitators was nothin' more than disturbers of the peace. But we didn't take them very seriously at first, for we didn't think they could organize such a mixed lot o' nationalities, and the men hadn't forgotten what happened when a crowd struck a few years before at one of the mines across the mountain an' attempted to interfere with the working of the other mines. They got the law invoked against them, and when a crowd marchin' along the road wouldn't disperse when the sheriff read the riot act to 'em, they got a volley from the rifles of the upholders of the law, and they had five funerals next day. I know," he went on, looking squarely at Walford, who seemed about to break in on his discourse, "that a howl was raised by yellow journals because they said the strikers was chiefly Poles and Eyetalians that couldn't understand what the sheriff was readin' to 'em. But that don't make any difference in my mind. English is the language of this country, and even if they didn't understand the words the sheriff was readin' they understood what his deputies said to 'em with their Winchesters. And they remember it, too," he added fiercely, "and it ought to make 'em pause and think when agitators are trying to lead 'em into trouble. And so, as I was explainin', we didn't take these agitators who had come in here very seriously at the first, an' we didn't expect any trouble from strikes, and when we talked it over amongst ourselves we counted on the priests as one of the forces that could be reckoned on for the preservation of peace and order, for we had heard that they were all warning their men from the pulpit to be careful and not to be led into doin' anything rash an' bringing suffering on their families. They said to go on an' organize all they wanted to, but to be moderate and just in their demands,—and that's all we want," he said hoarsely, striking the table with his heavy fist, "that's all we want. If they'll be moderate and just, moderate an' just, I say," —and he seemed to roll these words as a sweet morsel on his tongue—"we'll meet 'em half way, or at least go as far as we can with due regard to the rights of our stockholders," he added firmly.

"The rights of the stockholders must be respected," echoed Mr. Brown. "But it's all talk with them—all of them," Mr. Valkirk went on to his silent auditors, for they had ceased to be diners since he launched into his prolonged speech, and they were sitting uneasily in their chairs giving their whole attention to him. "They don't mean to treat us fair, none of them, when it comes to a show down, and this time I'm talking about I saw precious little difference, before we got

done with the business, between the priests and the agitators that had come in just for the purpose of stirring up trouble. When they did get up an organization, and figured out a lot of 'demands,' we, of course, wouldn't listen to these officious spokesmen, and we refused to receive any delegations or committees from the 'organization'—we don't hire them, and we don't have no dealings with organizations as such, but we were willing to do what we thought was right, and we did consent to receive a committee of two priests when they came to us on behalf of the men, for we had thought that they was conservative and wasn't in sympathy with the agitators, and was opposed to a strike, and, not being working men themselves, they'd be able to look at things more from our view point, and could be reasoned with. But I tell you we was mistaken. We ought never to have received them, for it wasn't none of their fight anyhow, and they was just as much intermeddlers as the most rantin' agitator. They had a list of the demands of the men, and we went over the list with them. They agreed with us that some of them couldn't be granted just then. The fact was that they couldn't never be granted, but we took their view that they could not be granted *just then,* and was willing to let the future take care of itself. But this only made 'em bolder, for when we got further down the list they wouldn't accept the arguments, and they couldn't be made to understand that the stockholders had vested rights that couldn't be tampered with. But we might have expected this, for they wasn't business men, and we ought never to have received them. But we argued with them, and they only got stubborn and talked some kind of gibberish that may be all right in church or at a political meeting where you're giving reform speeches, but which ain't got no place in a business discussion like this one was. And the upshot of it was that it was a mistake to have come down to their level and to have met with them at all, for when they left they went back and urged the men on to strike, and said they couldn't get no justice from us and no respect as human beings unless they could force it out of us. Yes sir, just because they couldn't dictate to us how we should manage our business and the price at which we should sell the necessaries to the men, they went right dead against us, and in the strike that came on they were our worst enemies, for they kept the men away from the saloons and prevented them from the sort of overt acts that would have brought the law down on them, and would have brought us the militia to protect our property and our rights, as is our due. For I tell you, sir, that us mine owners pay the heaviest taxes in this township. But there's a lot of them young Poles and Eyetalians that's been born in this country and speak English. And these don't go to no church, and don't believe in anything, and they've gotten up a socialist party here, and as the priests had no influence over them, an' they are a lot o' firebrands anyway, they soon let out enough of the devil that was in them to bring enough troops in to overawe the whole crowd. So that may be it was just as well for us then that there was such a crowd, but in more peaceful times this lot is always holding meetings and talking about grievances, and doing their best to foment trouble. And there's no denying that they do keep a lot o' the men broodin' over their so-called grievances, an' they ain't no benefit to this town. They're a constant menace to the peace, that's what they are, an' to talk such sentiments as they do ought to be cause enough to lock them up for good, where they

couldn't make trouble, and we'd have such laws if I had the making of them."

"We need such laws, and we'll have to get them, if we expect the peace and prosperity of the country to go on," said Mr. Brown, as Mr. Valkirk stopped for a moment to moisten his throat, which had grown dry during this bit of speech-making.

"And," continued Mr. Valkirk, ignoring the secretary's remark, "these here socialists are the only ones you'd likely get a hearing with, an' I take it, sir, that that ain't your business, an' that that ain't what you've been brought here for. What we need in this town is to add to the conservative an' the law abidin' forces of this community, an' not to be giving aid an' sympathy to a lot o' miserable foreigners that are a danger to the best interests of this town. No, sir, you'd better leave them alone, sir, an' confine yourself to the true work of the church."

Mr. Valkirk had been steadily relieving his tense feelings by his prolonged pronouncement, and as he came to a point for conclusion, and addressed himself so directly to Walford, he became conscious for the first time that the minister was wrought up, and was likely to give him a spirited retort. He had delivered himself, and eased up his own feelings, and was so satisfied with his presentation of the case that he was willing to be magnanimous, and even humorous. So he added, as a finishing touch to his remarks:

"Of course I don't set up to dictate to you what your duties are, sir, but I am an older man, and know this town, and its dangers better than you can, an' I am interested in the success of your church work here, for while I am a trustee, I ain't using a trustee's right to dictate. But I pay the highest pew rent of any man in that church. An' while it's true that I don't often get time on Sundays to go to hear the preachin', I may claim to be a pillar o' the church in that other sense of being one of the strongest contributors to its support. And the church couldn't exist on mere attendance, it takes somethin' more substantial than that to support it. Eh! An' that's where I come in. Amanda does the attendin', and does it better than I could. Eh, Amanda!"

Mr. Valkirk closed in this easy vein, but he was plainly nervous, for Walford's expression had unsettled the complacency that his host had begun to feel when he first noticed the effect of his words on the minister.

Kate had seen the dangerous light that shone in her brother's eyes; she felt that he had already gone too far, and dreaded any further discussion on his part of the unfortunate topic; and she successfully turned the conversation with a woman's quick cleverness into another channel free from social reefs and religious shoals. Walford saw her effort and acquiesced, and had little to say the rest of the meal. He felt the hopelessness of Mr. Valkirk's attitude, and he had taken a decided dislike to the blear-eyed Mr. Brown. The force of this last feeling annoyed him. It was so unphilosophically intense, and he was preoccupied during part of the remaining time in trying to analyze it.

But the dinner, like all things, had an ending, and the leave-takings while somewhat strained were obviously a relief to all.

On the way home Kate delivered herself in her usual vein:

"Charles, you have disgraced me and all your long line of conservative ancestors,—not to mention having ruined your prospects in this parish. I'm not saying, however, that I didn't enjoy it. But, don't you know that business, argument, or anything serious—or even sensible—is bad form at a dinner in good society.

Next time I shall try the experiment of teaching you a few jokes before leaving home. You must really be coached, your seriousness is awful."

"It might be wise to act upon suggestion, but volumes of jokes wouldn't make me a social success. I fear Valkirk is hopeless," he went on, dejectedly. "His moral sense in these matters is probably too deeply buried to be resurrected; and he didn't at all respond to my attempt to move him by political considerations. He seems naturally to prefer more brutal methods."

"I am a mere amateur in all labor matters, practical or theoretical," said Kate with a mock deference, "so perhaps I may venture to ask if what we have been treated to this evening might be termed the employers' point of view."

"No, thank heaven," replied Walford, earnestly, "he is not typical. There are all sorts of employers, just as there are of other human beings. I hope the Valkirk type is destined to become as extinct as the pirate and the highwayman of earlier days; but his sort is, unfortunately, still too numerous. It is this kind that goad the workers into riot, and inflame them against the employing class as a whole."

Mr. Brown said to Mr. Valkirk at parting: "That young minister, mark my words, is a dangerous man. He will stir up trouble around here yet."

"He's got no business in a pulpit," agreed Mr. Valkirk. "His sort is a menace to the peace of any community. He's the sort that makes class hatred."

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Melinda Tibbs had come to Mrs. Crandall's, where the sewing circle was to meet this bleak December day, with a clipping from a newspaper pinned conspicuously on the front of her be-ribboned alpaca gown. The ladies looked up with an air of pleasurable anticipation as she entered, and after exchanging remarks about the frigidity of the atmosphere outside and the virtues of the air tight stove within they settled down to their work and waited for Miss Melinda's revelations, with an assumed patience which bordered on good breeding, but which also proved a disclination to give Miss Melinda the satisfaction of their expected curiosity.

As Miss Melinda slowly took the pins out of her bonnet and laid it on the bed, she looked silently and critically around the room. Mrs. Crandall, remarking her visitor's keen observation, hastily said: "It was warmer up here than in the front parlor. I haven't got this room quite fixed up for the winter. My niece has been promising me two widths of rag carpet; I hope she won't forget, for the floor looks sort of bare with only that rug with the dog's head on it. I've been thinking about having this room papered, but I've heard people say that whitewash was healthier."

"I'm sure it looks very neat," said Miss Melinda, abstractedly, as she glanced fondly down upon the bit of paper, "and it's delightfully warm. I brought my heathen's shirt. Just see how rumpled it got from carrying it in that bag. I think I'll have it washed and ironed. Where's Miss Walford?"

"She hasn't come yet," said Mrs. Valkirk with righteous sternness. "She is usually late, I don't believe she is very much in earnest about the work. I think she is very light-headed."

"Well, she certainly doesn't realize the needs of the heathen," moaned Mrs. Crandall. "I believe she is going to marry that Mr. Jennings, and that isn't the way to convert them."

"Perhaps she considers him a subject for conversion," commented the little

governess quietly. "He is certainly a most devoted disciple."

"He is a devoted friend of the minister," said the daughter of one of the trustees, jealously. "My father says he thinks Mr. Jennings goes to the rectory too often. Father says he doesn't like the minister's friends anyhow—heathens, miners, Romanists, and infidels."

"He isn't very sociable with us," admitted Miss Melinda in a grieved tone.

"But he wanted to be," said the governess. "I'm sure when he opened his club-house he invited all the ladies to join him in the work, and he seemed deeply grateful when you wrote the menu and started the kitchen."

"And gave up my own cook," added Miss Melinda, with the air of a martyr, "I will never be able to get one as good. I don't believe he ever realized the sacrifice I was making."

"Was the sacrifice altogether disinterested?" questioned one of the ladies spitefully.

"I don't know what you mean," snapped Miss Melinda. "Mr. Walford could not get a cook who was competent to manage both the cooking and providing, until I recommended mine."

"It was very kind of you," said the little governess, anxious to preserve peace, "and I think it is due to your cook that the club-house has proved a success."

"If you are talking about the club-house," interrupted the deaf, old woman, starting from her chair, "I ain't in favor of it. Folks tell me that they have one room down there, where there ain't anything but fighting arms."

"Boxing gloves and foils," announced Mrs. Valkirk in her superior way.

"Well, such things don't make a man more God-fearing," said the old lady decidedly.

"Perhaps they do," differed the governess. "We work out our salvation in divers ways."

"I don't believe in divers' ways," mumbled the old woman who was in a talkative humor. "Don't believe in all these new-fangled preachers. The Bible is good enough for me."

"Do you think Mr. Walford believes in the Bible?" asked the trustee's daughter, made breathless by the boldness of her own question as soon as it was spoken.

"Why not?" queried the ladies in chorus.

"Father says he talks a lot about tradition. Father says he would have added a lot to the service if all the trustees had not objected."

"Dear me," said the little governess, "how very narrow-minded. I think Mr. Walford ought to do as he pleases. For my part I wish he would introduce a higher form of ritualism."

"Hasn't he?" questioned Mrs. Valkirk. "I know I am on my knees for a longer time every Sunday. I find I'm not as young as I used to be, and any unusual exercise gives me rheumatism. I am sure the church at present is high enough for me. I trust he will leave traditions alone."

"He is very enthusiastic," asserted the governess. "He is doing all he can to convert Ralph Somers."

"And why should Ralph Somers need conversion?" demanded Mrs. Crandall. "Isn't he a regular church member? I'm not objecting, of course, to his going to the Somers' but I heard somebody say—"

"What?"

"Well, I don't like to repeat the story, only—I will say this, that I don't think the young minister is doing himself any

good in the eyes of his own congregation by going there so much."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Melinda knowingly, looking down upon the bit of paper near her button-hole. "She is a divorced woman, you know."

"Divorced!" repeated the chorus.

"I knew that some time ago," said the little governess calmly.

"You knew it!" exclaimed the ladies.

The amazement and interest of her audience was all that Miss Melinda could desire. She unpinned the bit of paper from her dress and stood holding it in her hand, with dramatic hesitation.

"Please let me see it," requested Mrs. Valkirk eagerly. "Why, it's only the notice of the divorce. I hoped it would enter into particulars."

"Why?" asked the little governess, who was the only one in the room who had not dropped her needle.

"Oh, because—because"—the stout lady was somewhat confused—"I can't help taking an interest."

"And neither can I," declared Miss Melinda. "Divorce cases are always so interesting."

"It is plain you never were married, Melinda," said the governess, with a faint smile. "Divorce cases ought not to be interesting because matrimonial unhappiness is such an old story. Nearly every married woman thinks she has cause for divorce."

"Divorce?" repeated the old deaf woman, who was trying to bite her thread with two protruding teeth which did not touch each other. "The Lord knows that one husband is enough for any woman."

"One? yes," said the trustee's daughter reflectively.

"Of course the married state has its blessings," began Miss Melinda. "One does not live in loneliness."

"I think when people are fifty," spoke up Mrs. Crandall, dolefully, "that it doesn't make much difference whether you are married or single. If your husband is dead, or a drunkard, and your children have grown up and left you, you might as well be an old maid. I'm sure they usually have more to make them comfortable."

"That's true," agreed the little governess. "I am sure Melinda here is far happier than Frances Hampden."

"I'm not anywhere near fifty," protested Miss Melinda.

"Nobody said you were," laughed one of the ladies. "I'm sure you can't object to being classed with Frances Hampden, she is only twenty-nine."

"Why do you suppose Mr. Walford goes there so much?" asked the trustee's daughter with poorly-studied indifference.

"I am sure it's most natural," replied the governess. "Ralph Somers was a friend of his college days, and now the poor fellow is dying. As a minister of the Gospel it is Mr. Walford's duty to prepare that poor young man's soul for death."

The trustee's daughter looked meditative. "I think he finds it very pleasant," she said.

"Strange enjoyment," sniffed Miss Melinda.

"Oh, I don't mean that he is glad Mr. Somers is dying," hastily added the trustee's daughter. "But I do think he enjoys going to the house. He's not the first man—"

"What has the first man to do with it?" queried the deaf woman, unwilling to be left out of the half-heard discussion. "The first man is usually no account. If a girl takes the first man who asks her, it's because she hasn't sense enough to

refuse him. She's in love with love. Didn't I do it? Don't I know?"

"Indeed you do," agreed the little governess, anxious to cut off the old lady's monotonous recital of her past marital infelicities. "The astonishing thing to me is that people keep on getting married in spite of all the unhappy experiences of their friends and relatives."

"Do you suppose the minister wants to marry Frances?" asked Mrs. Valkirk, who usually blundered to the point.

"Frances wouldn't," said the governess decidedly.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, because, she couldn't. Her church wouldn't allow it."

"How foolish to discuss the matter," said Miss Melinda, twisting the newspaper cutting into a long stem, with her unshapely fingers. "Our church does not allow it either."

"Our church has," said the little governess, who delighted in resurrecting her knowledge of facts. "Didn't Henry the Eighth believe in divorce?"

"Indeed he didn't," contradicted the trustee's daughter. "I thought he always killed his wife before marrying another."

"Killed his wife?" cried the deaf old woman in the corner. "Who has killed his wife? Oh, these men! I believe they are all murderers at heart. Didn't my husband threaten me with a carving knife?"

"I suppose he did, if you say so," said Mrs. Valkirk solemnly tolerant. "But we are not talking about him. We were speaking of an English king."

"Don't know him," said the old lady in a relieved tone. "I once knew a family by the name of King, but they are all dead now, thank the Lord! They were good friends of mine and they might have got took by mistake. They were always suffering misfortunes—"

"There is no use talking to her," announced Mrs. Crandall resignedly. "She only hears a word now and then. Where did you get that newspaper notice, Melinda?"

"I cut it out of a Western paper my brother-in-law's cousin sends me every now and then. She trusts her husband to mail them and he puts them in his pocket and usually carries them around for a month or so before he remembers to put them in the post box. She tells me that divorces are easy to get out there. A man can post up his charges against his wife in three different places and if she doesn't appear to defend herself he gets the divorce."

"How horribly conspicuous!" murmured the trustee's daughter.

"I call it disreputable," said the governess, shutting her pale lips with decision. "When I was young, people staid at home and clung together, and if they disagreed they realized the importance of making up before the sun went down on their anger."

"Times have changed," sighed the old woman meditatively. "I remember when my black bombazine was new, folks thought it was something to look at—"

"Nobody wears bombazine now," interrupted Miss Melinda, who was known to be a subscriber to three fashion Bazaars.

"Don't tell her that," whispered the governess softly. "Her bombazine is still her best dress, she wears it to church on Sundays."

"It was Sunday," said the old woman, "Mr. Walford came to see me."

"To see you," echoed the ladies. "What for?"

"And why not? Ain't I one of his regular church members? Ain't I a poor

lone widow? He's a charitable man. He thought I was in need, and offered me a ton of coal, put in without extra charge for hauling, but I told him I wasn't that bad off, so he sat and chatted some time, and when he left I began thinking of all the single girls in this parish and that nice young man right on the town and nobody with sense enough to catch him."

The trustee's daughter looked as if this remark was aimed chiefly at her. "I don't think he cares about girls," she said.

"Then why does he go to Frances Somers'?" demanded Mrs. Valkirk.

"Because they are old friends," answered the little governess, "and because Ralph Somers is dying. If Frances were free, there might be more reason for his going, but I don't believe she would care for him under any circumstances."

"Why?"

"Oh, because he is so serious and matter-of-fact, and I have never seen him smile as if he really wanted to."

"Really wanted to?"

"I mean he never laughs, at least I have never seen him."

"Laughing ain't fitting a minister of the Gospel," said the deaf one with surprising alertness; "you can't get a hold on your parish if you make them think they've got time to laugh."

"Her hearing is certainly improving," remarked Miss Melinda, regretful and cautious. "We shall have to be careful what we say before her. I am sure she's a gossip."

"Did you mention us to the minister, on Sunday?" screamed Mrs. Crandall, pleasantly, addressing her oldest guest. She felt that the eyes of the other ladies were turned admiringly upon her.

"Of course, what else was I to talk about?"

Mrs. Crandall beamed in spite of her fears. She experienced the glow of glory that a true diplomat feels when he surprises a secret of state.

"What did you say?" asked the ladies in a righteous state of excitement.

"I told him about our sewing for the heathen and nothing but the heathen, and I asked him if he needed any mending done."

The little governess laughed aloud. "Did the minister look startled?" she said.

"What about?" asked the other ladies, half-indignant at this mirthful interruption.

The little governess subsided. "Oh, nothing. Go on. What else did you say?"

The old lady seemed pleased to be the centre of attention, her high pitched voice was almost a squeal of joy.

"I said his sister didn't seem to be the kind to look after a man's socks. She ain't serious—I'm doubting whether she's a Christian."

"Oh!" exclaimed the ladies. "Did you tell him that?"

"I said girls had changed since I was young. Kate Walford ain't serious. Anybody can see that."

"I did see her whisper to Mr. Jennings during the minister's sermon," admitted Miss Melinda.

"What was Dick Jennings doing in church?" asked the trustee's daughter, feeling that she was suggesting a daring intimacy in calling him "Dick."

"He is willing to go anywhere with the minister's sister," said Miss Melinda, in the regretful tone in which she always spoke of other women's admirers. "They say she won't look at him though."

"She has to look at him when he goes there every day," said Mrs. Valkirk, rustling her black silk skirts impressively. "I don't mind saying that I'm not

satisfied with the new minister or his sister either, and I don't think anybody in this town is over fond of them."

The sunken grey eyes of the little governess wore a pained expression. "You forget Tommy Hampden," she said.

"Tommy Hampden! Oh, I know he goes to the rectory every day. That boy was bad enough before the minister came, but they are going to ruin him outright. Kate Walford stuffs him with cakes and candy, and the minister goes out in the garden and plays leap frog with him, so I'm told."

"Leap-frog!"

"Stoops down and lets that boy jump over his back, and at the club-house, they say that Mr. Walford had a fight with the professional pugilist."

"A real fight!" exclaimed the ladies.

"Well, I don't know what you call a real fight, they had on boxing gloves, and all the boys were watching them. I don't like to have my faith shaken by such things; and now he's talking about candles and altars and lamps. Everybody knows I've been a regular church member, ever since I was confirmed, and I flatter myself I'm willing to make allowances like a Christian woman should, but I don't think Mr. Walford ought to spend so much time out at the mines. What's he doing there? Stirring up trouble my husband says."

"Stirring a little decency into those miners," said the governess emphatically. But Mrs. Valkirk, unmindful, went on.

"I invited them to dinner once, and he and his sister came to call afterwards, as was proper, but he hasn't been to my house since. He doesn't go to see the rest of you either, unless you are dying or dead. He doesn't go anywhere that's respectable, except the Somers', and he goes there nearly every day. I tell you what I think—I think he's in love with Frances Hampden."

Horror was depicted on the faces of her hearers, but it was horror not unmixed with admiration for her who had so courageously delivered her opinion.

"O lordy! lordy!" squealed the old woman. "Who ever thought of such wickedness! He's a good man, I tell you. His sister may be a bit flighty, but he's a good man."

The faded eyes of the litle governess flashed, and, rising, she flung her crape-trimmed cape around her narrow shoulders.

"The trouble is," she said, "that a man of great possibilities finds himself in a mud-hole, and if he occasionally climbs up to the only place that he can get a glimpse of his world, which is his by right of inheritance, who can blame him? I say, God pity you all."

The ladies gasped. They felt that they had been covertly insulted, but they did not quite understand. It was not the first time that this sweet-faced woman had exploded her ideas in their circle. They listened silently until her retreating footsteps died away on the uncarpeted stairs. Then Miss Melinda said, "I never liked that woman. Why doesn't she say what she means?"

(To be Continued.)

MOLOKAI, PART OF BISHOP ROPERT'S CHARGE.

THE LATE BISHOP ROPERT AND THE LEPERS.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

One of the first news messages flashed over the Pacific cable recently laid from San Francisco to Honolulu read as follows:

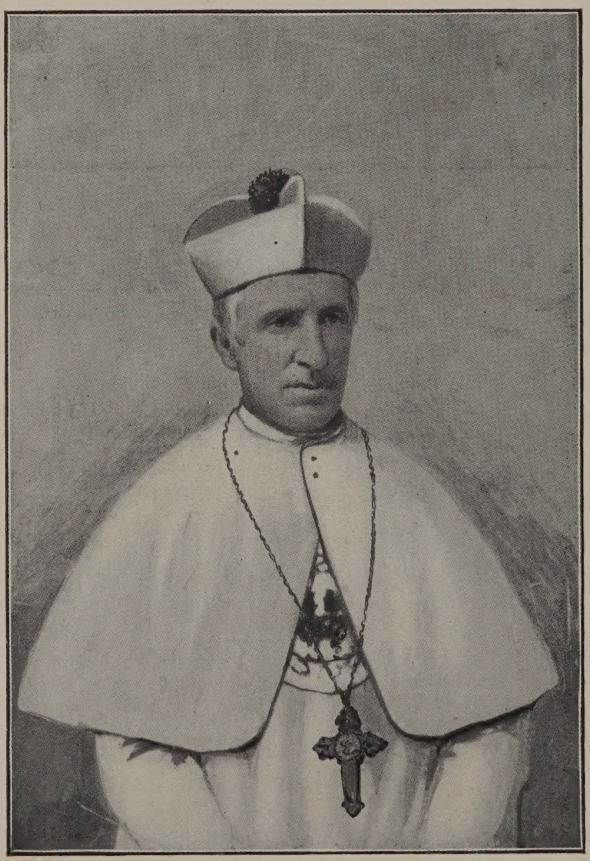
HONOLULU, Jan. 6.—Bishop Gulstan F. Ropert, head of the Roman Catholic Church in the Hawaiian Islands, died late last night. Bishop Ropert has been sick for some time and was in a dying condition when the Pacific cable was landed at Honolulu. One of the first messages sent over the new cable was from Bishop Ropert, who realized then that his end was approaching and who sent a message to the Pope, asking for his blessing.

Bishop Ropert was a native of France, and was about sixty-two years of age at the time of his death. Some years ago the writer had the pleasure of meeting him. He was a charming character, simple as a child, with all the marked suavity of the French race. He spoke English with a marked Breton accent, and when he grew interested was a most entertaining conversationalist, especially when the subject was his "dear islands in the Pacific." He was small of stature, and had a pleasing face, framed in iron-gray hair. Evidently he was a hard worker. He went to the Hawaiian Islands some thirty-five years ago, during twenty-four of which he labored as a simple priest and pastor, until he was chosen by the Pope as successor to Bishop Koeckemann, who died in 1892. Bishop Ropert was consecrated by Archbishop Riordan, at San Francisco, as Titular Bishop of Panopolis and Vicar Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, Sept. 25th, 1892. When he first left France he was nine months reaching the scene of his future labors. Before his consecration as Bishop he was pastor at Wai-lu-ku, Isle of Maui, where

he established a parochial school under the care of Brothers of Mary from Dayton, Ohio, and also one for girls, under charge of Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, N. Y. During his administration as Bishop he made a journey to Europe in 1895, securing the services of some Brothers to take charge of the leper home for boys at Molokai, forever made famous by Father Damien, the leper-priest; that leper-island of which Stoddard says:

"A lotus isle for mid-day dreaming
Seen vague as our ship sails by;
A land that knows not life's commotion;

Blest 'No-Man's Land!' we sadly say;
Has it a name, yon gem of ocean?
The seaman answers, "Molokai.'"



THE LATE MGR. GULSTAN ROPERT.

Bishop Ropert belonged to the same religious order as Father Damien— Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary —known in France as "The Society of the Picpus." This society is thus called from the fact that when it was established in the year 1805, by Father Coudrin, he took up his abode in the buildings commonly known as "Picpus," in the Fauborg of St. Antoine, Paris. The priests who had lived in this house years before, as the traditional story runs, were unusually attentive to the people of the neighborhood who were afflicted with some sort of skin disease, breaking out in malignant sores and pustules. The priests went among them, and on many occasions pricked the sores, letting out the pus —hence the name Pic-pus —Piquer - pus. How appropriate that this order should have the care of the lepers, —afflicted with the most malignant of skin diseases — and thus again in this century fulfil the meaning of the name "Picpus."

The Fathers of this Order were approved by the Holy See in 1817, and in 1825 Pope Leo XII. sent some of its members to preach the gospel in the islands of the Pacific, and there they have labored amid trials and difficulties for the past three-quarters of a century. There are in the Hawaiian group of islands, now a part of United States territory, thirty-five Catholic churches, sixty-nine chapels, one college with six hundred pupils, three academies and ten parochial schools with 1,865 pupils.

The Catholic population is about 33,000 out of an entire population of 100,000. Bishop Ropert used to say that of a Sunday in his cathedral at Honolulu, there were Catholics of every race and nation, a cosmopolitan gathering, and he doubted if outside St. Peter's, Rome, any church on earth usually held a stranger congregation.

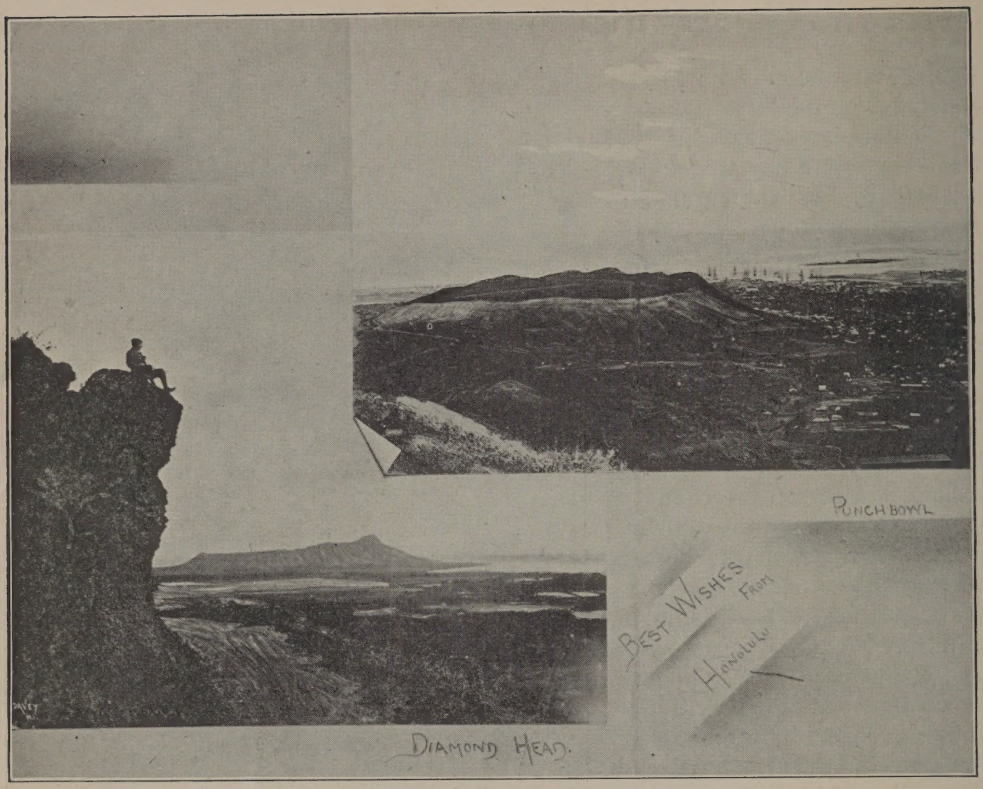
A recent letter from Molokai says: "One thing is certain, leprosy on the islands seems to be on the down grade now. From the highest number of cases, several years ago, viz., 1213, it is now reduced to 870. It was down to 850, but new arrivals bring it up just at this writing. It was reported by the United States government physicians that all cases were closely gathered and sent for isolation here to Molokai. Here are some figures:

U. S. MARINES LANDING FOR DRILL.

Dec. 31, 1890—Cases at Molokai, 1,213.
Dec. 31, 1891—Cases at Molokai, 1,142.
Dec. 31, 1892—Cases at Molokai, 1,095.
Dec. 31, 1893—Cases at Molokai, 1,155.
Dec. 31, 1894—Cases at Molokai, 1,124.
Dec. 31, 1895—Cases at Molokai, 1,087.
Dec. 31, 1896—Cases at Molokai, 1,115.
Dec. 31, 1897—Cases at Molokai, 1,100.

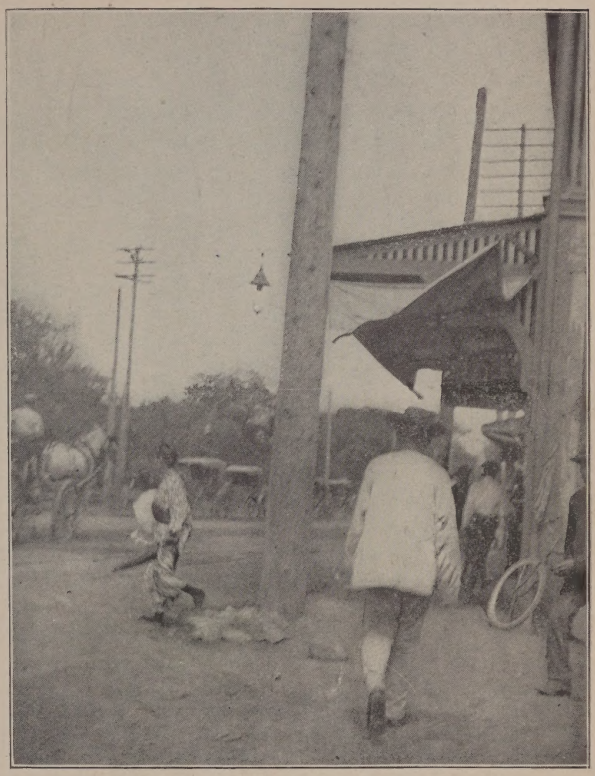
"I have not the figures at hand for the later years, but the most rapid decrease has been since 1897. Fluctuations will occur, an unlooked-for number of new cases might be discovered in a more vigorous search, hence the total might come up again somewhat. Yet, I can assure you, the disease seems to be on the decrease, and the total number of native Hawaiians over the islands is also decreasing."

This fact from one on the ground is most interesting. Will the Hawaiian disappear like his companion, the Indian, before the advance of modern civilization? No more will the gentle Bishop Ropert cross the waters from Honolulu to Molokai, that sea-girt asylum of people afflicted with the most dread of known diseases, from which there is no escape except in death. In the ministration of religion to these poor victims is presented one of the noblest and brightest pictures of the work of Christianity, with its wonderful self-sacrifice amid surroundings


PUNCH BOWL
BEST WISHES FROM HONOLULU
DIAMOND HEAD.

ALOHA NUI
LOOSE LETTER
A Greeting from Honolulu
SURF RIDER
NATIVE HUT.

and under circumstances of the most distressing nature. The grace of Christian faith has removed that sense of utter hopelessness that was the leper's earlier inheritance, and the government too has done much in making their isolated life easier and more endurable. Death has lost its terror by reason of its very familiarity and because of the silver lining their faith descries behind the cloud. The Hawaiians are naturally a light-hearted people, and even the shadow of leprosy cannot suppress for long their buoyant temperament.

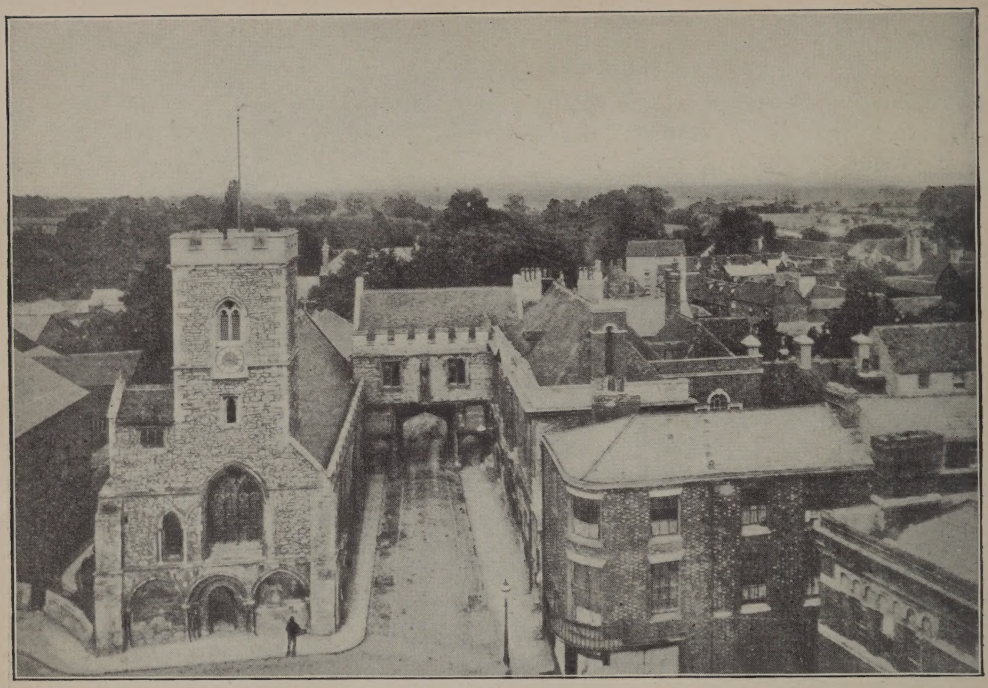


CHINATOWN, HONOLULU.

To the lepers of Molokai Bishop Ropert accorded the distinction of the first pastoral visit made by him in the vicariate to which he had been called, and he was received by them with every demonstration of love and joy. That they were grateful for the favor shown them and the tender care bestowed on them was manifested in their reception of the devoted prelate. They erected triumphal arches, formed processions, and presented addresses in his honor, forgetting in his presence their own sad fate, and thinking only how they could make his stay among them enjoyable and how they could best testify to their deep love and respect.

At last he is at rest; at rest with his brother in God, Father Damien, hero of the Church in the Islands of the Pacific. At rest to await the great morning of the resurrection. Rest on then, gentle Bishop, in thy island home, where the waving branches of the date-palm are as muffled music, and the sighing of the south wind over the coral reefs as a solemn requiem! Rest on, in that isle,

"Where the wave tumbles,
Where the reef rumbles;
Where the sea sweeps
Under bending palm branches,
Sliding its snow-white
And swift avalanches;
Where the sails pass
O'er an ocean of glass,
Or trail their dull anchors
Down in the sea-grass."



ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH WITH THE ABBEY GATE

A QUAINT MEDIÆVAL TOWN.

BY REV. H. G. HUGHES.

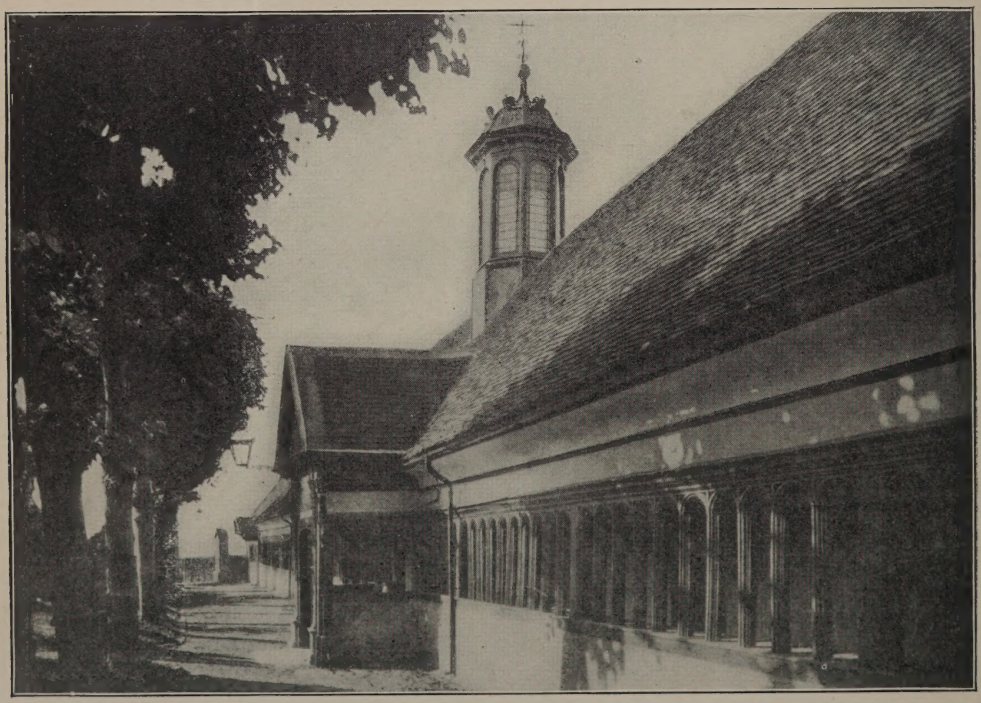
On the fertile banks of old Thames, some few miles below the ancient University city of Oxford, stands a quaint, mediæval town, now, indeed, of minor importance, but with a history of its own. Its name, Abingdon, has an old-world ring about it, and takes us back to the far-off traditional beginning of the place. Most interesting is that beginning, and the whole history of the town till the sad period of the "Reformation," when its noble Benedictine Abbey, one of the stateliest in the land, shared the common fate of the monasteries and religious houses of England. The chief interest of Abingdon for Catholics lies, however, in the fact that here was born one of the greatest and most lovable saints of a period which, in different parts of the Church, produced many bright examples of heroic virtue. At this time the Christian world stood in need of such to counteract the many and great evils of the day. One of these evils, and a crying evil, was the tendency of tyrannical monarchs to encroach upon the sacred rights of the Church, and Europe saw many scenes of lawless oppression and brutal violence directed against the Catholic Church and against those whose only protection from tyranny was found in her powerful influence over king and emperor and noble. It was the XIIIth century, the age of St. Francis and St. Dominic, and of their spiritual sons, St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas of Aquin, which, in England was gloriously marked by the holy and beneficent lives of St. Richard of Chichester,

the illustrious Bishop Grossteste, and, pre-eminently, by that of St. Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The origin of the interesting old town where St. Edmund first saw the light is not certainly known, its earlier history being inextricably interwoven with purely legendary matter. The beginnings, however, of that history, undoubtedly belong to a very remote antiquity. The ancient name of the town was Sheoresham or Sevekshām, and there, we are told, "in the opening of the third century, and under the rule of King Lucius, when the Christian faith was yet young in the island, there lodged in the woods by the 'Temes' a goodly company of anchorets, who met together on Saturdays and Sundays for the divine offices in common; whereas, on other days, they spent their time in singing the praises of God in companies of fifty." [The Story of Early and Mediæval Abingdon; by the Rev. J. P. Conway, O. P.] This "goodly company," it appears, was dispersed during the widespread persecution which afflicted the Church in consequence of the cruel edicts of Diocletian, and it is not till the beginning of the VIth century that we meet with any sign of a revival of the faith at Sheoresham. Then it was that a saintly hermit, coming from the sacred soil of holy Ireland, took up his abode in the dense forest which stretched between Sheoresham and Oxford, a considerable part of which still exists. Abben, or Abban, was the name of this holy man, whose fame soon gathered round him another goodly company to replace that of the days of King Lucius. Dying in the odor of sanctity, Abben gave his name to a small eminence near which stood his hermitage, and which then took the name of Abben-dune, or the "Hill of Abben."

ST HELEN'S CHURCH

ST HELEN'S STREET, EAST.



THE CLOISTER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Here, in the year 675 or thereabouts, King Cissa the Saxon, whose court was established at Sheoresham, endeavored to settle a community of Benedictine monks. Tradition says that he failed, and, on the advice of a holy hermit, transferred his attention to the community at Sheoresham, thus laying the foundation of the great abbey which was to become famous in after days as a centre of light and holiness and learning. Thenceforward Sheoresham itself took the name of Abbendune, which changes in the language have modified into the modern appellation of Abingdon.

It is not my purpose to follow out the subsequent history of the town till the time of St. Edmund's birth. Suffice it to say that, as in numberless other instances, the importance of the place—already considerable on account of the residence there of the kings of Wessex—was vastly increased by the presence of the great monastery; that the "Church of St. Mary of Abbendune" became one of the most notable shrines of Our Lady in England, that St. Ina, king of the West Saxons, became a liberal benefactor of the abbey situated in his royal burgh; that in later times, Abingdon, with its churches, its monastery, and its shrines, fell a victim to the ravaging fury of the Danes; but, nevertheless, when the storm had passed, a like piety to that which had founded these glories raised them up again from their ruins, so that by the time of St. Edmund's birth, a long line of generous and princely benefactors, and a succession of learned and saintly sons had made both the material buildings and the fair fame of Abingdon Abbey well known far beyond the bounds of the kingdom. Today, alas! not much remains to tell of the former glories of the great minster church, the foundations of which are now barely traceable. Its dimensions equalled those of more than one of the noble cathedrals which still give to many an English town an indescribable air of quiet peace, of saintly studiousness, and placid religious stateliness. Nor is much to be seen now of the abbey buildings—one dormitory, with its cubicles divided off by partitions of chestnut wood, and a large chamber with a remarkable fireplace and brick chimney, which was probably used as a "calefactory" or warming-place for the monks before they retired to rest. The abbey gateway still exists, and will be seen in my first illustration, with a mutilated statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child still standing above the central portal. These, and a few subterranean crypts which run under the adjacent houses, of which they form the cellars, are all that remain of the spacious abbey. Nowhere was the cruel work of destruction more complete.

But, even now, the town has a great charm—the charm of a religious past—and is not altogether wanting in the characteristics which its glorious abbey gave to it. The Church of St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, who is said to have spent his early youth in this neighborhood, is large enough and imposing enough to impress a religious air upon the place. The spacious churchyard is surrounded by a remarkable group of buildings. Few towns in England can present a more picturesque sight than these alms-houses—for such they are—founded under the title of "Christ's Hospital" for the aged and indigent, who may find here, under the shadow of the great church, a harbor of refuge in their declining years. Here, in the fine arcaded cloister, decorated with Scripture texts which tell of comfort and hope in life's evening time, perfumed with the scent of limes and of the wall-flowers that abound in their neat gardens, within hearing of the solemn tones of the organ and the voices of the choir, they may, if they are of a contented mind, pass peace-

fully onward towards the goal of this earthly pilgrimage. Under the cupola in the centre of the hospital is the great central hall, where prayers are read every morning in presence of the old folk. So much here remains of Catholic ways and Catholic influences as to intensify one's regret that the soul, the animating principle of true Catholicism, has fled. There is comfort in the thought that many, taught unconsciously by the relics of the past, are more Catholic at heart than they are by profession, and that the indelible impress of Catholic ideals which may be seen throughout the length and breadth of England, will bear fruit, as indeed it has, and render easier the return of the people to their ancient faith.

It was in the midst of flourishing Catholic surroundings that St. Edmund of Abingdon was born. Dom Witfred Wallace [Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury. London, 1893], places the date of his birth at about the year 1180, in the reign of Richard the Lionhearted. A little side-street, where stood the house in which this happy event took place, still bears the name, "S. Edmund's Lane." God gave to him that most excellent of gifts, a good mother. Indeed, Mabel Rich herself died in the odor of sanctity, comforted by the presence and counsel and prayers of her eldest son, Edmund, who was called from the University of Paris to attend her deathbed. His father, Reginald Rich, was also a man of true piety, and, some years before his death, took the Benedictine habit, with the consent of his wife. The latter survived him some years, and is lauded for her sanctity by contemporary writers. She was buried first in one of the chapels of St. Helen's Church, but, after the canonization of her illustrious son, her body was translated to a special chapel built just outside the abbey gate, occupying a site now enclosed by the Church of St. Nicholas. On her tomb was placed the inscription:

"Ci-git Mabel, le fleur des veuves,"
"Here lies Mabel, the flower of widows."

Of the training this pious woman gave to her children, and of her own conduct, Dom Wallace gives the following account, drawn from biographies of St. Edmund, written soon after his death. She is described as

"fruitful, fragrant and blooming: fruitful in devout works, fragrant in her holy reputation, and blooming with singular purity of life. Mabel conjoined two qualities rarely found together; namely, that she was agreeable both to God and men. That she might not give offense to her neighbors, who judge according to appearances, under her matron's cloak she wore a tolerably fair gown, and under the gown a tunic; but that she might please God, who seeth in secret, under her tunic she wore a breast-plate, and under the breast-plate, a hair shirt. . . . . She instructed her children in the art of spiritual warfare long before they were exposed to the brunt of the conflict. She checked the growth of sensuality by occupying their minds with intellectual occupations. She attracted them to the practice of mortification by such maternal devices as promising them playthings and such-like, and so induced them to fast every Saturday on bread and water. Thus, before they had reached the age of discretion, they had learned to mortify their appetites, so that when the time of temptation came, the tempter could obtain no hold upon them, nor find matter for tempting them." (Dom. Wallace. Life of S. Edmund, p. 31.)

One cannot help contrasting this with the bringing up of the modern child, who is too often pampered, over-dressed, and flattered to the infinite damage of character, and who, while, perhaps, well taught intellectually, suffers from an entire absence of systematic will-training, which is, after all, a most necessary part of education. This alone can give that manly Christian self-control without which other gifts may easily become a source of danger.

Space will not permit me to follow out

in detail the career of St. Edmund, who, as well as his brothers and sisters, amply proved the wisdom of the training they received. When he grew old enough to go to school, his mother took him to the neighboring city of Oxford, then beginning to be famous as a seat of learning. Thence he passed, still a youth, to the famous University of Paris. Having taken his degree of Master of Arts there, he returned to Oxford, where, in consequence of a vision of his departed mother, he abandoned the study of Arts for that of Theology. He is said to have been the first to lecture in Oxford upon Aristotle. He became a priest, and spent all the time left over from his scholastic avocation in the evangelization of the country villages round about Oxford. After some years spent in this way, and in the cultivation of every priestly and Christian virtue, St. Edmund was appointed treasurer of Salisbury Cathedral, the name of the Bishop being, curiously enough, Richard Poor. Under Richard Poor and Edmund Rich, the magnificent cathedral which now beautifies the town of Salisbury was begun. In this position Edmund began to be more widely known than in his studious retirement in the schools of Oxford, and the clergy of the diocese of Salisbury became aware of the treasure they possessed in him. At last the moment came when, in the designs of Providence, he was to be raised up to the exalted position which was to prove truly a cross, by the bearing of which the crown of perfection and heroic sanctity was to be put upon his life. The way in which Edmund received the news of his election is so characteristic, that I may be pardoned for quoting Dom Wallace's account of the incident.

"On their arrival at Salisbury they (the envoys) did not find Edmund there, as he was then residing at his prebend of Calne. But the dean, as soon as he was made aware of the object of the visit said: 'Your coming is a happy and yet a sad one; happy, because you do our church an honour in choosing therefrom an archbishop; sad, because you take as your pontiff one who is not so much the treasurer as the treasure of our church.'

"The envoys pursued their journey to Calne, eager to convey to Edmund what they imagined to be most welcome tidings. Arrived there, the whole household was thrown into a state of the wildest excitement by the intelligence; and one of the saint's confidential domestics, wishing to be the first to bring the good news, burst into the apartment where he was engaged in study, and, with evident elation of spirits, told him that messengers had come to announce his election as Archbishop of Canterbury. The saint calmly looked up from his book, and apparently thinking that a little asperity was required to check this ebullition, said: 'Be off, you booby, about your business; and mind you shut the door, so that none may come to interrupt my studies.' The poor man retired crest-fallen and dejected at this untoward reception of his tidings. He was obliged to explain to the messengers, much to their surprise, that his master was not yet visible. They waited accordingly; and, at his usual hour, not a minute sooner nor a minute later, Edmund issued from his apartment and saluted his visitors. They explained the purport of their visit, and probably anticipating a refusal from the nature of their reception, they implored him to give his consent. But he burst into tears, and, heaving a long-drawn sigh, replied: 'I am a worm and no man; my merits and my attainments are not such as you credit me with; the world is deceived in this matter, and you, too, are deceived.'

"He begged them, therefore, to choose some one else and to release him from this insupportable burden. As they refused to take this answer, he agreed to go with them on the morrow to the Bishop of Salisbury and discuss the matter with him. The bishop insisted on his accepting the office in virtue of holy obedience. His fellow-canons and friends united their entreaties to the same effect. . . . . They affirmed that he would sin mortally, if he did not consent, an argument which, as the event showed, weighed more with him than all the others that had been adduced." (Life of S. Edmund, pp. 146, 147.)

With his unwilling acceptance of the archbishopric the saint entered upon a new life, which was to be embittered by the long and painful struggle with King

Henry III. in defense of the right of Holy Church, and which was to close in exile and apparent failure. Like his sainted predecessor, St. Thomas of Canterbury, Edmund seemed to have been beaten down by the powers of wickedness, and, finding it impossible to accomplish what he had so nobly striven for, he fled the country, and sought refuge in the same Cistercian Monastery at Pontigny which had opened its hospitable gates to St. Thomas. But God, Who chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, was about to give Edmund a victory which should astonish the world; though that victory was not to be won till he was dead. He had removed from Pontigny to Soisy, some sixty miles distant, for a change of air, which, however, was ineffectual to save a life worn out in the service of Christ. There he died, as he had lived, willing only what God willed, among his last words being this noble act of resignation, "Lord, I will what thou willest; I call Thee to witness that I will nothing but Thy will." During the long journey of his mortal remains from Soisy to Pontigny, for interment in the abbey church, occurred that extraordinary series of signs and wonders with which God Himself set the seal of His approval upon the life and work of His holy servant. After so great an outburst of miracles, followed by many others in England, it is no wonder that but a short time elapsed before the Holy See proclaimed him, with the infallible authority of Peter, to be among the saints. Thus was the victory gained, and, as was stated in the Petition for Canonization: "Wonderful as are the miracles wrought by him and through him; nothing is more wonderful than the fact that the whole world hastens to do honor to one who was but lately the object of scorn and hatred." The rights which he was unable to secure to the Church during his life were granted after his death and because of the recognition of his sanctity.

His sacred body still lies where it was entombed in the beautiful Abbey Church of Pontigny. Till the other day, it was in the reverent and affectionate care of the Oblate Fathers of St. Edmund. But, alas, the days of persecution and unjust oppression are not ended, and the recent scandalous enactments against the Religious in France have driven the good Fathers from their church and house. Some of them have sought refuge in England, whose privilege it has been many times within the last century and a half to return the hospitality extended by France to St. Thomas and St. Edmund. The Religious' house at Pontigny is at this moment fast closed by the government seals, its only occupants being the Superior and one of the Fathers who is so seriously ill as to be unable to move away. Let us hope that St. Edmund will watch over the resting-place of his body, and intercede for the unhappy country which seems to be throwing away its best glories.

Of material relics of Edmund there are not a great number in England. The old town of Abingdon contains but few. His name is held in reverence, and constantly invoked, by the small band of Catholics who worship in the little church dedicated conjointly to St. Edmund and the Blessed Mother of God. In the lane in which he was born is pointed out the site of an oratory erected to his memory, and a tall elm tree—the descendant of one which stood on the same spot in the life time of the saint, and which he used to pass daily when, as a boy, he went to serve Mass at a little church hard by,—is known as St. Edmund's tree. At some unknown spot in the green and fertile fields which line the banks of old Thames between Abingdon and Oxford, St. Ed-

mund, still a child, saw a wondrous vision of the Holy Child, Jesus, Who spoke lovingly to him, and bade him mark each night upon his forehead the initials of the title of the cross, I. N. R. I., as a protection against sudden and unprovided death. Oxford has its memories of the Saint who taught so long in its schools, but a description of these would carry me too far. One other curious relic of the days of St. Edmund may be seen in Abingdon to this day. The town was famous for the manufacture of ropes—an industry which is still carried on there—and its main street abounded in 'rope-walks,' stretching out into the fields on either side. These rope-walks have been converted into dwelling-houses, so that the old street presents the singular appearance of a great number of narrow alleys stretching out every few yards at right angles to the roadway. Tradition says that St. Edmund's father was engaged in this industry, which to this day is not quite extinct.

Should any of the readers of this paper find themselves at Oxford, they will be fully repaid by a visit, particularly if it be a visit of devotion, to the birth-place of St. Edmund. They will not find, indeed, the stupendous grandeur of natural scenery that they can enjoy in their own land; but they will find the typical homely English scenery; they will see the "silver-winding Thames" placidly moving between his green banks, his waters not yet polluted by the offscourings of the great metropolis, reflecting in their polished mirror grey walls and red roofs and the tall spire under whose shadow St. Edmund learned the lessons of piety and virtue: they will drink in, with the scent of sweet garden-flowers of England, that subtler, fragrant, spiritual odor which affects the soul in presence of the hoary memorials of far-off days, days which, rough as they were, still glowed with the warmth of faith and fervor and heroic deeds for God.

A MARCH TWILIGHT.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

In the west a tender glow,
Half of fire and half of snow;
Wav'ring shadows undefined,
Slender branches crossed and twined,
Etched against the evening sky,
Like a picture hung on high,
Sullen winds, their fury spent,
Restless in their discontent,
Wander through the naked trees,
And the branches creak and wheeze.

Frozen streamlets, waked to life
By the winds' unwonted strife,
Murmur of approaching Spring.
And the flutter of a wing
'Neath the hedge, quite hid from view,
Tells the story—old, yet new—
Though the fetter'd earth be dumb,
Spring, the lovely maid, is come!

Out the west the pale light fades,
Night lets down her purple shades;
Lo, the winds are hushed and still!
Silence reigns o'er wood and hill.

PAGAN IRELAND.

BY REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

Orpheus of Crotona, who wrote a poem on the Argonauts about the year 540 B.C.; and Aristotle, in the "Book of the World" which he composed for Alexander the Great; designate as "Ierna" that land which has been known as "Ireland" since the eleventh century of the Christian era. Juvenal, Pomponius Mela, and Solinus term it "Juverna"; Ptolemy speaks of it as "Juernia"; Diodorus Siculus calls it "Iris"; Ordericus Vitalis says that it had been known for centuries as "Iren," and that therefore its people were then styled "Irenses" or "Iri"; Strabo mentions it as "Ierne"; Rufus Festus Avienus, writing in the fifth century, says that in his day it was regarded as "the Sacred Island"; Plutarch represents it as "Oxygia," probably because it was then usual to thus term every very ancient region, just as then men spoke of Egypt in remembrance of Oxyges, an ancient king of Thebes. However, the name "Hibernia" was given to it by Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Tacitus, Orosius, and the generality of Latin authors; either because of the Iberian Celts who then inhabited it, or because of Heber, one of the sons of that Mileagh-Espaine (Milesius), whose children were presumed to have emigrated from Spain, and to have taken possession of the Green Isle in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, B. C. It is certain that more than twenty-five centuries ago, the ancestors of those whom we know as "the Irish" spoke of themselves as "Eirenachs" or people of "Eire," an appellation which is evidently the source of those designations—Ierna, Juverna, Iris, Iren, Ierne, and Hibernia—to which we have alluded; and which is recalled by the Latin designation "Erigena" which Joannes Scotus, the famous scholastic of the ninth century, applied to himself in order that his stock might be distinguished from the blood of his cousin-Scots of Caledonia. For the reader must know that "Eire" was not the sole term by which the ancient Irish designated their island.

From the third until the eleventh century of our era, the Milesians generally, and foreigners always, styled Erin the "Land of the Scots" or "Scotia"—*celtice* "Scotie" or "Scuitte"; thus perpetuating the memory of Scota, a daughter of an Egyptian Pharaoh, whom Milesius had espoused. In the third century Porphyrius plainly distinguishes Scotia from "the neighboring island of the Britons." In the fifth century, Claudianus speaks of the Scots as inhabitants of Ierne; Orosius uses almost the same words; and St. Prosper lauds Pope St. Celestine I for his destruction of Paganism in Britain, and for his having sent Palladius to the Scots in order to indoctrinate them in the true faith. In the seventh century, St. Isidore of Seville tells us that "Scotia and Hibernia are the same land." Jonas the Abbot, in his "Life of St. Columbanus," says that his hero "was born in Hibernia, an island of the sea which is inhabited by Scots"; and at the same period, Alhelm of Malmesbury and Adamnan of Hy use promiscuously the terms "Irish" and "Scots," "Ireland" and "Scotia." In the eighth century, St. Bede, in his "History," introduces the Scots as the inhabitants of Ireland, without any mention of "Irish," while afterward he says that Hibernia is the "real fatherland of the Scots"; and he explains carefully that "the Scots dwell in an island near to Britain." In the ninth century, Egin-

hard, secretary to Charlemagne, narrates how a Norman fleet attacked "Hibernia, the land of the Scots." Ratramn, the famous monk of Corbie, speaks of "the Scots, inhabitants of Hibernia." In the tenth century, Hucbald of Saint-Amand, Fabius Ethelwerdus, the "Anglo-Saxon Annals," and Nother of San Gallo, all use the terms "Hibernia" and "Scotia" indiscriminately. Not until the fourth century of the Christian era did the Scots appear in that northern portion of the Isle of Britain which was then styled "Caledonia." Then, having subjugated the natives, they endowed the region with the name of *Scotia Minor* or "Lesser Land of the Scots," *anglice* "Scotland." This designation fails to recall a memory of the Irish conquest only in such minds as are deficient in historical knowledge—minds which do not perceive the tautology presented by the term "Scotch-Irish," *i. e.*, "Irish-Irish," which they use as indicative of the descendants of those Scotchmen who emigrated, in the seventeenth century, to the land of their ancestors with the design of forcing an alien religion upon it. It was only when Marianus Scotus (d. 1086) took pen in hand, that History began to speak of Caledonia as "Scotland."

Concerning the ante-Milesian period of Irish History, nothing by way of certainty can be adduced. But it matters little whether, as some assert, the Scots were the posterity of Magog (the second son of Japhet), or rather of Gomer (the first son of the same Noachid), from whom many of the Northern peoples claim their descent. There is no good reason for a rejection of the Irish tradition to the effect that very many centuries before the Christian era the Green Isle was inhabited by a people who called themselves "Formorians," and whom certain delvers into the recondite regard as Turanians; that these "Formorians" were in time subjugated by Celts from Gallia Belgica; that in their turn these Celts were dominated by a tribe of "Danaans" whom certain moderns would stamp as Scandinavians; and that finally the mixed race resulting from all these amalgamations was subdued by another Celtic stock—some Spanish Gallicians who were led by three sons of a Gallician monarch, Milesius, whose own origin was said to have been Scythian. Some place the Milesian conquest at about 1300, B.C.; others, notably Gerald Barry (*Cambrensis*), at about 1800, B. C. The Irish traditions on this matter were received unhesitatingly by such olden writers as Nennius, Walsingham, Henry of Huntingdon, and Buchanan. And the traditions of the Spaniards, especially those of Gallicia, favor the consanguinity of the two nations. It was in accordance with these Spanish traditions that Sedulius the Younger, an Irishman whom Pope St. Gregory II (715-731) assigned to the see of Oreto in Spain, wrote the *Concordantia Hispaniae atque Hiberniae* in which he contended that the Spaniards should not hesitate to welcome him among their bishops, since "as an Irishman, he was of Spanish descent." Heber-Fionn and Heremon, sons of Milesius, seem to have become, respectively, sovereigns of the southern and northern parts of Ireland; and the story of their successors, down to the time of the conversion of the islanders, is at least as credible as the tales told by the other northern peoples concerning their own Pagan days. As for the national records of early Christian Ireland, those of no other people, excepting of course those of the Italians, are more reliable. Lingard, ever with an eye to the anti-Irish prejudices of his compatriots, complacently dismisses the subject of the Pagan Irish religion and manners with the re-

mark that concerning them "we may safely judge from analogy; there can be no doubt that they (the Pagan Irish) lived in the same rude and uncivilized state in which their neighbors (the Britons) were discovered by the legions of Rome and the teachers of Christianity." But with all due respect to Lingard, if the reader will consult the monumental researches of the Abbè MacGeoghegan, the chaplain of that original Irish Brigade which the dastardly violation of the Treaty of Limerick gave to the service of France, he will discern good reason for believing that the Pagan Irish were very much more refined than any of the Pagan peoples of Teutonic stock, and not a little less uncouth than their Celtic cousins of Pagan Britain.

As for the religion of the ancient Irish, it appears that the immediate predecessors of the Milesians worshipped the sun and moon; and that idolatry, properly so-called, was unknown in the island until it was introduced by Tigernmas, the seventh king of the Milesian dynasty. Like the other Pagan Celts, the ancient Irish venerated excessively their ministers of religion, those "druids" who were not only their priests, but also their philosophers, legislators, judges, and educators. Some philologists have derived the term "druid" from the Teutonic *dru*, "faithful," or from the similarly Teutonic *dry*, "a wise man." The olden Armoricans (Bretons) used the word *deruidhom*. But when the Irish first accepted Druidism, they styled its priests *dryithy*, deriving the appellation from the Celtic *dair*, "an oak," since the new mysteries were celebrated in the then numerous forests of oak which caused the classic writers to speak of Ireland as the *insula nemorosa*. The chief deities of the druidic system were Beul, probably the Asiatic *Bel*; and the Golden Calf.

As for the civil polity of the Pagan Irish, we need merely note that the monarchical government, established by Heber and Heremon, was preserved not only until the days of St. Patrick, but even until the time of the English invasion, *i. e.*, for at least 2500 years; and that it was not until about the year 80 B. C. that King Eocha IX erected the five provinces of Ireland into kingdoms which were to pay an annual tribute to the arch-king. But as MacGeoghegan observes, "this division did not constitute a Pentarchy, as *Cambrensis* has it. From the time of Heremon until the reign of Eocha IX, a thousand years, this people was governed sometimes by one king, and sometimes, but seldom, by two together, after the manner of Sparta. From Eocha IX until the twelfth century, the provincial kings, to a certain degree, had divided the government of the island between them; but their subordination to, and their dependence on the monarch, completely excluded the idea of a Pentarchy which implies among the princes composing it an equality and independence of one another, as was the case with the Saxon princes in the time of the English Heptarchy." The crown of ancient Ireland was neither absolutely hereditary nor purely elective; a successor was appointed during the monarch's lifetime, and although he was generally the king's oldest son, he might be a younger son or any prince who descended from either of the three sons of Milesius. The ancient Irish knew no such titles as those of duke, marquis, earl, baron, or their equivalents; their sole honorific title, after that of the king, was that of the niadh-niask, the Knights of the Golden Chain, an order to which every candidate for the crown necessarily belonged.

The first legislative assembly of the Irish was convoked by King Ollave Fola about the year 900 B. C. It met in the

great hall of the royal palace of Tara; and it was termed *Feis-Teamrach* or an assembly of the nobles, druids, historians, and other learned men. In this first Irish Parliament it was ordered that a similar convention should be held every three years. Among other wise ordinances we note that thereafter every lord was to maintain respectably a *brehon* or judge, and also a historian. The duty of the latter official was to preserve in writing the genealogy, alliances, and notable actions of his patron, as well as of all the connections of that patron. This record was to be inspected, at the next Assembly of Tara, by three princes, three druids, and three historians; and then it was to be inserted in the great registry entitled the *Psaltuir Teavair* or "Psalter of Tara." The records in this "Psalter of Tara" were always written in verse or in a rhythmical prose; for this method rendered it more easy to commit them to memory for the purpose of recitation on solemn occasions. After the introduction of Christianity, copies of this registry were made and deposited in various cathedrals of the kingdom, for greater security. Thus, there are still extant such copies as the "Psalter of Armagh," and that of Cluan-Mac-Noisk. The quality of sacredness was discerned in the lands belonging to the judges and historians; as well as in those of the physician, bard, and musician whom every lord was obliged to maintain—therefore such estates paid no taxes.

The decrees of the first Assembly of Tara all tended to the preservation of public peace, and to the security of life and property; the death penalty was to be inflicted for robbery, murder, and rape, the monarch enjoying no pardoning prerogative in those cases; and any violence against a member of the Assembly, during its sessions, was also made a capital offense. Behold an indication of the polity of the Irish at the time when Rome and Carthage were entering upon their careers! If such was their condition two thousand years before the English invader termed this people "the wild Irish," it is not strange that the first century of the Christian era found them legislating in the interest of the mechanic and the skilled laborer; that in 95, A. D., King Tuathal-Teachtmair promulgated in an assembly at Tara, in one at Eamhain, and in another at Cruachan, a law whereby each district in the realm was ordered to appoint sixty experts of each trade and art whose duty it should be to examine, protect, and govern their fellows. According to this law, "loyal" labor, as it afterward came to be called in the Middle Age, was ensured; for no artisan could receive employment in his specialty until his competency had been approved by the *jollanuidh* or experts in that specialty. It was in the first years of our era that the Irish began to codify their laws, thus actuating a design which, a few years before the birth of Our Saviour, had been projected in a "Dialogue" on those laws, written by the celebrated Irish poets, Forchern and Neid-Mac-Aidnha.

The curious reader may consult: MAC GEOGHEGAN; Histoire de l'Irlande Ancienne et Moderne, Paris, 1758; English Translation, Dublin, 1835; Continued by John Mitchell, New York, 1868—MORAN; Origin, Doctrines, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church, Dublin, 1864—THE FOUR MASTERS; Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, Edit. Donovan, Dublin, 1856—O'CURRY; Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, Dublin, 1861—TACITUS; in his *Vita Agricolae*—O'BRENNAN; Ancient Ireland, Dublin, 1855—PETER LOMBARD; *De Regno Hiberniae Commentarium*, in Migne's Patrology—STANISHURST, COLGAN, ALLEMAND, KEATING, and GRATIANUS LUCIUS; cited *passim* by MacGeoghegan and Lingard.

NOT FOR HERE ONLY.

BY E. H.

They had raced in on their wheels to see the ship off. A fair and happy couple they looked as they stepped on the pier, but all at once Margaret felt trite and frivolous in her sailor hat and short skirt, before the group of stately nuns clad in ample, flowing garments. She went on the deck, followed by Hugh, and was greeted by welcoming smiles from the outward-bound. Hastening from one to the other, begging for remembrance and prayers, she stopped before the Superioress and said tremulously: "Dear Aunt, I must hope this mission to Australia will be a success, even though it keep you from us for ever."

"In this life, dear child," was the answer, "and the other is ever on the threshold. Take good care of her, Hugh," she added, holding out her hand to him, "and do not forget to send us some bride-cake."

"A prior event of interest will be your safe arrival," he said, "and as to your niece, allow me to say, Reverend Mother, that I had hoped you would rather recommend me to mercy. She governs—oh! with such a strong hand!"

There was a general laugh, and Margaret felt grateful for the diversion.

"What!" said the nun, with affected horror, "will she rule you as she rules her brother?"

"With much more severity," declared Margaret emphatically. "But that reminds me, Aunt, to excuse Robert. He had a consultation late last night and an early call this morning."

"I am glad to hear it," was the reply. "It is the way of advancing young doctors. May your briefs too be plentiful," she added, smiling, to the young lawyer.

"And now good bye, dear children. God keep you!"

The spin home was not so exhilarating, and Margaret let a few tears fall on the shining spokes. Hugh marked them and proposed a rest in the park.

"Robert and I must be doubly devoted at present," he said as they sat down. "What are you puzzling over, dearest?"

"I was wondering how and when I shall meet Aunt next time."

He took her hand and pressed it in silence.

"A friend that goes out of our lives leaves a blank like death," she went on.

"Oh, no! not like death," he answered quickly.

"Yet death is but a greater parting," she continued.

His silence struck her unpleasantly.

"Is it not so? We meet hereafter?" she said, looking at him.

Her frank gaze called forth his own frankness. Yet he hesitated. "Who could deprive you, my love, of the right to think so?"

The sky darkened suddenly, and to her fancy a heavy cloud hovered round them. She longed for clearness, but shrank from what it might bring. Then she overcame her cowardice.

"But you?" she asked bluntly. "Do you not think so?"

He kept his eyes bent on the ground.

"Tell me," she persisted.

"How can I?" he said at last slowly, as if to himself. "How can I think so? It is impossible?"

She had been counting the pebbles at her feet, and went on doing so mechanically. Then her eyes were lifted to the

hand that held hers. On a sudden it had grown strange, foreign. There were leagues between her and it. Sitting there together they were soul-sundered. She closed her eyes and tried to rally. After a moment, "How late it must be!" she cried, starting to her feet. "And Robert may be wanting his breakfast while we are here. Come, a race for it!"

"How sweet she is. So lovely a face, and so fair and innocent a mind!" he thought as he looked after her, giving her a good start. "I am a lucky dog."

He had forgotten all else when they reached the house. Problems as to futurity had given place to pleasant projects for the present. The former had been worked out by him long ago and disposed of forever. Still he did not dream of lifting his wife to the "rational" heights on which he dwelt. As Robert said her creed sufficed for her feminine calibre and perhaps was safer than any other. Never would he wound her convictions.

He was puzzled that evening when she handed him a sealed envelope and told him he was to read it when she gave permission.

"Dearest!" he exclaimed with affected consternation, "is it poetry?"

"No," she answered, laughing, "it is not poetry. Neither is it a list of furniture. So be at ease on those two points."

"But shall I read it before our wedding day?"

Margaret turned away abruptly to hide her filling eyes.

"Of course. Oh, certainly before then, dear Hugh!" she said.

II.

"Man's object is happiness, certainly," said Robert, as the three sat round the table after dinner some weeks later. "The best form of happiness is altruistic, so here we are again, Sis. You perceive however you turn it is in a circle, and we are all three absolutely of the same mind whatever your new learning makes you think. Eh, Hugh?"

"Of course," said Hugh with a smile. "But why will you persist, Margaret, in bringing down these serious topics every evening? After our marriage I shall use my authority, I warn you, and forbid them. You get too absorbed. Sing us a song, rather."

"Presently," returned the young girl. "These things fascinate me, and it is only lately I have begun to think about them. Why your very words bear a meaning different from the old." Then, turning to her brother, "Do you seriously mean to say that man was created for happiness alone, and in this world?"

The two men exchanged glances, but neither replied.

"I used to think," she went on, "that we were created to obtain merit by good works and so earn a reward, but not here."

Again there was a silence, then Robert began patiently.

"We shall not quarrel over the term 'creation.' Nor shall I inflict an explanation of evolution upon you, but, my dear child, virtue is its own reward and a cultivated mind needs no other incentive. We do good for its own sake, because evil is hideous, incongruous, inadmissible."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl quickly. "Evil is often very beautiful. You do good because mother taught you from childhood up. How far off it seems now, when we said the rosary together and prayed for purity, charity and self-restraint. Mother's pet phrase, don't you remember, Bob?"

"Yes," said Robert softly, and he laid

down his glass and looked with tenderness at a portrait that hung on the opposite wall.

"It may be true, Margaret, what you say. Heredity is a powerful factor in shaping men's lives, and first notions are not easily effaced."

"No," said Hugh thoughtfully. "I think Margaret is right, and that the good in us is often traceable beyond ourselves."

"But it is science and reason that shape men's minds to the very highest ideal," said Robert.

"How can they?" exclaimed the girl. "I can find no definite guide in science. Things are proved and disproved. Huxley gives me the shivers. I prefer Gladstone as a moral teacher. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" speaks to my soul, but Darwin pulls me down. Whom shall I follow?"

"Here is Hugh," said her brother, "the most learned lawyer out of Trinity. You can now persecute him for a course of philosophy. In the natural course of things he is to be your guide, thank Heaven!"

"Dearest," said Hugh, bending his fair head over her dark one, as Robert strolled away to the drawing-room, "your own mind and heart are your best guides. Follow them."

"Yes, Hugh, I will," she said, mastering her emotion by a violent effort. "Now, what song will you have? Nothing sentimental, dear, please. I could not sing it tonight."

III.

Despite the numbers that had crowded round the confessional, Father Martin's heart was heavy as he turned towards home. One had again been missing. He could not explain this long absence. But he had scarcely passed beyond the church when his prayer of a few minutes ago seemed to be answered. She was walking slowly towards him.

"Thank you, Mother most Faithful!" spoke his heart, and aloud: "This is lucky, my dear! You are late, and so am I. How are you all? Dr. Moran busy as usual?"

He had turned with her, but she stood, and said constrainedly, "I am not going into the church, Father. I have no inclination. But do not look so sorrowful; it is only a phase I have passed through, and I do not feel settled yet. I should like to talk with you if you have time to give me."

"Come into the sacristy, dear child."

She followed the old man in silence. When they were seated: "Tell me your trouble, my dear," he said. "Have you quarreled with Hugh?"

"The engagement is broken off," she answered. "At least it will be tomorrow or after. But oh! it is not that. That is nothing but—" She sobbed for some time despairingly. "Oh! They have taken away my God, my Christ, and all I ever leant upon. I am utterly miserable. Nothing remains to me."

The priest was shocked and puzzled.

"Explain yourself, Margaret. Who are they?"

"My brother and Hugh. I suppose most men are atheists at heart, it seemed to them so natural. I tried to argue with them, but I can only speak from feeling, and of course their hard logic seemed unanswerable. Although Robert does not attend Mass regularly he often accompanied me, and whether he ever fulfilled his other religious obligations was not clear to me since I came to live with him, nor did I reflect on it. But it was Hugh who first—"

(Continued on page 292.)

BRANDON TYNAN vs. HENDRYK IBSEN.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The two names which head this article might be aptly described, in conjunction, as the unknown and the known. The world has heard of Ibsen, and is about to hear of Tynan. New York has enjoyed a taste of both this winter, entirely to the advantage of the young man with the Irish name. In contrasting the two men I merely mean to contrast the ideas and methods for which they stand; in a particular way to show off Irish optimism against Scandinavian pessimism; or in a general way to set the normally healthy drama against the abnormal and diseased, the drama of wholesome, human life against the drama of the dissecting-room and the mad-house. In a single dramatic season New York strikes every note in the dramatic gamut, a fact of singular value to the critics, since it enables them to write and talk without lack of ideas or language through the entire winter and far into the spring. Two notes, however, prevail above all the others: the normal and the abnormal. As the extremes, their emphasis naturally gives them pre-eminence. The normal is the average drama enjoyed by the average people—the human drama, pure and simple, which has prevailed since drama began to be; the abnormal is, in the language of slang, any old thing. At present it is Ibsen and Pinero, the former perennial and the latter transient. The normal was well-represented by Brandon Tynan and several others.

Quite an essay might be written here on the variations which lie between these extremes, and the best part of the essay would be the illustrations from real life, charming enough in themselves to forgive such a diversion. But the theme must be adhered to: the contrast between the unknown Tynan and the notorious Ibsen, or rather between the everlasting drama and the evanescent Ibsen play. The drama, being founded on human nature, is always attractive to the common people, who follow their healthy instincts in their amusements as in more serious matters. The people's play therefore enjoys a structure in harmony with the everlasting principles of truth, justice, and right; it asserts at all times the ultimate triumph of justice; it preaches faith in God and hope for the future. If you examine the character of all the plays which were given representation last year in this country you will learn that nine-tenths of them were the people's plays, clean, sound, healthy stories of human life. Each play gave a story in action, and showed the strength of justice and the triumph of virtue. Each taught the old, old truth, that human beings have only to be faithful to God and the right in order to win the victory over odds and the devil. Some day I shall take great pleasure in proving to you that only the play built on this line really succeeds.

In New York there are forty theatres, one-half of them devoted to the passing entertainment of visitors, the other half busy with the residents of the town; and this half last week presented to their audiences exactly twenty stories of human life, stories founded on the principle that justice must triumph in the end, and that virtue cannot fail of its reward. In this respect the twenty theatres proportionally did honester work than the Protestant pulpits in the same vicinity. During the theatrical season five or six hundred such stories will be told in the metropolitan theatres. It is no small distinction then for a young man like Bran-

don Tynan to have won a place among the dramatists of this year, and so to have impressed himself on the discerning mind that the critic should pit him against the popular Ibsen. In fact, to many the title of this article will look like unpleasant irony. What! Brandon Tynan classed with Hendryk Ibsen! absurd! Even so. Yet not classed with, but against the Norwegian author, one as the representative of the best in drama, the other as of the worst. The literary dress of their ideas may be left to other judges.

Early in the season Brandon Tynan produced his play of Robert Emmett at the Fourteenth Street theatre, won an immediate popular success, and has been playing in and around the city up to the present. This month you will see him in Boston. He plays the title part in his own play. The actor-author is an exceptional man, for nature and fortune have both been extremely kind to him. He is young, handsome, and married; was born in Ireland twenty-five years ago; looks much like the portraits of Robert Emmett and is handsomer than the beloved patriot; does not seem to be afflicted with the disease so common among stars, megalomania; acts very well, speaks very well, and is as full of enthusiasm over the drama as a successful manager. The points in his favor, however, are entirely of another character. He has ideas: that the Irish drama can be revived is one; that the present so-called Irish drama ought to be wiped out is another. We are all one with him on that point. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Irish drama can be revived. The play of Robert Emmett is one of his ideas. I recall its announcement last fall, and my wonderment that any manager should have the hardihood to attempt such an enterprise. The theme seemed old from the theatrical standpoint, and amateur companies had made it older by repeated performances during the past twenty years. Then there was the fact that the American dramatist has never been able to treat competently and successfully historic American characters. A strange and incomprehensible fact! We have no good plays with Washington, or any other historic American personage as the central figure. The attempts made in this direction proved conclusively that the dramatists were quite unequal to the task. Finally, it might be supposed that the audience which patronizes the so-called Irish drama had been pretty well debased by the terrible examples paraded before them for years.

Nevertheless the play made a hit, though not once did Robert Emmett attempt to dance or to sing; there were no jigs and reels, and no merrymakings. The play told a plain story of Robert Emmett's love for his country and its fatal ending. The love of his friends and the hate of his enemies provide the theme, and the last act is taken up by the famous trial, the famous speech from the dock, and the sad parting with his friends and his adherents. It may be said that the play is conventional in form, though not in motive. The high spirit and lofty aim of the young patriot are fully expressed, and no pessimism finds its way into the drama. Emmett loses love and life in behalf of his country, but he dies with perfect faith and lofty hope in the future of his country. Bearing in mind that this play is to be contrasted with the Ibsen drama, let us see in what points its superiority as a play shows itself. At a quiet but impressive moment in the first act Robert Emmett makes his entrance. The scene is a private residence in Dublin, where

guests have been passing a sociable evening; through a private door the hero enters the parlor, and stands for an instant awaiting recognition; and ah! what a thrill of love and pity stirs the heart as one feels himself really in the presence of the much-loved and deeply-mourned Emmett! Pale and sad is the handsome face, for failure already threatens his enterprise; but in the flashing eye and in every movement of the graceful form one may read the courage and determination of a strong man. This is the keynote of Mr. Tynan's presentation of the character, and the audience is never permitted to forget it. They leave the theatre with the conviction that they have stood close to a great soul, and have felt as well as seen how noble a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

The third act illustrates perfectly what a play should be when inspired by a thoroughly Catholic spirit. The American world has become so accustomed to the divorce of religion from all public matters that it no longer understands how art, literature, education, or business can be influenced by religion without becoming Pecksniffian or impossible. A study of this third act would enlighten them. Though written for a mixed audience, and perhaps with only the actor's intention to secure dramatic effect, it presents, without the slightest offence to non-Catholics, a fine picture of simple Catholic faith and devotion. The scene is a churchyard, with the front of the old church visible. A wedding is about to take place, and the preparations, the arrival of the bridal party, the coming and going of guests and parishioners, the singing of the choir in the loft, the chant of the priest at the Preface and the Pater Noster, the sound of the bell at the Elevation, form part of the action. At the Elevation Robert Emmett, planning against his pursuers, drops on one knee for an instant. The entire act is inexpressibly touching to the Catholic, less by what it does than by what it suggests. When shall the day come that faith will have its place again in the faith-abandoned drama? Does this thought ever occur to the righteous people who for a century or more, under the invocation of God's holy name, have helped the atheist and the nothingarian to shut out religion from the play?

Brandon Tynan has not written a great play nor does he give a great impersonation in Robert Emmett; but he has done something so fine that praise should not be wanting to him. He has written and acted the finest melodrama of many years, and his personal appearance, his sincerity, his capable acting, and his feeling portrayal of the young Emmett have given to the stage that noble youth again. One may venture to prophesy that ten years hence Brandon Tynan will give us another Robert Emmett in classic form, to endure forever, the type of the patriot who sacrifices all for his country, not only love and life, but youth and success; because God had ordained that his personality should do more for the oppressed than his head and hands working within the limits of time. Audiences depart from this play with the feeling that they have beheld something lofty and sacred; in spite of the tragic ending there is no grief and no bitterness; because faith and hope are the basis and the spirit of the play, and also because time has actually justified the high hope of Robert Emmett.

The deadening influences of the age have had but slight effect on the American melodrama, which is the people's play. Justice and right hold sway in its domain still. The love of a pure woman

for a pure man is ever its theme, and this love must have the sanction of God and the element of immortality in order to suit the audience. The variations from this standard offend rather by omission than by commission. A successful melodrama about to close a season in this city illustrates this fact. The dramatist who recently made a play out of three popular dialect poems by John Hay, our present Secretary of State, and named the drama Jim Bludso, enlivened his work with scenes, characters, and incidents peculiar to the region of Pike County in Missouri. A minor character is the village parson, whose presence has more significance than either dramatist or actor may suppose; for it lights up religious conditions in Pike County, and at the same time shows what an audience will accept from a playwright in the matter of religion. The parson is a man of character and of faith. In his first scene he takes occasion to reprove the hero for his lack of religious feeling, to point out to him that religion is the only way to true happiness, and to warn him that affliction will yet bring him to his knees in humble supplication to God. These warnings are received with the polite but smiling indifference now so characteristic of the average nothingarian. They come true in the second act, when floods have overwhelmed the region, and the hero is about to suffer hanging for his supposed share in destroying the levee. His wife and child are lost in the raging waters, and his heart is breaking. The old parson reminds him of his duty to God, and of the Divine readiness to hear the appeal of the sinner; and the hero comes to his knees at last to pray for the safety of his loved ones. At the close of his prayer a raft floats into sight with his beloved safe and sound. The absence of artistic delicacy in this scene does not hinder the applause nor diminish the satisfaction of the audience. Thus, the melodrama remains till the present moment a sure refuge of such religious and moral principles as have survived the flood of materialism. We have reason to rejoice in its hold upon popular affection. It will be the basis of the revival of the drama, when Christian dramatists shall have driven from their usurped positions the dramatists of nothingarianism.

The Ibsen drama breaks out mildly now and then, but never in the epidemic form. The critics ridicule it, and its audiences are remarkable for their fewness and intelligence. One forgives Ibsen and his small audiences quite readily because the Ibsen play usually brings forward a capable actor, sometimes a set of capable actors, who would not be often seen, or to such advantage, otherwise. Recently a production of the play entitled Ghosts brought to the Manhattan theatre George Fawcett's stock company from Baltimore, headed by Mary Shaw, one of the most finished and delightful actresses of the time. One may judge of the combined ineptness of our average managers and playwrights that a woman of her capacity can be seen only once in a year by metropolitan audiences! In Ghosts there are five actors required to play the parts of Mrs. Alving, her son Oswald, her maid Regina, her adviser, Pastor Manders, and her carpenter, Engelstrom. The theme is very simple. Oswald Alving comes home from his artist-life in Paris to his mother in Norway. Moderate dissipation, overwork, and an inheritance of brain-weakness from his dissipated father have condemned him to an early death from paresis. The revealing of this doom to his mother, and his sudden lapse into idiocy are the chief incidents of the play.

From this statement one may gather

ROBERT EMMETT AND SARAH CURRAN. (Act. 1).

EMMETT—"You of all others would not have me try to win happiness at the sacrifice of principle."

that the Ibsen production is not a play at all, but a leaf rather rudely torn from real life. There is no attempt at stage illusion, no music, no magic lights. The curtain rises in silence on a plain room, in which the play of character goes on to the end. This play of character is very painful but most significant. The interest centres in Mrs. Alving as the victim of the Ibsen monster called Life. She is very happy in the return of her dear son, and is the truest and dearest of mothers according to her lights. Pastor Manders comes to visit her, as an old friend of the family, and at the same time to deliver an address at the opening of an orphan asylum in honor of the late Mr. Alving, whose money is to build

and maintain it. Pastor Manders is the grittiest and stupidest bit of ministerial virtue known to the literary world; purblind morally and spiritually; so that a sympathetic audience has only one desire while he is on the stage, to get up and swat him on his hard wooden head. He takes the opportunity of his visit to remind Mrs. Alving that she was a faithless wife, and has now proved herself to have been a faithless mother; the first charge illustrated by the fact that she once ran away from Alving, the second by the fact that she sent Oswald to live in Paris and that he has returned a rake and an infidel. The lady turns the tables on him by proving that her husband was a villain from the day of his marriage to the day of his death, a drunkard most of the time, that his supposed reform was only her own successful concealing of his vileness, that she ran the estate and made the money which built the orphanage, and that the address which Pastor Manders is soon to deliver in eulogy of her dead husband is really a lie. Moreover, she sent her boy away to save him from his father's terrible example. Her maid Regina is the illegitimate daughter of Alving. While they are discussing these horrors, Oswald is heard flirting in the dining-room with Regina, just as his father had been heard flirting with Regina's mother twenty years ago, and Mrs. Alving cries out, "ghosts." The phantoms of the past are walking again.

BRANDON TYNAN AS ROBERT EMMETT, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

A SPLENDID MOMENT.

BRANDON TYNAN AS ROBERT EMMETT, IN THE TRIAL SCENE OF THE LAST ACT.

The son Oswald is a charming boy to have about the house, the essence of selfishness, as selfish as Pastor Manders is stupid. He has come home to be comforted and sustained by his mother during his illness, and carries with him the dose of poison which she will administer to him the moment his mind goes. Not finding in his mother the comfort he expected, he turns to Regina; but at the last moment that aspiring young lady declines to be his nurse or his poisoner, and runs away to gay Paris. Mrs. Alving is left alone, by all, to receive the story of impending doom, to accept the office of poisoning the young man at the proper moment, and to see his mind collapse, leaving him a gibbering idiot glaring at the sun. It is all very horrible, quietly and calmly horrible, so perfectly acted that the illusion is more complete than if all the machinery of the stage were used to produce illusion. Mary Shaw proves herself in this part the most consummate of actors, a genius, if genius means perfection. Her picture of the disillusioned wife, the indulgent friend of a stupid but well-meaning pastor, the stoical woman of the world, and the loving, horrified, grief-stricken mother, is one never to be forgotten.

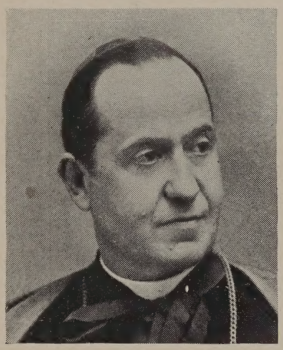
Contrast this description of Ghosts with the other of Robert Emmett, and draw your own conclusions, one of which should be that a critic is justified in opposing Tynan to Ibsen on the plane of moral, if not aesthetic, influence. One Robert Emmett is worth all the Ghosts that ever walked from a Norwegian inkbottle. This thought irresistibly invades the Catholic mind after seeing an Ibsen play: how completely would an active Catholic faith have lifted from the Alving household its atmosphere of black-dyed horror. The real misery of the play springs, not from the misfortunes of the characters, but from their unrelieved despair. No faith, no hope, and therefore neither love nor consolation! I conjured up another play while Mary Shaw was enacting her bitter rôle: the same theme in a Catholic household: a mother who had suffered from a worthless husband, and an almost worthless son, now brought to her last trial; but in place of

MARY SHAW,

Playing Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

a stick like Pastor Manders a worthy priest bearing the last sacraments to the erring but now repentant boy; in place of the mother's unfaith and the son's hard and foolish skepticism the resignation of faith and of repentance; in place of sensuality and plans of suicide and vain regret, cleanness of heart, works of penance, and confidence in the everlasting life; in place of such desertion as Mrs. Alving suffered, a gathering of loving friends, faithful servants, and devoted priest to soothe the dying boy and sustain the poor mother. What a contrast! And at the same time what an indictment of the criminal powers that be! God-forsaken, brutal, disgusting Ibsen can find managers and actors, but the truth and beauty at the other extreme are forbidden expression in the drama!

PEOPLE IN PRINT.



CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.

On the day after the death of Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope appointed Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli as his successor as Vice Chancellor of the Church. This is one of the most important posts in Rome, and Cardinal Vannutelli is among the ablest, most progressive and most popular members of the Sacred College. He has traveled extensively and is a man of brilliant attainments. As secretary to Msgr. Meglia, in Mexico, and at Munich, as Apostolic Delegate in Ecuador and Peru, and Nuncio at Brussels and Vienna, he has gained a world-wide experience in diplomatic and religious affairs. He is Cardinal Bishop of the diocese of Frascati, and is a well-known figure in the aristocratic salons of Rome. His brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, has similarly made his way upward through the Papal diplomatic ranks. The elder brother, Serafino, was sixty-six years of age last November and has been Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of Regular Discipline. He has been a Cardinal for nearly sixteen years.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Dennis O'Connell, who has been appointed to succeed Bishop Conaty as rector of the Catholic University, was born in Columbia, S. C., in the year 1851. As a boy he became acquainted with Cardinal Gibbons, who was at that time Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. He decided at that time on entering the priesthood, and went to St. Charles College, Ellicott City, as a student of Cardinal Gibbons. After a brilliant course, the Cardinal, who had become Bishop of Richmond, sent him to the American College at Rome to study for the diocese of Richmond. He finished the course in 1877 and obtained the doctorate in theology by passing what is still talked of in Rome as a remarkable examination. Immediately after his ordination he traveled through this country with Mgr. Conroy, who was sent here as an extraordinary apostolic delegate, and Dr. O'Connell acted as his secretary.

He then entered upon the practical work of the ministry in the diocese of Richmond, serving for a time at the cathedral in that city and afterward as pastor at Winchester, Va.

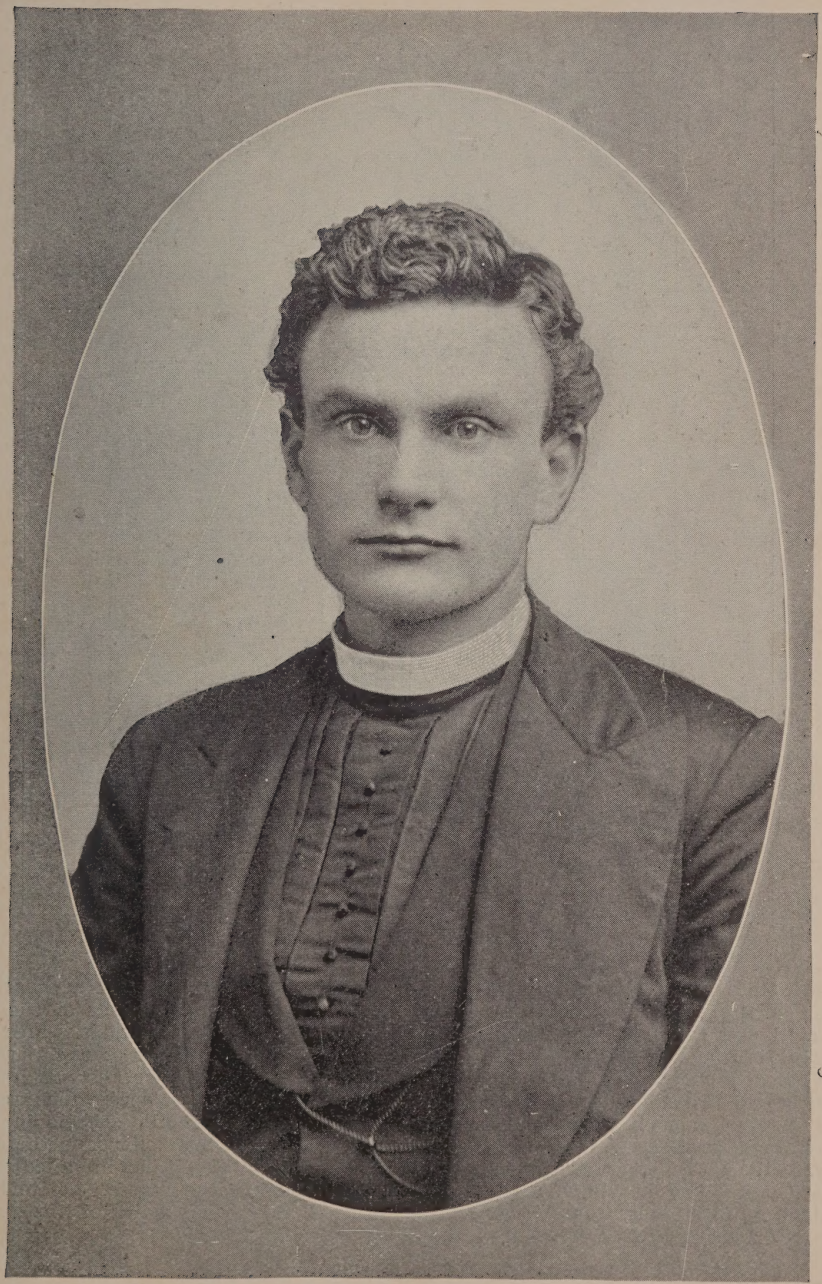
In 1883, when the Third Plenary Council was convoked, Dr. O'Connell was chosen one of its secretaries, and at the end of the Council was sent to Rome with its decree to obtain for them the approbation of the Holy See.

While in Rome on that mission he was appointed rector of the American College in 1885, succeeding the Right Rev. Mgr. Hotlot, who died one year before. Under his management the American College made rapid strides in prosperity, and when he resigned its rectorship in June, 1895, after ten years of administration, the college was in such condition that its future was absolutely secure. During his rectorship, Mgr. O'Connell was made a domestic prelate of the Pope, whose confidence and personal friendship he enjoyed in an unusual manner. Since his resignation of the rectorship, Mgr. O'Connell has lived abroad, mostly in Rome, devoting himself to studies in archæology and as pastor of the Church of Santa Maria, across the Tiber.

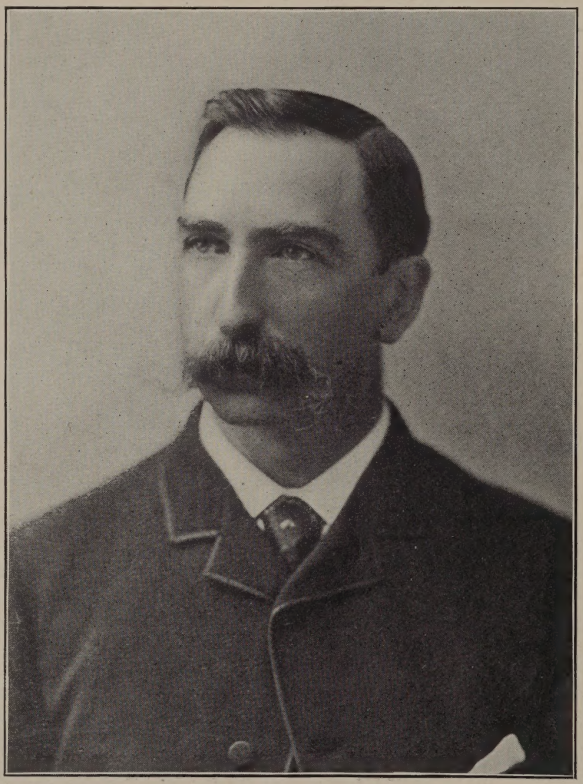
He has during this period, as well as before, given special attention to the social, economical and political problems of the times. His wide acquaintance and intimate intercourse with all the leading thinkers of the world have made him an undoubted authority on those matters.

Mgr. O'Connell has been at all times most hospitable to Americans visiting Rome, and, having spent several years in Washington, has hosts of friends there.

The Hon. John Foley is one of the most widely-known men in northern New York. Born in County Waterford, Ireland, in 1848, he came to the United States when only four years of age. The manliness so evident in his later life developed early, and when his father died the boy became the sole support of his mother and three little sisters. Though obliged to leave school he continued to study in all intervals of rest from duty. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar of



MGR. DENIS O'CONNELL,
Rector of the Catholic University of America



HON. JOHN FOLEY.

New York state. Mr. Foley has been connected with some of the most important litigations—civil and criminal—in northern New York. In 1883 he was elected district attorney of Saratoga County—a famous Republican stronghold—by a handsome majority, he being the only Democrat ever elected to that office. Four years later he was elected State senator, in the 18th district, by a phenomenal majority. Mr. Foley has filled many offices of distinction, is at present president of the Citizens' National Bank of Saratoga, and was for many years a member of the board of education, during several of which he acted as president. Always a staunch supporter of the cause of education, he was one of the leaders in the movement which resulted in establishing the public schools in Saratoga. Mr. Foley is a firm believer in the dignity of labor, and never yet has he failed to impress upon students the respect due to honest effort in the various walks of life.

SAINT COLUMBA.

TO DR. SIGERSON.

Dead is Columba: the world's arch
  Gleams with a lighting of strange fires;
They flash and run, they leap and march,
  Signs of a Saint's fulfilled desires.

Live is Columba; golden crowned,
  Sceptred with Mary lilies, shod
With angel flames, and girdled round
  With white of snow, he goes to God.

No more the gray eyes long to see
  The oakwoods of their Inisfail;
Where the white angels hovering be:
  And ah, the birds in every vale!

No more for him thy fierce winds blow,
  Iona of the angry sea!
Gone, the white glories of thy snow,
  And white spray flying over thee!

Now, far from the gray sea, and far
  From sea-worn rocks and sea-birds' cries,
Columba hails the morning star,
  That shines in never nighted skies.

High in the perfect Land of Morn,
  He listens to the chaunting air:
The Land, where music is not born,
  For music is eternal there.

There, bent before the burning Throne,
  He lauds the Lover of the Gael:
Sweet Christ! Whom Patrick's children own:
  'Glory be Thine from Inisfail.'

—Lionel Johnson.

NOT FOR HERE ONLY.

(Continued from page 278.)

She broke down once more.

"What is life, Father? And why has it been given us? To me, lately it has seemed a curse. The poison of doubt has eaten into my soul and I can never again trust and pray as I used. I have been reading learned books, and, if they have not changed my belief, they have darkened my mind forevermore."

"They have not, Margaret," said the priest gravely. "Whence these tears and whence this grief? Your heart is your Saviour's. They had taken Him away and you knew not where to find Him. Dear child, His Spirit has been working in you. Which of your philosophers ever laid down his life for his doctrine? You know, you feel, there is but One to follow; cling to Him Who changed the face of the world and was Himself a perfect example unto us. Neither Hugh nor Robert can drive out Christ; but you have been playing a dangerous game, Margaret."

"And I have been punished for it. But you comfort me, Father. Oh, will peace come to me again? Yes, I tried to break away, to understand if not to share other's convictions, although I knew from the first I could not. And all the time I was miserable."

"Believe me, God's grace has been working in your heart. And it will conquer, and bring you safe. You are acting wisely in breaking off your engagement. Does Robert know?"

"Not yet, but I think he suspects something, for he sees I am perplexed and dissatisfied. He will be deeply annoyed."

"Never mind Robert. I am sorry," said the priest with indignation, "that a son of your father's should behave so dishonestly."

"Dishonestly? Oh, Father!"

"Yes, it is dishonest to profess in public what you deny in private, and I shall tell him so, if you will allow me, on the first occasion."

"When I am gone. Yes, I wish you would speak with both."

"Gone? Where?"

"To Sydney, to join my aunt. I shall leave next week. Ah, I want love. The love of those who think and believe as I. Hugh has a letter I wrote him weeks ago, telling him how I felt then. My feelings have not changed, except to grow more intense. You will give him leave to open that letter, and tell him I go to seek happiness which he could not have given me. He will understand. Pagan happiness could not content me. Hereditary Christian instincts predominate, no doubt. That's all."

"Margaret, do not speak bitterly. It will be a great blow."

"No! not a tithe of the pain I have suffered through him can he ever understand, much less feel. Why was he not frank at first? He should have let me know his mind before letting me love him so. For him this question was not a vital one, you see. Well I have dissimulated also. I reasoned and disputed in seeming indifference, and one Name I never mentioned, that which for me held a refutation of all they maintained."

"You have decided well. Ah, Margaret, you have never ceased to belong to Him. He will further provide for His own. Have you thought of what you are going to do in Australia? Make no hasty decision."

"Mother Mary John must help me to find my vocation. All I think of now is to get to her, and away from here. Is this also the working of grace? Oh!

Father! come and kneel with me. It is so long since I have prayed as I used to. I want to speak to God and tell Him how things have been with me. Life is so short that I could not have been satisfied to marry Hugh for this world only. I would have been unhappy always."

IV.

Margaret's ship was ploughing the blue waves when the seal of her letter was broken.

"Dear Hugh:—The discovery I made by our talk in the park this morning gave me a shock. At this moment I am convinced we could never be happy together. When I try to follow the natural course of your unbelief in another life, all hope fades. You cannot be a follower of my God if you doubt His word, and will you kneel with me before His altar to pledge your faith? What is the value of our love if we can live together, thinking, hoping, and aspiring so differently? It would not satisfy me. I dare not undertake such a life. But can I say good bye to all my cherished dreams? Not at least without an effort to understand your views, to try to meet you on a common ground somewhere. And I cannot wrench my heart from you at once as perhaps I ought. I shall study and try to probe your mind, to see if there is any hope for me. You shall only know my decision when it is irrevocable. I write you now to relieve my heart, this morning so full of plans for our future, and now so full of despair. I see no comfort awaiting me in anything you could offer. I am as in a bad dream. Dear Hugh! May you not suffer in reading this as I have suffered in writing it. Your poor Margaret."

"And what remains to me," he said blankly. "She has the best of it even now. And what have I?"

"The same heritage," said Father Martin compassionately as he withdrew.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN SULLIVAN.

Two cooing, helpless loving babes,
  Two chattering toddlers small,
Two playmates 'neath the cooling shades
  Of oak-trees, grim and tall.

Two pupils in the self-same school;
  A youth and maiden fair;
Naught know they of the dreary rule
  Of Life, so full of care.

Two lovers in the eventide;
  Two lives, now blent in one;
Two graves upon the hillside;
  And thus the dream is done.

AN INSTINCT.

BY FRANCES MAITLAND.

Blair-Innes is a show place and a magnificent "pile" to which the broad avenue, leading straight across the park, manages to convey a regal look.

The present Lady Blair-Innes is my sister, and, when not "on the wander," I am often at the house, but it was not till the autumn of eighty-seven that I came across Mary MacAlpine, a Scotch heiress and Blair-Innes's niece.

For the first few days, I am bound to confess, I scarcely distinguished Miss MacAlpine among half-a-dozen other girls all staying in the house, all well set-up, well-dressed, and, it can't be denied, more or less good-looking. I do not know that I had exchanged more than a word or two with her, when, one afternoon, just as Blair-Innes and I were starting for a drive, she came out on the terrace, and he shouted to her to run for her hat and come with us to the moor.

When she came back she absolutely refused to take the front seat beside her uncle. She did not want to talk, she said, with a mischievous glance at us both, but to enjoy the scenery.

The gates of the broad avenue are seldom opened except in honor of royalty, so I was a little surprised when my brother-in-law took that way instead of going by the South Lodge as usual, but he explained he wished to see if some repairs he had ordered in that direction had been made.

We were half-way down the drive, and just out from under the trees into the open, when, opposite a small railed-in enclosure, the mare stopped short, and bursting into a sweat, began to kick and rear, keeping up the dance so long that her master lost his temper at last and used a strong word or two, from which, when she began to quiet down, he called out an apology to his niece.

Miss MacAlpine did not answer, and having Biddy now well in hand he turned in his seat to repeat his apology. But still the girl sat silent.

"Mary," he cried, "what on earth is the matter?" and giving me the reins, he jumped down and went round to her.

An exclamation made me turn to see what was wrong and I saw that the girl, white as a sheet, was clutching with one hand the side of the dog-cart, her nostrils distended, and her eyes so closed that only a rim of white showed between the lids.

"Mary, what is it? You don't mean to say you are frightened!" Blair-Innes drew in his breath with a whistle.

"I—I beg your pardon, Uncle." The girl seemed to pull herself together, and the color came back, with a rush, to her face.

Something seemed to strike Blair-Innes. "You don't mean to say you keep up that nonsense?" he asked. "Humbug!"

The girl put up her hand to her head. "I beg your pardon," she repeated.

"I suppose you want to go home?" her uncle asked. I could know by his voice that he was provoked with her.

Miss MacAlpine shook her head, "Oh, no." She evidently spoke with effort. "I should like to go on, please."

"Well, you and Miss Biddy are a pretty pair!" Blair-Innes returned with some contempt as he scrambled up on his seat and took the reins from me.

"We have our instincts, I suppose." Miss MacAlpine laid a little emphasis on the word.

"Come now, Polly," her uncle cried; he was recovering his temper. "You are surely not going to put yourself on a level with Biddy?"

"Sultan does the same." Miss MacAlpine spoke with calm persistence.

"And because two out of a stable shy at a rail, you—Polly, don't be a fool."

Miss MacAlpine did not answer, and Blair-Innes went on: "Suppose now, Miss Polly, you had never been told—" He waved his whip back towards the enclosure.

"Were Sultan and Biddy ever told?" she asked.

"Polly, you little goose." Blair-Innes burst into a laugh.

"No one had told me when I first—" Miss McAlpine pulled herself up.

"Well, well," her uncle said, and gave Biddy a touch that set her on her hind-legs again.

"You know—I cannot help it." The girl's voice was apologetic, and I made up my mind that, if she were not crying, tears were not far off.

"I know you are a superstitious little fool," Blair-Innes returned. "I shall have the rails taken down and the place planted out tomorrow. It ought to have been done long ago. What do you advise, Lake," he turned to me, "her ladyship swears by your taste—rhododendrons or pines for that enclosure?"

"Oh, I'm all for rhododendrons," I began, but, as a sob came from behind, Blair-Innes interrupted me.

"Come, Polly, you don't mean to tell me you are crying. I didn't mean to tease you, but you can't expect me to believe that you saw the old fellow sitting on the rail, snuff-colored coat and all the rest of it!"

"You know I don't believe such nonsense," came back with dignity.

"Well," her uncle said heartily, "I am hanged if I know what you do believe."

"Hadn't we better change the subject? Mr. Lake cannot find it interesting," the girl said, but gently enough.

I was pretty sure now Miss Polly was crying. I could see she was mopping her eyes with her handkerchief, so I came to her rescue by asking her uncle some questions about the sheep-farm we were bound for, but I must confess that our drive was not a very lively one, and I noticed we came home by the south avenue, the one in daily use.

Late that same afternoon I was sitting in my sister's morning-room when her husband sauntered in.

"You here, Peter," he said and then he turned to his wife: "There was the devil and all to pay today between Polly and the mare, at old Innes' enclosure, as Peter I daresay has told you."

"I wish you wouldn't drive that way, David," her ladyship returned, "and I wish you would give up driving Biddy."

"I wish!" his lordship shrugged his shoulders, "Biddy's about the best in the stables, and as for the Broad Walk, you know as well as I do I don't take it once in a twelvemonth. Polly must get over that nonsense."

"Well, I can't help Polly's idiosyncrasies," her ladyship said pettishly; she was puckering her brows over the menu for that evening's dinner and correcting the housekeeper's bad French. "Besides," she looked up as she sped the shaft, "she is your niece, not mine."

Blair-Innes paid no attention to this speech, but went on: "I thought she had got over that folly. Peter will have told you what a fool she made of herself?"

Gertrude nodded her head.

"I haven't the least idea," I said, "what

the whole business is about, unless I take it for granted that Miss MacAlpine saw, or supposed she saw, a ghost?"

"A ghost! My dear fellow, nothing half so common-place."

"Well, I give it up," I said.

"You know why that bit of ground is railed in?" my brother-in-law asked. He had taken the pen from Gertrude and was ornamenting the menu with the picture of a French chef. "The police did it. My grand-uncle was shot or shot himself on that very spot, and the country folk have it he walks. But 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' we never have a poacher that side of the park."

"But, Miss MacAlpine?" I asked.

"Polly? Well, Polly is Highland you know." Blair-Innes spoke as if that explained any eccentricity on the young lady's part.

"All her people," Gertrude explained with gravity, "have had second sight."

"Which means they have been a superstitious crew," Blair-Innes said with conviction.

"I don't think you should say that, David," his wife remonstrated. "Mary's own grandfather," she turned to me, "saw himself the night before he was killed in the mutiny. He met himself coming out of his tent with a bullet wound in his throat, and told his colonel and a brother officer he knew he would be killed and how."

Blair-Innes burst into a laugh. "Listen to her, Peter!"

Gertrude grew warm. "You may laugh, David, but you know it is true, and her great-grandfather saw the Battle of Waterloo, and told his clansman of the victory the very day it was fought."

"Go on," was all her husband said, but he winked at me.

"You know second-sight is a fact," Gertrude went on indignantly (I am afraid she had seen the wink); "Sir Walter Scott believed in it, and—and—other clever people. You know it as well as I do."

"Nonsense, my dear child, all nonsense, coincidence, dreams, imagination."

"Well," I put in hastily (for Gertrude gets excited in argument), "all this time you haven't told what Miss MacAlpine saw or thought she saw."

"Mary," my sister began solemnly, to be interrupted by her husband.

"Mary is a kind of vulture in fact." He winked again at me.

"Peter, don't listen to David," Gertrude, laying her hand on my arm, implored. "I don't know how to explain it, or make you understand. Mary can't help it, she can't bear anything bad."

"There I'm all one with Miss MacAlpine," I said. "I have no particular attraction to wickedness myself. But forgive me saying I still fail to understand?"

"What that has to do with Polly—being ill—I don't know how to put it—this afternoon, David?" Gertrude looked coaxingly at her husband: "You tell Peter. You know it is true."

"If Polly does not smell blood she scents crime. Will that suit you, Gertie?" Blair-Innes had now finished his chef to his satisfaction.

Gertrude looked dubious. "It's like this, Peter," she turned, to me again, "Polly can't help knowing bad people from good."

"Pleasant for the bad!"

"She can't help it. David, don't laugh, you know it is true. The feeling comes to her in spite of herself, a feeling she cannot define, and not only about people, but about places and things."

"You mean to tell me she knew by instinct that Major Innes had shot him-

self at that corner—how many years ago? My dear Gertrude, draw it mild."

Gertrude pouted and made no reply.

"Miss MacAlpine must be an imaginative young lady," I went on.

"Mary has no imagination," Gertrude interrupted, "and she hates the—the—I don't know what to call it."

"Instinct," her husband suggested. "Better use her own word." Then he went on more gravely. "I was in hopes she had got over all that hysterical nonsense."

"Polly is not hysterical," Gertrude flamed out. "It's a shame of you to say such things, David."

Blair-Innes again shrugged his shoulders.

"What about Angus MacBean?" my sister demanded.

My brother-in-law looked at me as much as to say: "We are in for it now."

"If David won't tell you, I will." Gertrude turned to me: "The year before last we had the Anchen-Cloach shootings and the second keeper was a man named Angus MacBean."

"And an ugly, black-browed beast he was," Blair-Innes put in; "anybody might have had 'instincts' about him."

"Let me tell Peter the story my own way," Gertrude retreated.

"Certainly, but I was only backing you up." Blair-Innes' eyes twinkled.

"The first time Polly was out on the moors with us," Gertrude went on, "Angus helped to wait at luncheon, and he was offering her something when she—" Gertrude paused.

"Had the jumps," Blair-Innes said encouragingly. "Go ahead, Peter is waiting."

"Something came to her, Peter," Gertie went on solemnly. "She could neither speak nor move, and she never came out with us again when she knew Angus was to be one of the men."

"Well," I said, "it all sounds very interesting, but I don't see the point. Miss MacAlpine had a fit, that's the long and short of it; but what had MacBean to do with it?"

"Angus had been tried for murder." Gertie sank her voice as she almost whispered the words. "We did not know it till afterwards."

"He had got into trouble about some poacher," Blair-Innes explained. "There had been ill-will between them and the man was found with a knock on the head. Angus stood his trial and got off by the skin of his teeth, and with a 'not proven,' a verdict next door to guilty, as you know. All the same (David spoke regretfully) he was an excellent keeper."

"You mean to say Miss MacAlpine had some revelation about the man's antecedents." It was all I could do to repress a smile.

Gertie nodded. "I don't say she had any revelation but she knew something was wrong."

"She would be invaluable to the London police," I said.

"Right you are, Peter," Blair-Innes put in, "as a sleuth-hound."

"I don't envy her husband when he comes along," I said. I could not resist teasing Gertrude.

"Polly will never marry."

"He would be a brave man who took her."

"She is very much admired," Gertrude flashed out with indignation.

"Don't quarrel you two," Blair-Innes said. "Miss Polly will marry when the right man comes. I must say for her she is none of your susceptible fools. There, my lady, be proud of your menus"; he handed his wife over the half-dozen he had been ornamenting.

"Come along, Peter, there will just be time for a smoke before dinner." And we went off leaving Gertrude more or less in the sulks.

Now I am bound to confess that, although I was quite of my brother-in-law's opinion that his niece's "instincts" were the off-spring of imagination, I took, from that time, a certain interest in watching the girl.

Though Highland-born, Mary MacAlpine, physically, was more of the Lowland type; that is to say, the cheek-bone was a trifle prominent; the forehead, though broad and straight, a little high, the mouth was refined, the teeth perfect, the grey eyes well set, the hands and feet (she was Highland there) small and shapely, her hair magnificent. Her manner was simple and natural, and she had the rare charm of a beautiful laugh, and—I believe in a laugh!

Once or twice, after the memorable drive, it fell to my lot to take the girl to dinner, and I am bound to say I found her a delightful companion. Indeed we got on so well that seeing Gertrude beaming on us from the head of the table, I made up my mind she was already looking forward to the day when she should greet Miss MacAlpine, not only as niece, but as a sister-in-law.

One evening, coming late to dinner, I found myself placed opposite Mary, who gave me a frank little nod of greeting, but as our eyes met I saw a look of pain come into hers, and she passed her hand nervously across her forehead. The next instant I saw her hands begin to tremble and, with a hasty apology to her neighbors on either side, she jumped up and left the room. At a sign from my sister-in-law one of the footmen followed her, and came back almost immediately to say that Miss MacAlpine had found the room oppressive and that she would wait in the drawing-room till after dinner. There certainly was not a breath of air, the night was hot and windless, and heavy clouds to the southward presaged a storm.

We men sat longer than usual over our wine discussing the day's sport, and when I at last got to the drawing-room it was to find Mary sitting at the end of the room close to a door that opened into a conservatory. She was alone, and I drew a chair near hers hoping to enjoy a chat, but saw to my surprise that she shrank from me, pushing her chair back as far as she could while a look, half-terror, half-horror, came into her face.

"I am afraid you do not feel right yet," I said; "the night is certainly a most oppressive one."

She did not answer and again I saw her eyes narrow as they had done in the dog-cart and—as she shrank as far as she could from me—her face grew ashen-white.

There was no mistake about it, the girl was ill, every moment her pallor increased, and seeing her uncle crossing the room I beckoned to him to come to me. Between us we got her quietly into the conservatory and laid her on a basket couch that happened to be there, Blair-Innes holding her head, while I ran for a glass of wine and to summon her maid.

It was, perhaps, five minutes before I came back, for I took upon myself to run round to the stables and send off one of the grooms for the village doctor, and when I came back the conservatory was empty. The girl had revived a little, had drunk the wine, and supported by the maid and her uncle had been able to walk to her room. It was a couple of hours before I saw Blair-Innes alone and then he told me that the doctor had giv-

en Mary a sleeping-draught and ordered her to be kept quiet.

"Peterson thinks she has been overdoing it," he went on. "He says it is nothing but a nervous attack brought on by the heat and over-fatigue. He is going to send her up a tonic."

"It seems to me," I said, "pretty much the same kind of attack she had in the dog-cart, there's no doubt she needs looking after."

"Why, old fellow," Blair-Innes laughed, "what have you been after? I scarcely think my respected great-uncle would venture as far as the conservatory."

"Beyond murdering a few pheasants," I said, "my conscience is guiltless, but I can't help being glad that Miss MacAlpine is seeing the doctor. She needs looking after."

"And Paterson is a shrewd little fellow," my brother-in-law returned. "Depend on it, Polly will grow out of all this rubbish."

Miss MacAlpine kept her room several days after this last attack, and the next time I saw her was in the schoolroom, to which Blair-Innes and I had been attracted by a babel of children's voices.

Mary was standing by the window binding up little Jack Innes' arm, while the other children, all excitement, watched the operation.

"Hillo, Master Jack," his father asked. "What mischief have you been up to?"

"Oh," one of his sisters cried, "you ought to have seen it, father; he cut himself with nurse's scissors and it bled like anything, only Cousin Polly stopped it."

"It's a pity I missed such a treat," her father said with a laugh, "but it's well Cousin Polly was here to put all right."

"Oh, Cousin Polly is a regular nurse you know," the child went on. "She's been nursing Mrs. Treacher's twin, the one that fell into the fire. Treacher says she saved its life; didn't he, Cousin Polly? And when I am big enough I am going to have measles, just that Cousin Polly may nurse me."

"You know what to expect, Polly," Blair-Innes laughed.

Mary MacAlpine laughed too, as she raised herself from her stooping posture, assuring Jack he was all right again, but that she would advise him to leave cutting-out scissors alone for the future. She looked very sweet and womanly as the children clung to her, and hearing, later, the story of Treacher's baby, I could not but come to the conclusion that "instincts" or no instincts, in any emergency Mary would be ready both with head and hands.

Autumn went on. The shooting parties were over, and Mary and I, at last, were the only guests at Blair-Innes.

The great enjoyment of my brother-in-law's life is dawdling among his curios. The taste is an inherited one, both his father and grandfather were collectors, and some of the curiosities at the place have a world-wide fame. David's own special fad is silver, and he will give an extravagant price for a bit that takes his fancy, and the day he had sped the last of his shooters on his homeward way, he was chuckling with delight, as he called on Mary and myself to give him a hand with a case just consigned to him by a friend, from Spain.

He was busy taking out the screws when I remembered an undelivered offering, an old ring I had picked up in a curious way near Genoa, in the spring. The night Mary MacAlpine had been taken ill, I had brought it down in my waistcoat pocket, but her illness had put it out of my head, and it had lain ever

since on my own dressing-table, at the mercy of the housemaids. I ran upstairs to get it and when I came back found Blair-Innes alone, his niece having gone to the library to fetch some book of reference he needed.

"I am afraid it's rubbish," I said as I held out my gift, but I knew I was wrong when I saw the eager way my brother-in-law took it, and how his face brightened."

"It's something like these old Galway fishermen's rings," I said, "but it was a queer place to find it. It came up on the point of my walking-stick in the garden of a villa near Genoa and with dirt enough on it to have been the accumulation of a thousand years."

"I see you have cleaned it," Blair-Innes said as he turned it over and over in his hands, and then as he took up a magnifying glass to examine it more closely, he muttered to himself, "a pity."

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, "you would not have touched it with the tongs. You could not see what it was."

"All the same it was a thousand pities," he repeated, as he examined it carefully, "but I have not half thanked you, Peter. I believe it is unique."

At that moment Mary MacAlpine came back, and I remember thinking I had never seen her look as pretty as she did, standing framed in the doorway, holding up a ponderous volume, and asking her uncle if that was what he needed.

"Don't say a word," Blair-Innes whispered eagerly, and before I had time to ask what I was not to say a word about, he went forward to meet the girl.

"Here, Polly," he cried. "I have a plaything for you," and taking the book from her, he laid it on the table, and then, catching hold of her hand, forced the ring on one of her fingers.

For a moment, not longer, Mary MacAlpine stood motionless; then her face began to twitch, her hands began to shut and open; the fingers, each time they closed, clenching themselves into the flesh.

"Mary," her uncle cried, "for God's sake don't be a fool." Then, as the girl staggered, he caught her by the arm, calling to me to come to his help and take the "d—d ring" off.

"Never mind the ring," I returned, "let me get some brandy."

Blair-Innes nodded; he was doing his best to keep the girl quiet, for her whole body now was twitching, and when I came back followed by Gertrude, it was to find her in convulsions. Blair-Innes himself rode off for the doctor, and, by mid-day, the whole neighborhood knew that Miss MacAlpine was ill and that a specialist had been telegraphed for to town.

"Who would have thought a girl with any sense would have taken a joke like that," my brother-in-law had kept repeating, while we waited for Paterson's report, and I really was sorry for him when that little man came down at last to say he would like further advice.

"The illness has been coming on," I said, doing my best to comfort him. "The whole nervous system is upset. Think of that night in the conservatory."

Blair-Innes only grunted a reply, but, after a minute or two, stopping in his restless walk about the room, he asked what had become of the ring."

"The ring? It is where you put it, I suppose, on Miss MacAlpine's finger."

He made a gesture of impatience. "It is all nonsense, of course, but I must get hold of Gertrude and tell her to make

the women take the confounded thing off."

"I don't know why it is 'confounded.'" I said, "but of one thing you may be sure, they are not likely to trouble Miss MacAlpine now by meddling with her rings."

"Anything is bad that hinders circulation," Blair-Innes returned, snappishly for him.

"Well," I said, "if the ring is tight, depend upon it that little doctor saw it. He seems to me to have eyes at the back of his head; and if you ask me my opinion about that ring I believe it belonged to a termagant."

"A termagant!"

"Look at your fingers," I said, "it was made to scratch as I found out to my cost when I first made its acquaintance."

Blair-Innes looked at his hand, which had been scratched when thrusting the ring on Mary's finger, and shrugged his shoulders. "I was a d—d fool to play the girl the trick," he said. And I did not contradict him.

By and by Gertrude came and threw herself into her husband's arms, to pour out her hopes and fears.

"Dr. Paterson noticed one of her fingers was swollen," she said, "and made us take off the ring. It must have pained her; she has been easier since."

"Where is the ring now?" her husband asked so eagerly that she looked at him with astonishment. "The ring? I suppose Clerk put it with her other things on the dressing table, an ugly old silver thing. I don't remember seeing her wear it, and I can't think where she got it."

"Get it for me," Blair-Innes said.

"David!" Gertrude cried. "How can you think about curiosities at such a time? I believe if I were to die tomorrow, the first question you would ask would be: 'Where is the serpent?'" She touched an antique bracelet rivetted on her arm.

"Get it for me," Blair-Innes said coaxingly; "there's a good child."

Gertrude, who in the main is a good-natured little soul, trotted away to get it and soon brought it back in her hand.

"I can't imagine," she reiterated, "where Polly could have got such a thing. See, David, how the hands pretend to clasp, but how sharp the fingers are. Why if anyone pressed your hand the points would prick."

David gave a grunt that might have meant anything.

"It might have been an old engagement ring," Gertie said with a sigh, "only the points are sharp. I wonder where she got it."

Blair-Innes nodded towards me.

"Oh, Peter, then it is—" Gertie made a little flutter towards me as if to take me in her arms.

I saw what she thought and put out my hands to keep her off. "Don't be nonsensical," I said. "I brought the ring from Genoa for David."

"I suppose it was not good enough for the collection," Gertrude said as a matter of course. "And that is why Polly fell heir to it."

It was impossible not to laugh at such a summing up of her husband's generosity, and, for a moment or two we all felt happier, but presently one of the maids came to say Dr. Paterson wanted Gertrude, and her husband and I were left to wait, with such patience as we might, the arrival of the next express and Sir William Carter, the specialist, from town.

The great man, when he did turn up, quite approved of Paterson's treatment of the case, but did not hesitate to say that Mary's state was critical. The

nervous collapse was great, and a return of the convulsions might be fatal. He went upstairs again a few minutes before leaving, and seemed, on the whole, more satisfied when he came back to us for a moment. He would advise, he said, that, as soon as possible, on recovery, Miss MacAlpine should be removed to other surroundings, and have fresh scenes and faces about her, while little allusion should be made to anything related to her illness.

He left us rather happier than he had found us, but a good many anxious days followed, and then Mary began to pick up a little and Dr. Paterson took to rubbing his hands and prophesying that she was nearly "out of the wood," but December had come before David, who liked my company, would let me say that it was time that I was off to begin what Gertie called my "vagabondising" life again.

The evening before I started Gertrude told me plainly how disappointed she had been that I had not "taken to Polly."

"My dear child," I said, "have you not told me twenty times that Miss MacAlpine would never marry; but, putting that aside, do you think any sensible man, as matters stand, would care to marry her?"

"Why not?" Gertrude pouted.

"Come," I said, "let us look the matter in the face. What would an unfortunate man do with a wife who got the jumps every time she saw, for example, a thing like that." I pointed to an old horse-pistol hanging on the wall.

"She might," Polly said after considering for a moment.

"Or she mightn't, you mean?" I asked.

Gertrude nodded. "Peter," she said, and drew nearer to me on the sofa. "Peter, there are degrees of wickedness, don't you think?"

"Certainly," I said, trying not to laugh.

"When a man kills another in battle it isn't murder?"

"It is most amiable of you," I said, "to allow it."

"Don't laugh at me." She gave me a little flick with her hand. "In duelling days, when duelling was not thought wrong, it wasn't wrong to kill another man in a duel. I mean not wrong as it would be nowadays when everyone knows it is wrong?"

" A slightly involved sentence," I returned, "but I follow."

"And a man might commit suicide because his mind had given way, you know."

"He generally does," I said, "if you want my opinion on the subject."

"But not always. It is a horrid story about old Major Innes. Even David does not like to tell it."

"And all this preamble leads to—?"

"Peter, I do think that Polly feels somehow when things are wicked."

"Excuse me," I said, "but can things be wicked!"

"That is just like you, Peter." Gertrude looked ready to cry. "You never will understand."

"That old pistol now. If I blew out your brains at this moment that would not make the pistol 'wicked.'"

Gertie patted the floor with her foot. "You may say as you like, if that pistol had ever murdered anyone I should not like to touch it."

"My dear child, the pistol would not have committed the murder!"

"Peter, how disagreeable you are! Do try and understand. A bad spirit might come back to the place where he had done an evil deed—"

"Or come to have a peep at the knife he did it with!" I interrupted.

"I shall not say any more," my sister said with dignity, but she did, laying her head on my sleeve and speaking under her breath.

"A good woman, such a woman as Polly, you know, might feel when she was near a bad thing, as she wouldn't feel when she was near a good thing, anything that had only been used for lawful purposes."

"You express yourself," I said, "most lucidly."

"Peter," Gertie got up, "satire is not your forte. But you can't prove that what I have said might not be (Gertrude's face said this as if she had scored a point) with a very good person, you know."

"And Miss Polly is very good?"

"You know she is the best woman in the world. The best woman I ever knew. Polly is next door to a saint. She often makes me wish I were a Catholic."

"Well, there is nothing to prevent you."

Gertrude looked dubious. "I don't think David would mind," she said after consideration. "But, Peter, I want to ask you a question: Had David any reason for giving Polly that ring?"

"If he had, you won't bring him to confession," I said. "To tell you the truth I have fished, once or twice, in that water myself."

Gertrude gave a sigh. "It is an ugly old thing. I wonder you took the trouble to bring it home."

"David says it is unique."

"Well," Gertrude said with conviction, "I often think the uglier things are the better David likes them, but I never should have bought a clawey thing like that."

"I didn't buy it," I said. "It came up from the bowels of the earth, if you like, on my walking-stick."

"And there could not be anything bad about a ring, could there? All the same (there was another sigh) I think Sir William should have been told everything. Only, of course, he is a very sensible man (a longer and deeper sigh)."

"And not likely to believe in 'instincts!' you have given yourself away at last, Miss Gertie."

"I wish you knew how disagreeable you are?" There were tears in Gertrude's eyes and, pulling out her handkerchief, she hurried from the room.

. . . . . .

Well, my "vagabondising" lengthened out, and it was four years before I saw Blair-Innes and its inmates again, and then, almost the first person I asked about was Mary MacAlpine.

"Oh, Peter, I told you," Gertie cried, "I remember writing to you distinctly. Polly has done what I was always sure she would do. Gone into a convent."

"So that was the future you planned for her?" I could not resist saying, and Gertrude had the grace to blush.

"I said it was what I was always afraid she would do," she amended. "But perhaps it was the best thing. Polly never would have been happy in the world," she shook her head. "But I was; yes, I was a little disappointed."

"You wanted Polly for a sister-in-law. Ha, ha!" Blair-Innes gave out one of his roars.

Now I am a truthful man, and I am not going to deny that, in my wandering, I had thought a good deal of Mary MacAlpine. I had seen enough of the girl to know that—barring the "instincts"—which I put down as a bit of girlish hysteria to be grown out of in a

year or two, she was one in a thousand, a treasure for any man able to appreciate a truly good woman.

I think I had scarcely known myself how much I was looking forward to meeting her again till I knew I should never see her more.

Gertrude rattled on and did not notice my silence, but Blair-Innes did, and he called out to one of the men to hand round the champagne.

"I saw her a few weeks ago," Gertrude went on. "She looked well and happy, and I am sure has found her vocation."

"She might have found it without making herself into a mummy," Blair-Innes cried, "Her face tied up, as if she were in her shroud."

"Don't be irreverent," Gertie shook her head. "I never could have done it; but, for a woman like Polly, it—almost—seems the natural thing. God came first with Polly."

This speech was so unlike Gertie that her husband and I stared at her.

"I used not to understand these things," she went on, "but Polly has made them clearer. If, all your life, you had made God your goal—" she stopped a moment. "I can understand it."

"Understand her shutting herself up to say her prayers? It's more than I can," Blair-Innes grumbled.

"Yes, you can, David," his wife contradicted him, and she repeated: "I always knew she would do it."

I knew I was expected to say something, so I asked if Miss MacAlpine was now strong.

"Quite strong," Gertie nodded. "And," she lowered her voice, "of course nothing can go wrong there." (In the convent she meant.)

"Don't talk nonsense," her husband, whose sharp ears had caught the words, said across the table. "Sir William quite set her up, Peter. She had let herself run down. It was simply an affair of nerves."

Gertrude looked at him. "You know you don't believe that," she said, and David gave his usual shoulder-shrug.

In the evening, after Gertie had gone to bed and Blair-Innes and I were smoking in his sanctum, he suddenly asked me: "You remember that ring, Peter?"

I nodded. At that very moment I had been thinking of it and of Mary's mysterious seizures.

David went over to a cabinet in the corner of the room and brought back a little case, opened it, and handed me the ring.

"An old Italian poison ring," he said with emphasis.

I jumped to my feet. "You don't mean to say," I began, but he interrupted me, "that Mary was poisoned? Not a bit of it, my dear fellow. You had washed it too well for that even if Mother Earth had not done her sanitary work, but I don't doubt," he paused, and then went on, "that if that ring could speak it would have some tales to tell."

"You mean—?"

"I mean nothing," David returned, "but did you ever see a more diabolical piece of work?" He brought me over the ring and a magnifying glass and stood beside me while I examined it.

Just to glance at, the ring seemed innocent enough, the two hands stretched towards each other as if to meet in friendly grip, but whose fingers, as close inspection showed, were claw-like in their carved and sharpened tips—the tips whose prick, when charged with the poison, for which a receptacle was provided behind, meant death.

"This was what made you experiment

on Miss MacAlpine?" I asked. My blood boiled.

My brother-in-law nodded.

"You did not know it was in my pocket the night she was taken ill in the conservatory?"

Blair-Innes looked at me. "You need not speak as if I had committed a murder. Upon my soul, I did not. How could I unless you had told me? No, I confess it was simply an experiment, the impulse, when I saw what the ring was, of the moment." He walked over to the book-shelf and took out a volume. "See, even Pollnitz," he went on, "scarcely described one like it."

"Well," I said, when I had finished reading the passage, "this one won't do any more harm," and I threw the ring into the middle of the embers and hammered down the coal over it.

"Peter, it was unique." David made a grasp at the poker.

"Leave the cursed thing alone," I said and gave the coal another hammer.

"I believe you are as superstitious as Polly," my brother-in-law said. "Coincidences are a curious study."

Now, I do not think I am a superstitious man, nor do I make a study of coincidences, but my thoughts often go back to Mary MacAlpine, happy in her convent, and I find myself wondering whether—to the girl in her innocence—some sense of the presence of evil had been given, denied to grosser natures?

Whether or no, I can vouch for the truth of my story. And I hear from my sister that Mary is happy, happy as the day is long in her chosen vocation. Rhododendrons grow and flourish where Biddy led us such a dance, and somehow or other my brother-in-law and I mutually avoid the subject of the poison-ring, often as I bring him home some curio or other from my travels.

I am a bachelor still, "for Mary's sake," Gertrude sometimes ventures to insinuate, and I do not take the trouble to contradict her, for there is no doubt about it—Mary MacAlpine was one in a thousand.

IRISH FIRESIDES.

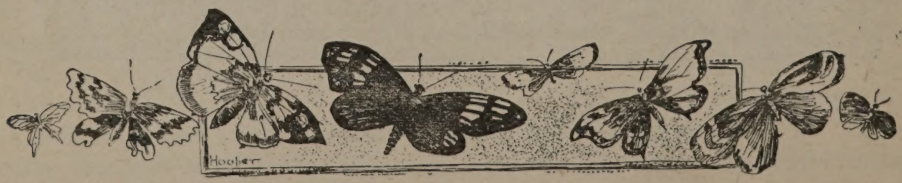
(Continued from page 234.)

The idea of the Irish fireside as a stage for the display of the "domestic virtues" is as incongruous in connection with the Carrick man as would be the suggestion that he was in danger of turning Methodist. The Gael, the real Irishman, not the caricature through which he is so persistently insulted and defamed in our public places of amusement and in popular fiction is jealously, almost morbidly reticent of whatever concerns him intimately and is most closely interwoven with the tenderest feelings of his heart. This is so true that you never see any demonstrativeness of affection whatever, socially, and religion is *never* "talked" about in Ireland.

I have heard strangers speak of the extraordinary social charm of the Irish priests. They have it because they are simple, natural, earnest, unaffected men. They are not "samples" of anything. Outside the actual administration of their sacred duties they never permit themselves to suggest, by word or look, the dignity of their office. That is a garment of such finely-wrought and sensitive fibre that they refuse to wear it for every wind to blow upon. They do not know what professionalism or "pose" means. They allow themselves to become as enthusiastic as the young men of their congregations, over a hurling match or a coöperative creamery, and their conversation does not differ in the least from what one expects to hear in any company of refined and cultured gentlemen, unless, as has been remarked, that it usually possesses a freshness and vivacity to be met with nowhere else. The superficial observer would infallibly set them down as hopelessly entangled with the things of the world and without a spark of spirituality. And yet what Paladins, what Bayards, they can be when Church or Faith calls for a champion! They all graduated from the Irish fireside amongst whose most hallowed memories is the blind fiddler, flute-player, or Gaelic story-teller. They must have contrived to do some very effective praying, to cultivate the domestic virtues, somewhere, somehow.

And so with our Carrick-man. To his wife and the priest and Almighty God he bares his breast, even its holy of holies. He might be a modern Englishman for all the evidence you will have ordinarily that he is acquainted either with love or reverence, that he is as much his wife's lover as the day he wooed her, and that he worships God with as much singleness of purpose as St. Paul.

When his fireside becomes a kindergarten, or a Sunday School, he will have ceased to be the untamed Fenian he is. He will have become a Philistine of Philistia, a true sham Anglo-Saxon, and as common-place and vulgar as he is now typical of the brave and haughty race that once honored and sentineled the blessed and beautiful land of his birth.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY MARY CARROLL LOUGHLIN.

Out on the slope of a sunny hill,
  Where the robins will soon be singing,
Under the sod where the deep snow lies,
  And where daisies will soon be springing,
They lie today in a quiet sleep
  That will last till the judgment's dawning,
And hear not the slogan we love so well,
  "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning."

Yet they loved it once, and loved to tell
  Of Ireland's saints, and her glory,
Of Patrick and Bridget and Columbkille,
  And of Emmet renowned in story.
They loved to tell how the Irish chiefs
  Were all mindful of Patrick's warning,
And they taught me to sing the grand old song,
  "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning."

Oh! Father and Mother, I love it still,
  And will love it till life is over,
And in memory of you and the faith you kept,
  I am wearing the three-leaved clover.
May every heart that was dear to you
  Be faithful to Patrick's warning,
And join in the chorus of Ireland's song—
  "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning."

You are sleeping far from the green old isle,
  Where the linnet and thrush are singing:
And from every convent and chapel tower
  The bells you once heard will be ringing;
But your sleep is sound and your rest is sweet,
  As you wait for the last day's dawning,
And my heart is sad as I sing your song,
  "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning."

THE HAT OF THE KINSALES.

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Visitors to certain venerable abbey ruins in the north of Ireland—to Down patrick and Grey Abbey and Inis Courcy and others, solid and stately edifices, much of whose sculptured beauty has survived the decay of seven centuries—will wonder if these imposing footprints in stone were really made by the free-booting giant Norman, fierce and pious "conqueror of Ulidia." Verily there is but little suggestion of his ruthless mailed hand in the solemn hush of the deserted cloister, broken only by the twittering of birds in the ivy and the rustling of the fallen leaves that circle in death dances on the grey tombstones.

Yet these holy houses were an important factor of John de Courcy in his work of conquest. With characteristic Norman piety and tact he built them and filled them with English monks to help bring the native people of the district into loyalty and subjection to the English king. In them we see the proud remains of the most important ecclesiastical colony of Ireland under the Anglo-Normans.

But there is another and a different relic—possibly an indirect one—of De Courcy, to which some attention was drawn in the imposing though semi-ludicrous mediæval ceremonies attending the coronation, last year, of his majesty, King Edward the Seventh of England. This is the hat of the Kinsales, the most historic piece of headgear in the world.

It was a crucial time in merry England, that of the coronation. Uneasy lay many a proud patrician British head that wore a coronet, that is, that was entitled to wear one, but that had not such an expensive thing as a coronet to wear. For what with the pressure of hard times caused by the Boer war and American competition, with maybe a run of bad luck on the turf or the green cloth, it was not every proud British peer of the realm who could provide himself with a coronet, which is a costly piece of ornamental headgear of gold, pearls and plush, a thing worn not often in a lifetime and which cannot be rented out for the occasion from a jewelry or a pawn-shop. True, a needy and daring peer might venture into Westminster hall in a theatrical or "property" crown; but the master of ceremonies, if he detected the fraud, would probably order him out like a dead-head with a bogus ticket, and King Edward, who was extremely punctilious over his crowning, would probably send the contumelious offender to the tower on a charge of *lese majesté*.

But there was one particular peer whom the crown question did not worry. This was De Courcy, Lord Kinsale, premier baron of the United Kingdom and reputed descendant of the "Conqueror of Ulidia."

Lord Kinsale is an Irish or quasi-Irish peer, who takes his title from the historic seaport of Kinsale, in the south of Cork. The name of the place in Irish is *Ceann saile*, the head of the brine. The name in the British Peerage is "Kingsale," which is absurd.

How the Kinsales got the privilege of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty is an historical mystery, unless we credit the explanation given in that romantic Arabian Nights chronicle of the Pale, the Book of Howth. The ancient Irish seanachies told some stunning "corkers" in their day, but the Anglo-

Norman scribes, from Gerald Barry down, were more enterprising masters of fiction.

The De Courcys of Normandy were, like their neighbors the De Burgos or Burkes, descended from the Emperor Charlemagne, their genealogy being such as would make social aspirants of the Waldorf Astor type emerald with envy. Robert de Courcy accompanied William of Normandy to England, fought at Hastings and got grants of the confiscated Saxon land at Stoke, in Somerset, and elsewhere. Fourth in descent from Robert was John de Courcy, a soldier of fortune of gigantic frame, great courage and skill at arms, shrewdness and enterprise. Having aided Henry II. in his wars in England and Gascony, John was sent by him to Ireland, in 1177, ostensibly to aid Viceroy de Burgo in his government. The latter was at the time opposed to foraging the Irish; De Courcy, whose purse was light, was anxious to enrich himself. The burly adventurer got hold of some books of prophecies ascribed to the Welsh bard, Merlin, and the Irish saint, Columbkille, in which it was stated that a portion of Ulster would be conquered by a White Knight with birds on his shield, also that the conqueror would be "a certain poor and needy fugitive from abroad." De Courcy got himself up for the part, and gave out to both Irish and English that he was the man of destiny. He got a white horse, he had birds on his shield—three red eagles on a white field—and he was needy enough in all conscience. Despite the Viceroy's objections he set out with twenty-two knights, fifty esquires, and three hundred soldiers, surprised and plundered the town of Downpatrick in the early morning, butchering the helpless inhabitants, and so established himself in Ulster. King Henry created him nominal earl of that province in 1181, and in the following year De Courcy married the Lady Afreca, daughter of Godfred, King of the Isle of Man. With the usual Anglo-Norman sense of piety he founded religious houses, among them the Benedictine abbey of Downpatrick and St. Andrew's Monastery in the Ardes of Down. As restitution for the Irish abbey of Carraig, destroyed by him, he founded that of Inis Courcy. His wife, the Lady Afreca de Courcy, founded Grey Abbey, in Down, whose venerable ruins still attest the ecclesiastical grandeur of that period—one in which the invaders of Ireland as much displayed their "civilizing" zeal in building religious houses as they afterwards did in plundering and destroying them.

After a while things went wrong with big John de Courcy. The native Archbishops of Armagh, ignoring the imported theory that it was necessary to plunder and burn an Irish church and massacre the congregation in order to build an Anglo-Irish one, excommunicated him. De Courcy dropped some incautious criticisms on King John of England for murdering Prince Arthur, the rightful heir to the throne, with the result that John put a black mark against him and directed some rival landgrabbers, especially the voracious De Lacys, to get rid of him. The De Lacys, despite the protection given him by some foolish far-down Irish, ultimately caught De Courcy in Downpatrick, after a long siege, and sent him prisoner to King John, who locked him up for life in the Tower of London, and gave the chief of his captors the title of Earl of Ulster.

And now as to the romantic story in the Book of Howth.

This tells how the followers of De Lacy, coming to arrest De Courcy, surprised the latter on Good Friday in the

church-yard of Downpatrick while he was at his devotions, walking unarmed and barefooted five times round the place, in penance, at the graves of Saints Patrick, Bridget and Columbkille—of which eminent saints he knew nothing save to have utilized some alleged prophecies of the last to work a confidence game. Then did the stalwart Norman pluck up a wooden cross and lay lustily about him, killing thirteen of his assailants, his two nephews dying in his defence, ere he was made captive. Some time afterwards occurred a dispute between King John and Philip Augustus of France concerning the sovereignty of the Duchy of Normandy, and they decided to test their respective rights by "ordeal of battle." This was superior as a game of science or chance or both to flipping up a coin or shaking dice or even matching gamecocks or dogs. Each king selected a human champion to fight for him, and whichever champion killed the other, his king was the winner. Philip backed a gigantic Frenchman. John liberated De Courcy from the Tower, told him what was expected from him, and put him in the ring. But there was no "scrap"; at sight of his formidable opponent the French champion ran out of the ring and kept running. Then De Courcy demonstrated his muscle by cleaving a helmet and coat of mail with his sword, whereupon John, in admiration, pardoned and granted him any privilege he might ask, and De Courcy asked and had granted him that he and his successors might keep their heads covered in the royal presence. Which, considering the manners of the time, was a rather singular and cheap privilege to ask. In fact it was no privilege at all. The hat-doffing age, with its various amusing and intricate frills of formal social etiquette, had not yet arrived. Uncovering the feet was then, as now, the standard act of Oriental reverence; uncovering the head, as a mark of social courtesy, had not yet seized generally on the Occidentals. A drawing of the court of Henry VII., made by a contemporary artist, shows all there present with their heads well covered.

"In days of old, when knights were bold," it was the custom, when one warrior met another on terms of truce or amity, for each to take off his helmet and grasp the other by the right hand. This put them, other things being even, on equal terms, and neither could draw his sword and chop the other knight on the sconce. This was the origin of taking off the hat in salutation and shaking hands. Why De Courcy wanted to keep on his hat, or his helmet, in the royal presence, was probably because he had his own opinion of King John, who by all accounts was a dangerous royal sandbagger.

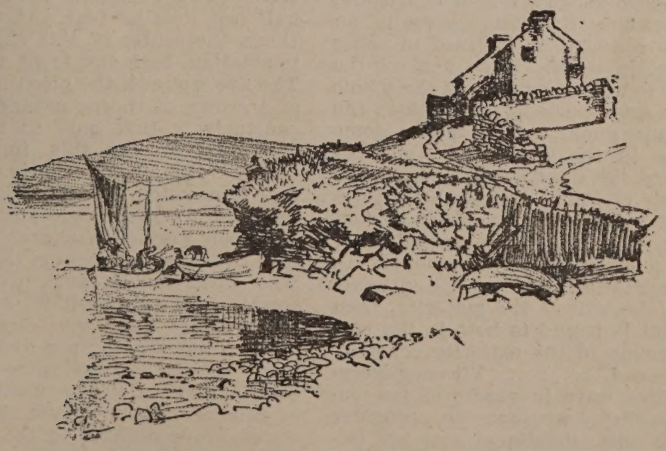
John de Courcy never returned to Ireland. He died in France, according to some accounts, in 1219, his wife, the Lady Afreca, having pre-deceased him sixteen years. His natural son, John de Courcy, Lord of Raheny and Kilbarrock, county of Dublin, was assassinated at the instance of the De Lacys. The "conqueror of Ulidia" left no other male issue. In 1223 Miles de Courcy, a supposed nephew of John, and by some records called "filius Johann de Courcy, junior," was created by Henry II., baron of Kinsale and Ringrone, in the south of Ireland. Miles' son Patrick, second baron of Kinsale, married the daughter of Milo de Cogan, described as "the noblest baron of his time in Ireland." From him are descended the MacPatricks or De Courcys of Cork.

For nearly seven centuries the title has descended regularly, though the De

Courcys of Kinsale cut little or no figure in Irish history. "Gerrard, Lord Coursy, Baron of Kinsale," and "Patrick, Lord Coursy," were among those whose land was confiscated under Cromwell, but at the Restoration they recovered it. In 1691, Almeric, 23rd Baron Kinsale, was outlawed for his adherence to King James, but in the next year the outlawry was removed, he took his seat in parliament and appeared in the presence of King William with his hat on, explaining: "Sire, my name is De Courcy. I am Lord of Kinsale in your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and the reason of my being covered in your Majesty's presence is to assert the ancient privilege of my family, granted to John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, by John, King of England."

With his lumbering Lowland wit "Dutch Bill" acknowledged and confirmed the unique privilege, and ever since then about all that the Lords Kinsale have done to distinguish themselves has been to create an occasional sensation and curiosity by thrusting themselves into the presence of kings and queens, with their hats on. Both George I. and George II. experienced the Irish peer and his headgear, and when George IV. visited Ireland, one of the first objects that greeted him was Kinsale and his hat. The Lord Kinsale of the day also presented himself, hat on, before Queen Victoria on her first visit, but her Majesty was not much impressed, and remarked with more than Guelphic piquancy: "He may be privileged to wear his hat in the presence of royalty, but he might take it off in the presence of a lady."

The name of Lord Kinsale is about as seldom heard in Ireland as that of the Akhoond of Swat. He has no residence there, possibly has never been there. The late lord married the daughter of a Protestant minister in the south of England, and the present lord lives at his grandfather's place, namely Stoketon, near Saltash, Cornwall. He is the 23rd baron of the line, was born in 1855, succeeded his father seven years ago, is married to a De Courcy, has a son twenty years old, and four daughters, his name and title Michael Constantine de Courcy, Baron Courcy of Courcy and Baron of Ringrone in Ireland. And he had his best silk hat ironed for the coronation.



BOOK REVIEWS.

Political and Moral Essays. By Joseph Rickaby, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros. 1902. $1.50.

Father Rickaby, so well known by his Moral Philosophy in the Stonyhurst Series, has collected into permanent form several essays which have appeared in "The Month" with the dissertation written for the Degree of Bachelor of Science in the University of Oxford. They are exactly what we should expect from Father Rickaby, namely, logical, interesting, adequate papers upon certain fundamental problems in the realm of Politics and of Ethics. The first article upon the origin and extent of civil authority contains many points of deep interest to Americans. Thus, for example, Fr. Rickaby discourses on the question much-mooted in our days, whether the consent of the governed is necessary to the validity of the polity under which they live, and to the validity of the appointment of the living rulers who administer that polity, that is, does civil authority, for its form and *personnel*, depend upon the continued approval of the people governed. To this query he answers that, "in point of actual consent, people cannot be governed unless they choose to obey. A man may obey because he has a pistol at each ear and a bayonet behind his back; but that is not civil obedience, nor is it habitual obedience, it is obedience under an emergency that passes away. No government can be erected on a basis of mere coercion." However, he asserts: "the continued good-will of the governed is not indispensable to the validation of a government already established. To shrink from this somewhat unpopular proposition is to license mutiny, rebellion, treason, revolution, anarchy. Speaking generally, an established government is justified in using force to maintain itself. Even against the whole people? it will be asked. If the whole people means everybody in the State, the question is superfluous. If it means some strong section in the State, the American Union answered the question in the affirmative in the war of 1862. But is the government justified in maintaining itself against the majority of the entire population? "Should the constitution of the country be based on an acknowledgment of the ultimate supremacy of the will of the majority, then the government is bound to bow to the constitutional demand of the majority constitutionally expressed. . . . When government grows oppressive in excess of its constitutional powers, we are to consider whether these unconstitutional acts are isolated and exceptional, or whether they are so frequent as to amount to a permanent aggression upon the liberties and rights of the people. A government whose aggression is permanent, and whose excesses of power are flagrant and continual, puts itself in the position of a usurper and becomes equated to anarchy."

These extracts open up the treasures of knowledge contained in these essays. No Catholic who wishes to be abreast of the political questions of the day and to have a Catholic view of the many thorny problems of modern governmental and ethical life can afford to be without this work.

The Shroud of Christ. By Paul Vignon, D.Sc., New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00.

This sumptuous volume of one hundred and seventy pages with nine photogravure and collotype plates and thirty-eight illustrations in the text is, from a Catholic standpoint, one of the most remarkable books of modern times. It is the attempt of an agnostic to establish by scientific investigation the authenticity of a relic about which Church authorities have long been at variance. There has been preserved for centuries in one of the chapels attached to the Cathedral of Turin a shroud, which is said to be one of the folds of the winding-sheet in which our Lord's body was wrapped by Joseph of Armathea. The chapel itself is worthy of so precious a relic, for it is the masterpiece of Guarini and the scheme of its wondrous decorations turns entirely upon the passion of the Saviour. The shroud is a large sheet of what has been generally assumed to be linen, about thirteen and a half feet long by four and a half feet wide. Down the centre of this shroud there is an impression, back and front, of a human form. The five wounds, the blood marks, the traces of a crown of thorns around the head, show conclusively that only to the body of our Blessed Lord can this impression be referred. Men, consequently, ask: Is this a real impression or only a counterfeit of that impression? For some years a controversy has been raging in church circles with regard to the genuineness of this relic. Those who stood for its authenticity appealed to certain documents which seemed to confirm their views; those who regarded the shroud as spurious dwelt upon the fact that there is not the slightest evidence of its history, or even of its existence until the fourteenth or fifteenth century; that the documents adduced prove nothing to the point; and that there are other documents which bear con-

clusive testimony to the spuriousness of the so-called relic.

M. Vignon, an eminent French scientist, resolved to settle the dispute by internal evidence and not by an appeal to historical documents. He, accordingly, set to work to force the impressions to yield their secret. Are they the work of a mediæval painter, or are they the actual marks, left by a human body on the linen cloth, marks the age of which can be approximately determined? The processes followed in the many thorough investigations made by this learned scientist are vividly portrayed and described in the volume before us, and we are profoundly impressed by the patience and ingenuity of the illustrious author. We may not agree, and many will not, we think, agree with the main conclusion reached by M. Vignon, namely, that the relic is undoubtedly genuine; but none the less must we regard the work as a most valuable contribution to a study which is, as yet, in its infancy and which deserves the hearty support of all sincere lovers of truth.

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged, with an Introduction by the Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D. By B. C. G., St. Louis, Herder. 1903. $1.25.

The author, who is hidden under the initials B. C. G., reviews at length the principal objections which are offered against teaching. The solutions of the various difficulties are based upon sound principles and solid doctrines. The writer groups together a number of positive opinions and of striking traits; and the refutations are supported by appropriate passages from Scripture, from the masters of the spiritual life, and from profound thinkers. The work is evidently intended most of all for the members of the various Religious Congregations devoted to teaching. It is well that we should have some books upon this important office from a Catholic pen. Pedagogical libraries are stocked with works from non-Catholics; what are our Catholic educators doing in this particular? Surely, the venerable masters of a past age have something worth recording for the benefit of future generations! The work under review is solid and consoling. The nobility of the teacher's calling, the sacrifice thereby entailed, and the merits of this precious life are told in simple but vigorous language. May it spur our bands of self-sacrificing teachers to still greater efforts in the cause of education.

The Worship of God. By the Very Rev. John R. Teety, C. S. B. New York, Joseph F. Wagner. 40 cents.

A course of Lenten sermons by the erudite President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. The discourses are solid, earnest, and practical. They deal with the fundamental topics of the Worship of God, the Worship of Faith, the Worship of Hope, the Worship of Charity, the Worship of Prayer, the Worship of the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross, the Highest Act of Worship. They are well-suited not only for Lent, but also for other occasions during the year. We should like to see the need of sacrifice, as set down in the sixth sermon, developed at much greater length. It is a point difficult for many to grasp.

Sermon on the Occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Sisters of St. Joseph. By Archbishop Ireland. New York,, Joseph F. Wagner. 25 cents.

A singularly eloquent tribute to the zeal and generosity of the sisters of St. Joseph who have wrought so much good for religion in the North West. The eminent prelate of St. Paul bears glowing testimony to the worth of these excellent Religions, and his oration contains a touching appeal to them not to narrow, but to expand, their work as the growth of the country calls for wider and more varied plans. Many a religious community will certainly find deep comfort in this inspiring and impressive sermon.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in "The Reign of Queen Anne," so exerts the pleasing art of the novelist that in the opening paragraph the reader loses all fear of dry delving into history, and follows with deepest interest the story—for story it is—of the "woman born to be queen," the last of the Stuart sovereigns. "Under no other conditions," asserts her latest biographer, "could she have had the slightest chance of becoming the ruler of a great monarchy." Destined to a unique place in history, Anne came into the world at a time full of threatening change and movement at home and abroad, in affairs political, moral, and intellectual. The mere mention of her name brings with it to the mind the idea of an age illustrious in war, in politics, in literature, and in art, an age that was a turning point not only in the history of England, but in the history of Europe. The true reign of debate as the over-mastering power in parliamentary life, established itself with the reign of Queen Anne. That Queene Anne had anything to do with the greatness of the era is denied. "She had no more to do personally with the making of its greatness than if she had been born in a garret to a life of commonplace obscurity." Mr. McCarthy explicitly states that he begins his survey of Queen Anne's life and reign by observations and reflections which might naturally belong to a closing review, because he is anxious to direct the reader's attention from the very outset to the curious

contrast afforded between the extraordinary character of the age and the utterly commonplace character of the woman whose name it bears.

The first volume concerns itself with what the queen came to "at home and abroad," the personages gathered around her throne, the differences among dissenters, the tide of battle and the engagements of the campaign, events and parties at home, the union with Scotland, the London of that day, the life of its people, and the character of the great men who made the age brilliant, from Marlborough the exponent of war, to Swift, the keen observer and intellectual recorder of events and the impressions they produced. As in all his other books, Mr. McCarthy, while never losing the main thread of his story, makes frequent digressions, to trace existing customs back to their origin, or to introduce incidents and individuals that he rightly deems will entertain his readers. Thus he tells us: "The stranger who in the present year happens to be in the lobby at the close of a night's sitting in the House of Commons will hear the words called out in stentorian tones, 'Who goes home?' through all parts of the building, thus recalling to his mind the distant days when such an invitation was necessary in order that members might make up parties to journey home together through the dangerous roads which still lay between Westminster and London." The crude condition of the public service, the education of girls, the status of the theatre, club life, and the growth of the newspaper in Queen Anne's time, are interestingly discussed, the author pausing to comment with characteristic humor on unusual conditions that engage his attention.

The war of the Spanish Succession, and the numerous political intrigues induced by the problem of the succession to the English throne, supply the stirring events with which the historian deals—not minutely—but with clearness and precision, and a fine freedom from prejudice. The character analyses of Bolingbroke and Marlborough are effective, and the portraits of the literateurs of the time are drawn with masterly skill. Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, and others whose names endure, are passed in review, adding not a little to the charm of the narrative. The relations between England and Scotland before the accomplishment of the act of Union are described, and Wales as a component part of the British kingdom, and Ireland under Queen Anne, are considered at length. "The great object of England seemed to be the suppression or eradication of Ireland's national customs, sentiments, and tendencies. There was little or nothing between the traditions of England and of Ireland, and England seemed ever anxious to emphasize the fact that no such community should be allowed to grow up, so far as she could prevent. . . . Even in the comparatively enlightened days of Queen Anne measures were introduced again and again with the object of abolishing or at all events restricting the sort of toleration which was allowed to Catholics in Ireland during the reign of Charles II. . . . The Irish Parliament of Queen Anne's day was, however, of opinion that a good deal more yet remained to be done for the discouragement and eradication of the faith which was held by six out of every seven of the native population." Discussion of the measures proposed to exclude Catholics from property rights, and the debates on the petition give opportunity to recall the prowess of the gallant Sarsfield and to consider the provisions of the violated Treaty of Limerick and the arguments advanced by historians who would condone the breach of faith. Mr. McCarthy's wide experience of parliamentary affairs makes his treatment of the political issues of this reign so lucid that even the uninitiated in the mysteries of politics will profit by the perusal of the pages devoted to such subject-matter. As a parliamentarian the author pays tribute to the queen in whose reign the House of Commons became a recognized power. In the retrospect he says that despite her intellectual limitations this queen had from the first a clear understanding as to the business and the duty of a constitutional sovereign.

In the vast output of so-called literature it is refreshing to come upon such a work as "The Reign of Queen Anne," which abounds in interest, as might be expected from an author whose purpose has ever been to instruct while entertaining.

Published in two volumes by Harper & Brothers, New York.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Murillo.

"All hail! to thee my blessed Saviour's kind and wounded side,
Whence flowed of water and of blood the rich and mingled tide;
To us (thy children) be it e'er the solace of our grief,
Heal all the sores of guilt and give our ghostly woes relief."

Deschwanden.

"Unto those loyal souls
The shining angel said:
Him Who in light eternal dwells
Why seek ye with the dead?"

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. APRIL, 1903. No. 4

Burne-Jones.

"Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life o'er death."

EASTER AMONG THE POETS.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.,

Professor of Ethics in Boston College.

"On this day which the Lord has made is the solemnity of solemnities and our Passover; the Resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ, according to the flesh."—*Roman Martyrology.*

The Easter feast brings us so many solemn thoughts, so many comforting messages, so many motives for unbounded joy that the Church fittingly calls it the solemnity of solemnities, the great day of the Lord. There is a sacred stamp upon all feasts, yet upon this is the mark doubly sacred; every day is the work of the Lord, yet upon this He has lavished the proofs of special love and care. The mighty victory over sin and the gladsome conquest of death, throw a peculiar halo around the Resurrection-day of our Redeemer. Sin the marauder, sin the invader, sin the defiler, sin the destroyer, has been vanquished; while death, the darkener of life, death the bearer of sorrow, death the crusher of hearts, death the boastful conqueror, has himself been conquered in absolute defeat. From the clear Eastern sky gleams the banner of unfailing hope and the promise of the deathless life.

All the other feasts of the Christian year converge to Easter; from Easter diverge the countless rays which brighten the Christian cycle. It is at once the starting point of spiritual activity and the crown of spiritual endeavor. The entire liturgy of the Church on this day speaks of unalloyed joy, of boundless enthusiasm. As if unable to contain herself, every portion of the divine office rings with the mystic *alleluia* (praised be God), which is chanted again and again. Hence-

forth there is no cause for disquiet or fear. Clouds may gather on the horizon, storms may spring up without warning, plagues may rage, and the earthquake may rock the ground, but above cloud and storm and plague and earthquake shines in fadeless splendor the star of Easter peace, of Easter certainty.

The spirit of Easter joy which thrills the souls of all loyal children of God has also quickened with wondrous force the hearts of all true poets. For it is the duty of the poet to pierce the future, to unveil the secret of ages, and to tell in burning phrase the sluggish thoughts of men. It is a pleasing lesson to mark the various phases of this precious day which have attracted now one, now another, poet. Some are won by the vision of the Son of God rising from the tomb; others by the vision of the triumph over sin and death; others by a vision of blissful immortality; others again by the vision of peace and of rest.

Some of the sweetest Easter poetry was given us by the celebrated school of St. Victor, founded by William of Champeaux, in a quiet suburb of Paris, in the early part of the twelfth century. This school, at one time the centre of theological scholarship in France, was the home of many deeply-learned and spiritually-minded men. Its spirit was one of sincere reverence for authority and of unaffected piety. Its writers display in their works a wonderfully clear grasp of the spiritual life and of true asceticism. Hugh of St. Victor, Richard of St. Victor, and Adam of St. Victor, are names that will forever be dear to Catholic hearts. These saintly men were not only eminent leaders in theology, they were also dowered with the gift of song. Many a poem of rare poetic thought, expressed in finely-polished language was written in the cloisters of St. Victor. Rambach calls the monk Adam of St. Victor the "Schiller of the Middle Ages," while Doctor Neale says: "to my mind (he was) the greatest Latin poet, not only of mediæval, but of all, ages." It is supposed that he entered the monastery about A. D. 1130, and that he lived there until his death. There is a majesty about his stately Latin which cannot, alas! be adequately expressed in our lighter English tongue. This contemplative soul sees in the glory of spring the reflection of the Easter feast.

"Now the world's fresh dawn of birth
  Teems with new rejoicings rife;
Christ is risen and on earth
  All things with Him rise to life.
Feeling this immortal day
Him the elements obey,
  Serve, and lay aside their strife.

Gleamy fire flits to and fro,
  Throbs the everlasting air,
Water without pause doth flow,
  And the earth stands firm and fair,
Light creations upward leap,
Heavier to the centre keep,
  All things renovation share.

Clearer are the skies above
  And more quiet is the sea,
Each low wind is full of love,
  Our own vale is blooming free,
Dryness flushing into green,
Warm delight where frost hath been,
  For spring cometh tenderly.

Melted is the ice of Death,
  And the world's prince driven away;
From amidst us vanisheth
  All his old tyrannic sway.
He, who sought to clasp more tight
That wherein he held no right,
  Fails of his peculiar prey.

Life is vanquisher of Death,
  And the joy man lost of old
That he now recovereth,
  Even Paradise to hold.
For the Cherub keeping ward,
By the promise of the Lord
Turns the many-flaming sword,
  And the willing gates unfold."

Reference is made in the last stanza to the words of the book of Genesis: "God placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubim, and a flaming sword, turning every direction to keep the way of the tree of life."

Easter was a much-loved theme with

Hofmann.

"Bless, ever bless, Thy servants, Lord,
Whom thou dost join in sweet accord,
The Bridegroom and the Bride;

In sorrow, sickness, and in health,
In tribulation and in wealth,
Be Thou their Help and Guide."

Adam of St. Victor, for he wrote at least six different poems upon this memorable feast. One of these is a grand triumphal outburst upon the victories the day commemorates.

"Hail, day, the glory of all days, to thee!
Thrice happy day, Christ's day of victory!
The first day! day most fit continually
Our joy to show!
This day divine illuminates blind eyes,
Upon which Christ of hell's dark realms makes prize,
O'ercometh death and joins in one—the skies
And earth below.

The judgment of the everlasting King
Hath under sin concluded everything,
That heavenly grace the weak and wavering
Might come to aid.
God's goodness and His wisdom from on high
His wrath hath tempered with His clemency,
Now when all earth was being rapidly
In ruin laid.

The father of all lies, man's ancient foe,
Was trampling on us in our bitter woe,
Because no hope of pardon here below
For sin was left;
When thus the earth despaired of cure for sin,
And silence reigned o'er it and all therein,
Forth God the Father sent His Son to men
Of hope bereft.

Free hath He risen from depths of hell below,
Who hath the human race re-fashioned so,
And, on His shoulder borne, His sheep He now
To heaven doth raise.
'Twixt men and angels is there perfect peace;
The ranks of heaven now swell to full increase;
Praise to the Lord who maketh war to cease,
Eternal praise.

O let the voice of Mother Church agree
With heaven, our fatherland's bright harmony,
And alleluias from the faithful be
Countless today!
The power of death o'ercome effectually,
Let us enjoy the joys of victory:
On earth be peace and jubilee on high
In heaven for aye!"

The poet's wondrous fertility, both of thought and of expression, is strikingly exemplified in the following sequence, which is also remarkable for its rhythmic beat and melodious strain.

Christ, upon the Friday slain,
When three days were past again
Rose victorious,
And triumphant o'er the Tomb
Lifts His loved ones out of gloom,
Makes them glorious.

For the people of His Name
He, upon the Cross of shame,
Dead was lying:
In the grave awhile He lay,
Then at the dawning of the day
Rose undying.

In His passion and His cross,
With a bulwark sure from loss,
We are gifted:
By His resurrection bright
From the grave of sin and night
We are lifted.

Offered up for sinners, Christ
As their sacrifice sufficed
Unrepeated;
By the precious Blood He spilt,
Jesus washed our souls from guilt,
Hell defeated.

Once He lay within the grave,
Lest the race He came to save
Twice should perish:
Now He opens Heaven wide,
Comes to every mourner's side,
Comes to cherish.

He, the Lion strong in fight,
Rising up today, His might
Forth is telling:
With the arms of righteousness
Satan, prince of wickedness,
Ever quelling.

Now is come the Lord's own day,
Whereon He hath washed away
Earth's pollution;
Whereon death was slain in strife,
And the foe hath made of life
Restitution.

So from hearts made pure from stain,
Now the Alleluias' strain
Doubly pealeth:
Now all evil hath its close,
And the life which Heaven knows
God revealeth.

In the world's late eventide
Raise Thou up Thy servants tried,
Jesu Holy;
May this glad and festal day
Thy salvation bring for aye
To the lowly.

The quaint allusion in the eighth stanza to the double alleluias in the responses to the Lessons and in other portions of the

Hofmann.

"The good seed of Thy word
With firm and deep-set root,
May we retain, O Lord,
And bring forth timely fruit."

"Oh what a wilderness were this sad world
If man were always man and never child;
But Heaven is kind, and therefore all possess
Once in their life fair Eden's simpleness."

Divine Office shows that the writer did not allow the most trivial rubric to escape him. Piety and duty worked in him in closest harmony.

About five centuries before the founding of the school of St. Victor, the church of Poitiers was governed by a prelate no less renowned for his power of song than for his matchless wisdom. He is known in history as Venantius Fortunatus. Born about 530, in the district of Treviso, he went for his early education in grammar and rhetoric to Ravenna, the favored city of the Roman Cæsars. His ardent nature, his fertile imagination, and his command of language caused his fellow-students to regard him with affectionate admiration. From Ravenna he passed to the court of Sigibert, king of Austria, where his poetic skill made him a favorite both with prince and peasant. Feeling the call to a higher life, he withdrew from the splendors of the court and buried his talents in the monastery of Poi-

tiers, founded by the pious and learned Radegunde. So brilliant a light could not long remain hidden, and about 599 he was elevated to the bishopric of his adopted home. His poetry is, in general, simple and devotional, although at times, as in the *Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis* and in the *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, he rises to lofty heights of choral pathos: His Easter hymn, which is too long to quote entire, celebrates the cheery influence shed by Christ's Resurrection, upon the present order of things.

"Hail! Day of days, in peals of praise
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ our God hell's empire trod,
And high o'er Heaven was throned.

Thou sunn'st the year, the months dost cheer,
Thou, Day of days most bright,
Dost through each hour Thy brightness pour,
All time and space dost light."

The ancient city of Treves, which boasts of an antiquity far beyond that of Rome itself, possesses a valuable collection of hymns, the authors of which are in many instances entirely unknown. Among these hymns we find the following rapturous outburst upon the Paschal dawn:

How brightly glows the morning red!
Our life hath conquered, death hath fled,
The tomb is void, the warders foiled,
The heavens exult, and hell is spoiled.
The whole creation's wide expanse
Joys in its risen Saviour's glance,
For He, Who dead and buried lay,
Hath cast the cords of death away,
His sacred wounds are gleaming bright,
And choirs of angels in the height
Upon the clouds of purple rest,
To watch that resurrection blest.
Before the rising of the sun
The women to the tomb are gone,
And stores and spices with them bring
To grace the Body of the King.
And lo! beside the open grave,
A white-robed angel tidings gave—
Why seek ye Him among the dead?
He hath arisen, and forth is sped.
Our eyes have seen, our tongues shall tell
That Christ hath conquered death and hell,
The might of sin is done away,
And Juda's Lion wins the day.
Thy conquest is our faith, O Lord,
Forevermore endures Thy word,
Believing thus, in hope we die
To live in Thee for aye on high.

Not less exultant is the dominant note in the exquisite ode entitled, *"Cedant justi signa luctus"*:

Joy! O joy! ye broken-hearted,
Joy! the deathful sea is parted:
Here and there the ramping wave
Frowns beside an empty grave:
With His blood the Lamb hath laved us,
With His passing Christ has saved us,
Shouting on the Red-sea shore
Alleluia! evermore.

Loud above the billow's thunder
Sound the chains He rives asunder;
Saints below of ancient days
Glisten with His rising rays;
Saints who died before they saw Him
Yearn to rise on earth before Him,
Yearn to take the form He wore;
Alleluia! evermore.

All our marbled slumber breaking,
From our sinful dreams awaking,
From our worldly cerements free,
Jesus, make us rise with Thee,
Thee, our death hell's portals rending,
Thee our life, to God ascending
All our blessings to restore;
Alleluia! evermore.

Peter the Venerable, who was in 1122 chosen Abbot of Cluny, and who in general influence was second only to St. Bernard, has left us several poems of genuine merit. He was a man of profound spirituality and of apostolic pity for the wandering. He it was who received Abelard, when, broken in spirit and bitterly disappointed, that meteoric philosopher turned to God and sought from Him the rest which he could not find in intellectual success or in public applause. We can hear the throbbing of the old Abbot's loving heart as he joys in spirit over the triumph of Christ and the downfall of man's arch enemy:

Lo! the gates of Death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled
Of his armour which he trusted,
By the stronger arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the prince of hell,
Smitten by the Cross he fell.

Then the purest light resplendent
Shone those seats of darkness through;
When, to save whom He created,
God willed to create anew.
That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By Whose death our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise.

Satan groaned, defeated then,
When the Victor ransomed men;
Fatal was to him the strife
Unto man the source of life;
Captured as he seized his prey,
He is slain as he would slay.

Thus the King all hell hath vanquished,
Gloriously and mightily;
On the first day leaving Hades,
Victor He returns on high.
Thus God brought man back to Heaven
When He rose from out the grave,

The pure primal life bestowing,
Which creating first he gave,
By the sufferings of his Maker,
To his perfect Paradise
The first dweller thus returneth—
Wherefore, these glad songs arise.

In a similar strain a modern author has eulogized the Easter victory:

"He comes! He comes in might!
Triumphant o'er the night;
In dread dismay exclaim the powers of hell—
We hailed Him as the dead:
With Him our sway has fled,
The first-fruits of the sleepers break our spell:
We hold the dead; He raises all—for He
Has drawn thy sting, O Death; robbed, Grave, thy victory."

The twelfth century furnishes us with an Easter poem of bright imagery and of tripping measure:

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Finished is the battle now;
The Crown is on the Victor's brow!
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness.
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
After sharp death that Him befell,
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell.
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
On the third morning He arose,
Bright with victory o'er His foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
He hath closed Hell's brazen door,
And Heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness,
Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, by Thy Wounds we call on Thee
So from ill-death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia!

Many poets have been fascinated by the thought of the peace which our Blessed Lord brought to the world on Easter-Day. Peace—who does not long for its potent calm? Who is not weary of the struggle with crime, hypocrisy, insincerity, and injustice? When will the soul have tranquil mastery? When will the spirit be free for the higher life? All these yearnings are answered by the Easter message:

"O give us peace"—the weary heathen cried—
"Peace hath its home without, above, around,
In sky, on wave, in flowers it doth abide,
Only within our hearts it is not found."

That cry was heard as on this blest day
When Christ, our Peace, from death to life arose,
When one came down and rolled a stone away,
So might the grave its mighty loss disclose.

When with His own ere death He communed last
'Twas Peace He left then, 'twas His peace He gave,
And Peace was His first greeting when He passed
Through the shut doors as forth from the sealed grave.

Most sure the gift of peace He brought us then,
Peace from the wall broke down, the breach made whole;
Peace between God and man, and man and men,
Peace in that weary inner world, man's soul.

Shall we be troubled more? Shall heirs of Heaven
Send from regenerate hearts the heathen's cry?
Shall we to whom a better peace was given
Be shamed by outward nature's harmony?

Ah, the glad Easter bells; they answer—No;
Our hearts must be where Christ is, far on high;
Daily, within, the only peace shall grow,
If sin, the only trouble, daily die.

It would not be without interest, did space permit us, to consider the many beautiful Easter poems which deal with that wondrous gift, the resurrection of the body in deathless form. Down through the centuries peals the triumphant cry of the saint of Hus, the poet of the leviathan, and of the war-horse, the painter of crushing anguish and of wracking woe. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see and not another: this, my hope, is laid up in my bosom." This is the glad vision which comes to us on the Easter feast; the vision which makes every death-bed a scene of comfort, every grave the home of hope, and every burial ground a resting-place for God's dear friends. Under this hope

"I can forego
Life's solace, and be patient with its pain
Until the day break and the shadows flee."
—CONWAY.

AN EASTER COMMUNION HYMN.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Jesu, Belovèd! come into my garden!
What have I there that Thy pure eyes should see?
Ah! despite darkness and coldness and sadness,
One thing I know,—Thou art coming to me!

Jesu, Belovèd! come into my garden!
Come to my heart, crying nothing save this;
Naught of myself, for myself I am nothing.
Thou art my all, O Thou measureless bliss!

Jesu, Belovèd! come into my garden!
Weeping with Mary I seek Thee at dawn.
Speak but my name, and my heart replies, *Master!*
Darkness and coldness and sadness are gone.

Jesu, Belovèd! come into my garden!
Come, O my Jesu! forever be mine!
Kindle my heart with the flame of Thy Spirit;
Make me Thine only, and utterly Thine!

A MODERN MIDAS.

(From the German of Heinrich Seidel.)

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

PART I.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

I had just found, by chance, that my old friend and college chum, Leberecht Hühnchen, was living in Berlin, and at work in one of the great machine shops of the Oranienburg quarter. For a time after leaving the University, we had plied each other with letters; then they came more seldom, and at last—as is the way of the world—we had drifted entirely apart. The last news I had was that of his marriage seven or eight years before, in a little town of Westphalia. And now, with his name, came the memory of the old joyous student days, and the desire to see again the delightful fellow who had shared in their happiness.

Leberecht Hühnchen belonged to the blessed few whom good fairies have dowered in the cradle with that best of all gifts,—the power of being happy. He could draw honey from every flower of life, even those that were poisonous. I was never with him for five minutes before the sunshine of his spirit had thrown a rainbow over the darkest sky of perplexity or evil fortune. While we were together at the Polytechnique in Hanover, he lived in a small, miserable room, and eked out his scanty means by poorly-paid tutoring after class hours. But he was always ready to join our little gatherings, and, what was still more remarkable, never without a little money to help a poorer friend. One winter evening I had found myself—as was not unusual—at the end of my moderate allowance, while the time for the next instalment was still some days away. A careful search of trunks and bureau drawers brought to light only thirty pfennigs; and with these jingling lonesomely in my breeches pocket, I was walking moodily through the cold street, when I came upon Hühnchen. With the cheeriest face in the world, he immediately asked whether I could lend him three thalers. As I was about to put the same question to him, I could not help laughing, and I told him my unfortunate position.

"Splendid!" said he. "So you have thirty pfennigs! We will join forces and be much better off. I've given all I have to Landsmann Braun who is just beginning business and needs whatever he can get. But you have thirty pfennigs, really? We'll have a great evening!" I looked at him in amazement. "Give me the money," he went on. "I will do the buying, for there are a few little things at the house which will help out. We will sup like Lucullus tonight—like Lucullus, man!"

We turned toward his dwelling. Half way up a narrow lane he darted into a small, dark shop, with a pair of short clay pipes and a dusty package of tobacco in the window, and returned with two blue paper bags. His home was in the garret of a ridiculously small house standing in a still smaller garden. There was hardly space in the larger chamber for two men to stand upright at once; and his bed so filled a tiny cupboard under the sloping roof that when he sat upon it to pull off his boots he had to open the door between the rooms to give him room. But the nest was cosy and cheery; something of

the sunny temperament of its occupant had transfigured it.

"Now, first of all, to warm up!" said he. "Sit yourself down on the sofa, but choose a hollow. It is a little hilly—you must see that you get into one of the valleys."

The fire, in a mite of a sheet-iron heater, which was, in proportion to the usual enormous stove, like a Spaniel to a Newfoundland, was soon blazing merrily away under the combined blowing and poking of my friend. This toy was a constant source of delight to him.

"I can't conceive," he rattled on, "what prejudice people have against these iron stoves! In a quarter of an hour you can be as warm as toast. And to be able to see the fire sparkle and snap is the greatest enjoyment I know of. When everything is frozen stiff outside, it is such a comfort to have it glowing red there in the corner, driving the cold away."

He took down a little rusty saucepan, filled it with water, and laid it on top. Then he began to arrange the table for supper. From a small wooden box on one side he took his household goods. There were two cups; one high and narrow, painted with blue forget-me-nots, with a saucer that did not belong to it; the other squat and shallow, without a handle. Then came a little crooked butter dish, entirely for show; a tin tea canister; and a round paper box, which had formerly held collars, but was now advanced to the dignity of a sugar bowl. But the finest piece of all was a little teapot of brown clay, which he touched with as much reverence as if it were an heirloom and of untold value. Three plates, two knives which looked as if they had never been intended for the table, a single two-pronged fork with a fatal tendency to drop in pieces, and two plated spoons, completed the outfit.

When he had all in order, he looked lovingly at the effect. "They are all my own," he said approvingly; "they will make a nice start for housekeeping."

Meantime the water was boiling, and Hühnchen proceeded to boil carefully five eggs which he took out of one of the paper bags, counting the time with the aid of his watch. Then when fresh water had been put on for the tea, and a mighty loaf brought from the closet, he seated himself merrily beside me in a neighboring valley, and the feast began. As he finished the first egg, and broke the shell of the second, he looked at it pensively. "See now what a wonderful thing an egg is!" he said. "It only needs to be hatched. Then when the hen is grown she lays another egg from which another hen comes in turn, and so it goes on from generation to generation. I can see countless legions of them before me, covering the face of the earth. Now I swallow this egg, and there is an end of it all. Do you know, this is riotous dissipation!"

So we rioted, and drank tea. One little yellow egg remained—for two in five does not go evenly; and we resolved to divide it. "It sometimes happens," said Hühnchen, as he nicked it around with his knife before cutting it in two,—"It sometimes happens that a precious thing becomes mixed with several commonplace ones. Pheasants lay small golden eggs. I actually believe this came from a pheasant! I had one once in a collection, and it looked just like it."

He ate his half slowly, with much smacking of lips. Then he leaned back with closed eyes, overpowered by this gastronomic luxury, and I heard him murmur: "A pheasant! Quite like Lucullus!"

After the supper came a slight vexation. There was plenty of tobacco, for one of the blue paper bags contained at

least ten pfennigs' worth of the costly luxury; but my friend had but one pipe, badly mutilated; for the mouthpiece was disjointed, and the bowl had a bad fashion of dropping off suddenly and covering one's clothes with hot ashes.

"We can easily settle that!" cried Hühnchen. "Here is Don Quixote" (which, it may be remarked, with the Bible and a work on Mechanics formed his entire library). "One will smoke while the other reads, and we'll take chapter for chapter. You, as my guest, will have the pipe first, and there we are."

Then, while I filled the calumet, and he dreamily sipped the rest of his tea, a new thought struck him:

"It is something magnificent when you stop to consider it," he said, "that while I am sitting here, lazily enjoying my tea, and you voluptuously smoking your pipe, the busy Chinese in their far-away country are working for us, and the Negro under the torrid sun of the Tropics. Nor that alone,—great ships are ploughing the stormy ocean for us, and caravans crossing desert wastes. The proud millionaire merchant prince who lives in a Hamburg palace, and owns royal estates on the banks of the Elbe, has to think of us; and while the boards of trade make him pass many a restless night, here we are, warm and comfortable, dreaming beautiful dreams over his tea and tobacco. It makes one feel rich only to think of it!"

Alas! little did he know that the cup we were drinking was probably the leaf of some poor weed in one of our own meadows; and the tobacco which so proudly flaunted the label of a foreign land came no farther than from the beets of the Madgeburg fields, which had also supplied our sugar.

Then we wandered away with Don Quixote, and the pleasant evening ended too soon.

II.

On the way to find my friend, this, and many a memory like it came to bring back love and longing for the days gone by, never to return more. Where had it flown—the golden light which then brightened the world? And how would I find my comrade again? Perhaps for him too the harsh winds of life had blown away the rosy veil of illusion; and he had become the same practical, calculating machine that I had found so often in the place of an old companion.

I knew he lived on the Gartenstrasse, but I was not sure of the number. As I turned towards the house which I thought might be the right one, two clean, rosy-cheeked children were at play on the sidewalk at a game which engrossed their all attention. It had been a grey summer day, and now the rain was falling lightly. The boy, being the oldest and the leader, had conceived the happy thought of bending his head back and catching the drops in his mouth. The little girl, with that impulse of imitation which all children possess, was standing by his side copying his movements, and from time to time their sweet, shrill voices were raised in joyous laughter. It flashed across me that these must be Hühnchen's children. The spirit of the play was so like his own.

"What is your father's name?" I asked.

"The father is called Hühnchen."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives in this house, on the third story."

"Do you think I can see him?" said I, stroking the boy's blond curls.

"O yes, he is at home," he answered, and both scampered before me up the staircase, to announce my coming. I followed slowly, and found Hühnchen waiting on the landing. It was dark, and he did not recognize me.

"Pray walk in," he said, opening the

door. "To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

I said nothing, but stepped into the room and turned towards him. He was just the same; only the beard had grown fuller, and the hair receded a little from the forehead. In the eyes shone the old sunshine. He knew me at once, and his joy was indescribable. We embraced again and again; then he held me away at arm's length and regarded me closely.

"Do you know what I must do?" he said at last. "What I used to do in the old times when we were too happy to be held within bounds. I must have an Indian War Dance. Don't you remember when your sister was betrothed, and you began to hop about in wild delight, and I hopped with you?" And he flourished his long legs and capered about with bounds and springs that would not have disgraced a boy of twenty. Then he embraced me again, and became suddenly thoughtful.

"My wife will be so glad!" he said. "She knows all about you already, from my constant chatter. But I must tell you first, since you don't know, that she is a little—" he laid his right hand on his left shoulder—"she is not quite—straight. I do not notice it at all now,—I never noticed it, because I fell in love with her eyes, and her heart, and her goodness, and her gentleness. I loved her because she was an angel. And why do I tell you this now? Because if you did not know beforehand you might be a little startled when you met her, and she would read it in your face. Tell me—you will not see it?"

I clasped his hand again as he ran to another door and cried: "Lore, come! Here is a welcome guest! My dear old comrade from Hanover; you know him well!"

She entered, the two apple-cheeked children with her. My friend's warning had not been in vain. Without it, I might perhaps in the first instant have made some sign of surprise or pity. But when one had looked into her dark eyes, overflowing with love and tenderness, and marked the shadowy softness of the hair that framed her sweet pale face, it was impossible not to be charmed by the loveliness of her expression, and the air of peace and gentleness that breathed about her. After the first greetings were over, Hühnchen could not restrain himself.

"Of course you remain with us this evening; that is understood. Lore, you must prepare a princely entertainment! Everything that the house possesses on the table! The pantry has not much in it," he laughed to me; "Berlin larders do not look far into the future. But that is easily remedied."

His wife went out laughing with the children. Hühnchen noticed my eyes wandering around the simple, homely room. "You will not find purple and fine linen with us," he began; "and the Mines of Golconda are as far away from me as ever. But the man who is well and strong,"—here he swung both arms like a circus performer—"and has so dear a wife, and such beautiful children as I—I say so even if I am their father,—the man who has all this and is not happy should have a millstone tied about his neck, and be sunk in the lowest depths of the sea!" He paused to turn his sunny eyes on me and went on: "When the little boy was coming to us, my wife was often very sad; for she feared he might be—not straight—like herself, and often in the night when she thought me asleep I used to hear her crying softly. When the great moment came, and the nurse put the baby for the first time into her arms, she devoured him with her eyes from head to foot, and a sudden joy flashed over her face. 'He is straight! He is straight!' she cried: 'O my God, I thank Thee! Now I am happy!' Then she lay

back upon the pillow and closed her eyes. But her face was as if the sun was shining on it. And what did I do? I went softly into the outside room, and closed the door behind me. And then I took off my boots, so as to make no noise, and I danced the Indian War Dance as it never was danced before. It was a mercy that no one saw me, or I would have been taken to the lunatic asylum without being given time to put on my boots again."

Frau Lore had come back, and was flitting in and out of the room, making preparation with the help of the children. Hühnchen suddenly raised his hand: "Lore!" he cried, "I believe—yes, I believe, this is the appointed time!" The little Frau nodded wisely, and brought in a bottle which she placed on the table. "It is Tokay," whispered Hühnchen; "I was paid for some extra work a little while ago, and when I heard it clink in my pocket a fever of extravagance seized me. I went in and bought a bottle of Tokay—the very best. But in the evening when I went to draw the cork, it seemed a pity; and I said, 'Lore, put it away. Perhaps a better time to drink it may come soon.' And I believe now it was a sort of prophetic instinct, and that I must have thought of your coming as I spoke."

How gay and brilliant was the supper! It seemed as if the fiery sunshine that had ripened the grapes on the far Hungarian mountain side lived again in the wine, and brightened the room with its warmth. The two children were allowed each a tiny sip, and laughed after they went to bed until they fell asleep. And the little Frau's pale cheeks blushed a soft rose under the Hungarian sunshine. She sat down to the rattling, jingling piano, and sang in a sweet, sympathetic voice, old folk-songs, like "Verstehen geht der Mond auf," and "Wär ich ein wilder Falke." And afterward, we chatted together over our cigars. I asked Hühnchen about his prospects, and found that the pay was very small, and that he had to work very hard for it. "In the beginning," he said, "we were better off. We go twice every year to the opera; and we used to sit in the second balcony and feel very proud, and think that perhaps some time we could sit lower yet, and have seats in the parquet among the great swells, and look as if we were landed proprietors. Then bad times came, and our firm had to turn away many of its workmen, and cut down the wages of others. So up we had to climb to the top gallery. But it is just as good—sometimes I think the illusion is better the farther one gets away. And you mustn't fancy there are no nice people there. I've seen professors and artists around us,—people who know more about music than the whole downstairs put together; people with the score in their hands, checking off the rector's reading note for note."

It was eleven o'clock when I got up to come away. But first I must be led into the chamber, where the two children lay in one bed, in dimpled, rosy sleep. Hühnchen struck his hand lightly on the footboard: "This is my treasure chest," said he. "Here are my precious jewels! All the wealth of the Indies could not buy them!"

As I walked home through the warm summer night, my heart was deeply touched; and I offered many a prayer for the future of this most fortunate man. Yet, what could I wish him! Would riches increase his happiness? Would place or power, which he had never desired, bring him more joy? "Kind Fate," I said at last: "Give him his daily bread, and health to the end to enjoy it! He who holds happiness within his own contented breast wanders in sunshine through the shadows of the world; and the golden glamour, which others so eagerly pursue, entices him not, who already possesses as his own the costlier treasure."

(To be Continued.)

MRS. SADLIER'S EARLY LIFE, HER BOOKS AND FRIENDS.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

The literary life of Mrs. James Sadlier began when she was barely eighteen years of age, in that far-off Irish town, Cootehill, Co. Cavan, where she was born and grew to womanhood. Her father, Mr. Francis Madden, was a man of refined and cultured taste, while from her mother she inherited a love for the poetry and the ancient lore of that land, so rich in inspiring memories. Her first literary attempts were in the line of verse and were contributed to a London periodical, "La Belle Assembleé," of which Mr. Cornwall Baron Wilson was editor, and in the pages of which appeared the name of Mrs. Norton and others prominent in the world of letters.

After coming to Canada in 1844, the young authoress met and married Mr. James Sadlier, junior partner of the publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier, and this no doubt gave an impetus to her career. It may be premised that she was not a literary woman in the sense in which that term would now be applied. She did not follow writing as a career; she lived as much in retirement as circumstances permitted. Her instincts were purely domestic, and in those early days it was the exception for women to devote themselves to anything outside of the home circle. So that her life is, possibly, less striking in its details than if she had come more into contact with the outside world, as would probably be the case nowadays.

During the first few years of her married life, she resided in Montreal, Canada, where she wrote for the "Literary Garland" and the "True Witness" and published a volume, "Tales of the Olden Time," reproduced from the pages of the former periodical, and at the same time was a contributor to the New York Freeman's Journal, edited by the vigorous and able James A. McMaster; "The American Celt," then published by D'Arcy McGee; and the "Boston Pilot. "

In this latter journal appeared her well-known story, "Willy Burke." A prize had been offered for the best boys' story, and Dr. Brownson made the award to "Willy Burke." It was republished in book form and seven thousand copies were sold within six weeks.

Another of Mrs. Sadlier's earlier productions, "Elinor Preston," has been erroneously believed by many to be the story of her own life. Such is not the case, though some of the circumstances are identical.

Her original works, some fifty in number, are too well known to require detailed mention here. Most of them have a history attached to them, and all have some praiseworthy object in view. For instance, Father Hecker suggested a story dealing with Irish servant girls in America,—the result was "Bessy Conway." "Aunt Honor's Keepsake" was written at the instigation of the well-known convert, Dr. Silliman Ives, at the time of the excitement against the Juvenile Delinquent Society and their fanatical dealings with Catholic boys committed to them. Dr. Ives was interested in getting up the Catholic Protectory, which has since developed into such magnificent proportions, and Mrs. Sadlier's book was hailed by the Catholic press at the time, and by those chiefly interested, as a most effective ally in the good cause. "The Blakes and Flanagans" was directed entirely against the public school system and enjoyed therefore a large measure of popularity. Bishop de Charbonel of Toronto, a venerable prelate

long since dead, who was much revered by Canadians of his day, declared that that book "was written with a pen of gold." Upon "The Hermit of the Rock," so notable a judge as Thomas D'Arcy McGee thus pronounced:

"'The Hermit' I finished in two long nights' sitting, last week, and I found the interest unabated to the end. I do not think any of your books more dramatically constructed. The unities of time and place are admirably preserved, the scenes count by days and weeks, and the whole story circles about Cashel like a bird about its nest."

Of another of her stories, "McCarthy More," in course of construction at the time of Mr. McGee's tragic death, he thus inquired as to its progress.

"How gets on Florence McCarthy More?" he wrote again. "In Desmond you have the sea always near you, and your own seaside thoughts will often surge into the subject, I have no doubt. I begin already to look forward to the months between this and Rockaway, where I shall certainly make you a visitation."

The visit was never paid, owing to the dreadful fact of the writer's assassination which intervened, and which was a crushing blow both to Mrs. Sadlier and her husband, who were his enthusiastic friends. In some other letters that gifted statesman, poet, and historian, who did so much to uplift the Irish name in Canada, and also to consolidate the component parts of that country into the great Confederation of the provinces now existing, made mention in his letters, from time to time, of historically-interesting items such as:

"The new 'Dominion' will date from the first day of July, which will probably become our national anniversary. We are winding up the last Parliament of Canada under the old Union with a coalition government. . . . It is possible I may have to cross the ocean again, this fall, as one of the delegation to perfect the new Confederate constitution, which we expect to go into operation somewhere about May or June, 1867."

He also wrote to invite Mr. and Mrs. Sadlier, on the occasion of their contemplated visit from New York to Montreal, "to come up for the opening of the first Parliament of the new Confederacy," which they did.

Speaking of the trip to Montreal, he wrote farther:

"Apropos of your coming, we are all anxiously expecting you. Do not come on us like the gospel 'thief in the night,' if you can. And do come before the 6th of November, on which day I am summoned to Ottawa with the rest of the wise men of the Dominion of Canada to advise her Majesty what she is to do with said Dominion. . . . When you are there, I mean to take your life literally for Ahern's Evening Mail, at the instigation of Ahern and others." It was on the occasion of that revisiting of old scenes that Mr. McGee wrote those musical lines, which now find place in his poems edited by Mrs. Sadlier, and from which may be quoted these stanzas:

The leaves of October are withered and dead,
All our autumn's brief honors have faded or fled,
But this season the saddest, our brightest shall be,
For there's sunshine and gladness in welcoming thee.

. . . . . .

Alas! for this stern life how far and how few
Are the friends we can honor and cherish like you.
Yet that rivers and realms so cold and so wide,
Such friends from each other long years should divide.
If evening falls swiftly it lengthens the night,
While with music and legend we burnish it bright,
The sole pang of sorrow our bosoms can know
Is how lately you came and how soon you must go."

He also wrote from Ottawa, concerning a speech which he had made on the opening of the new St. Patrick's Hall: "It is my first professedly Irish speech since assuming a representative character, and I hope the matter and temper of it will meet your approval, which is almost one of my first thoughts when I write or speak on Irish subjects."

Mrs. Sadlier had, as may be supposed, a host of correspondents, and a few brief extracts from some of the letters, where they are at hand, may be here inserted. The late Mrs. Sherman, wife of that gallant old warrior and great general, Tecumseh Sherman, thus wrote on one occasion: "Our Jesuit sons are, indeed, an additional tie between us. I have long felt a great personal regard for you which years strengthen. To know and reflect that such good and true Catholic friends live and labor is comfort and joy, even if I never meet them."

"May you long be spared to add to the good work for which your native land is largely and lastingly indebted to you," wrote from Dublin, the gifted Father C. P. Meehan, author of "The Flight of the Earls," and other historical works of great value.

"No true Catholic, and especially a bishop, can forget your successful labors in the Catholic cause," said the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, in one of his letters to her. But it would be hopeless indeed to attempt extracting more than these brief samples of the epistles which Mrs. Sadlier received. Other correspondents, some of whom were intimate and valued friends, included, to mention but a few, Octavia Walton LeVert, Ann S. Stephens, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomasine, one of the Nation writers of long ago—now one of Mrs. Sadlier's "many admirers under the Southern Cross," to quote an American friend—Teresa Esmonde, Dr. Brownson, and his gifted daughter Sarah, afterwards Mrs. Tenny.

Mrs. Sadlier's intimacy with this Hercules of American literature was of many years' standing. The venerable doctor made many visits to the Sadliers' New York home, while in turn they were privileged to be the guests of his delightful household in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Another personality was that of Henry Giles. That celebrated man, himself a Unitarian minister, was in close and warm sympathy with Catholic Ireland, and had numberless friends amongst the Catholic clergy and laity. Small, and somewhat deformed, Henry Giles had eyes of fire and genius, and a most striking face. As an orator he was at one time very nearly unsurpassed, while his valuable work on "Human Life in Shakespeare" would alone keep his memory green amongst scholars. His wife was his worthy helpmeet, and in the bundles of letters, which remain, from her, are many gems of thought.

Octavia Walton Le Vert, mentioned above, is too well-known to Americans, especially of a generation ago, to require detailed mention here. She was a most attractive figure at some of Mrs. Sadlier's weekly receptions, and though not a Catholic, had a warm regard, expressed on all occasions, for the Catholic authoress, and conversed with or wrote to her with insight and feeling, on Catholic topics. She was said to have a larger acquaintance with people worth knowing than any crowned head in Europe "and was full of delightful anecdotes of many persons of international celebrity."

Among other distinguished Catholics who crossed Mrs. Sadlier's path, was the illustrious Father Mathew. She had first met him, at dinner, in Ireland, with her father, then a widower, and renewed the acquaintance in New York many years later, when he was the guest of another

admiring friend, the great Archbishop Hughes.

Father Tom Burke, who was truly a golden-tongued orator, and a shining light in an Order where eloquence is the rule, dropped in unexpectedly to Mrs. Sadlier's New York home, one afternoon, and won all hearts by the magnetism of his genial, witty conversation overflowing with Irish humor. John Francis Maguire, Mayor of Cork, and member for Cork City in the House of Commons, and who was also a colleague of Gavan Duffy in the tenative Irish Parliamentary Party of the early fifties, visited New York and was on more than one occasion the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sadlier. The former was one of those who organized a public dinner tendered by representative Irishmen to their distinguished fellow-countryman.

Vere Foster, famous a generation ago as a philanthropist, and a cousin of Sir Aubrey de Vere, T. F. Marshall of "Christian Mission" fame, were among other delightful visitors whose society cast a charm over the working years of the busy author's life. Sterry Hunt, the renowned geologist, and George E. Clerk —called the Lucas of America, editor and founder of the True Witness—were prominent amongst Montreal friends.

During Mrs. Sadlier's editorship of the New York Tablet, though her work was done in the privacy of her own library, she was nevertheless brought into touch with most of the leading Catholic literati, many of whom were her co-workers on the staff of the paper, which then numbered such names as Dr. Brownson, T. D. McGee, Dr. Cahill, Dr. Huntington, John McCarthy, Gilmary Shea, Lawrence Kehoe, Dr. Silliman Ives—late Episcopalian bishop of Charleston,—Dr. H. J. Anderson, and a host of lesser lights. In the columns of that journal most of Mrs. Sadlier's stories first appeared, and she contributed editorials, book reviews, poems and miscellaneous work. It was a work of peculiar interest and her articles were read with interest in Rome, and during war-time in Washington, as the proprietors of the paper were credibly informed.

It may be of some interest to quote here a few stanzas from a touching tribute to Mrs. Sadlier—on reading her splendid historical tale "The Confederate Chieftains,"—by a poetess, highly endowed and too early lost, Una, M. A. McMullen, wife of the well-known journalist, Mr. Augustine Ford:

Oh, thou whose genius-gifted pen
Is like a potent, magic wand,
Whose touch awakes to life and strength
The buried heroes of our land;
My heart goes out in love to thee
While poring o'er the storied page
Where grandly live and sternly strive
The chieftains of a vanished age.

. . . . . .

'Tis given to thy hand to ope
The inmost chambers of the heart,
To bid it bound in joy or mirth,
Cause sorrow's silent founts to start.
How cold must be the breast in which
Thy words awake no genial glow
And hard the eye that does not weep,
The nation's idol, Owen Roe!

. . . . . .

May God forever shield and bless
The high, true heart and gifted hand,
That twined such deathless wreaths to lay
Upon the shrine of Fatherland.

One of the peculiarities of Mrs. Sadlier's fiction which, no doubt, proved its truth to nature, was that persons from different parts of Ireland supposed her to be a native of whatever place marked the scene of her story. Those reading "Maureen Dhu" were convinced that she came from Galway; Cashel folk claimed her on reading "The Hermit of the Rock"; and Meath was supposed to be her birthplace on reading "The Old House on the Boyne." An old Irishman said to Mrs. Sadlier one day: "I was in Andy Burke's house the night before they left, and I remember the schoolmaster being there," referring to the purely ficti-

tious emigration of the Burke family, described in "Willy Burke."

An amusing incident occurred, which serves to illustrate how one who has written much, and whose name has been constantly before the public, seems necessarily to be very old. "How is that fine old lady, Mrs. Sadlier?" inquired an interested fellow-countryman, of Mr. Sadlier. "She's very well," was the reply, "but how old do you suppose her to be?" "Oh, she must be very old, I have been reading her books so long," declared the inquirer. "Well," she's about my age," said Mr. Sadlier, who was then a young man, and the other was dumbfounded.

On the occasion of her leaving Montreal for New York, she was presented with addresses and valuable presents from many of the Irish and Catholic societies, which has always been a gratifying remembrance. She has been made an honorary member of more than one historical society, and was the recipient in 1895 of the Laetare Medal, presented, yearly, to some Catholic of distinction. This was followed by a handsome testimonial on the part of a few friends and admirers, and their names she gratefully recalls, offering many a fervent prayer either for those who still live or for those who have passed beyond the shadows, into the clear light.

It would be of interest, did space permit, to recall her connection with the inception of many of the great New York charities, and the close friendship into which it brought her with many beautiful personalities, such as Sister Irene, "The Mother of the Foundlings"; Sister Mary Frances, the orphans' friend; Sister Borgia, who had the care of the aged; Father Drumgoole, apostle of the newsboys.

Among the prominent educators whom she knew and revered were Mother Angela of Holy Cross, Indiana, a woman of rare gifts; and her namesake of the Sisters of Charity, who was a sister of Archbishop Hughes; Mother Hardy; Mother Xavier Warde; Mother James; Father Sorin of Notre Dame University, a truly great man; Brother Patrick, President of Manhattan College; and many of the leading Jesuits. Among the clergy of that day, indeed, she had a host of friends. At the table where she presided, ably supported by her husband, who was a capital host and delighted to entertain a legion of guests, met people, lay and clerical, from all parts of the Union and Canada, even, at times, from beyond the seas. The summer home at Far Rockaway, it is safe to say, was likewise to many a place of pleasant reunions and happy memories.

Before concluding it may be said that Mrs. Sadlier's plan of literary work was to choose a name for her story, and then to write it chapter by chapter, often when an emissary from a too-exacting printer was waiting in the hall. She usually consulted with her husband as to the nature and scope of the story, and his practical business instincts, combined with the unerring judgment which led many to call him "the ideal publisher," were of immense help. Occasionally umbrage was taken at this or that character, which was supposed to represent some actual living personage, and Mrs. Sadlier had much difficulty in persuading the public that neither Mrs. Smith nor Mrs. Jones was the prototype of those who were held up for censure or ridicule.

Mrs. Sadlier has met with much of honor, much of kindness, much of gratitude, the latter sometimes expressed by very humble folk, which touched her the more deeply, particularly when they told of faith preserved or recovered by her works. But it saddens her to feel that she has outlived most of her contemporaries and co-laborers and she can but take pleasure in a retrospection which brings them back, "sunny and bright as in youth's happy day."

AT EASTER.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

In April, when the ash-trees bloom,
The doves at Easter coo and sing
Amid the golden poplar-cups,
Brimmed with the melodies of Spring;
The lilac's purple thuribles
Pour odorous fragrance, born of pain;
Sweet nuns the glad, white roses bow
'Neath Alleluias of the rain,
While serving-doves adore and croon,
And God keeps watch thro' afternoon.

At Easter slow the white clouds go,
Stoled priests, down the wide aisles of heaven;
In majesty exposed, the sun
Flames on from Laud to None at even;
The moon, like a veiled Carmelite,
Removed, a-west, in awe adores;
In love heaven's boundless depth of blue
Around His tabernacle pours;
While the great stars, on heights concealed,
Adore His Countenance revealed.

OUR IRISH COUNTRY CHAPELS.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

'Tis not so very long since, and the mountain parish that could boast of two chapels was a proud parish, and envied by its neighbors; and indeed, 'tis not so very much longer since the mountain parish that boasted of one chapel—properly so called—was a prouder parish still. The Corig-an-Aifrionn, or Mass-rock, which can be so frequently pointed out all over the remote parts of the country, mark where, in penal days, the stolen Mass was said under the canopy of heaven, whilst sentinels posted on the hilltops around guarded against a surprise from the King of England's troops. To the Corig-an-Aifrionn succeeded the Scalan, or Mass-shed, the illustration of one of which—the last one in Ireland, one that went out of use only a few years ago—is given. The Mass-shed, as may be seen by the picture, was walled on three sides, and thatched, on the same principle as a cart-shed. The fourth side was completely open. At the back was a little four-paned

window, under which a rude structure, like a table, served the purpose of altar. The particular Scalan here shown stood upon a great bare hillside over Inver Bay, in the parish of Inver—my own parish—in Western Donegal. The Scalan itself afforded protection for the priest and his clerk, and for possibly a score of people. The congregation in general—which consisted of about a thousand people—knelt down upon the grassy slope outside, under the open heavens, whether in sunshine or in shower, wind, hail or snow. If the day was wet, and the ground slushy, every member of the congregation brought with him, or her, either a bit of a flag, or a pad of hay or straw to kneel upon; and there, be the weather what it might, they knelt during all of the Mass, and stood during all of the sermon.

Half a dozen years ago a chapel was erected here by the boys and girls of the parish who toiled in the mines of Montana, or served in the kitchens of Boston and New York.

Nowadays, every country parish in Ireland has its chapel—almost all of them have two—very many of them have three; a few of them (as this parish of Inver of which I speak) have four chapels each; and when it is remembered that some of our parishes are, in extent, ten miles long and five broad, it will be seen that in such cases four chapels are not any too many. Notwithstanding the multiplication of chapels of recent years, there are still but few parishes in which hundreds of people have not to travel three and four and five miles, and in some cases six, to attend divine worship—three and four and five and six miles, too, be it remembered, of moor and mountain. Yet, on any Sunday morning, be it inclement and tempestuous as it may, you will, if you are abroad and far from a chapel, meet not merely the young and the strong, but likewise the aged and the hobbling, setting their faces chapelwards, apparently oblivious of the storm; for so deep and so strong is the sense of devotion in the hearts of our people that the obstacles which prevent them attending Mass on Sunday must needs be very great indeed; and half a dozen miles in a storm of rain or snow are hardly reckoned sufficient excuse.

The country chapel is usually a simple oblong building, with slated roof, high walls, and Gothic windows; a door in one end, an altar at the opposite end, and perhaps a little sacristy abutting from the altar-end of the chapel—though in some cases there is no sacristy, and the priest robes and disrobes in front of the congregation. The chapel is sometimes seated, but for the most part it has a bare floor, either of wood, flag or of clay—the people standing or kneeling all the time. It is only within comparatively recent years that the luxury of seats was introduced into our country chapels at all. The chapel usually stands on an elevated place, and looks very big and bare, as there are seldom any trees surrounding it that would relieve the bareness of the outline. Either there is one Sunday Mass in it, at 10 o'clock or at 11, or there are two, at nine o'clock and twelve o'clock, respectively. The number of Masses in each chapel depends upon the number of chapels in each parish, and the number of priests. Usually there are two priests and three chapels, and four Sunday Masses. The congregation at each Mass consists of anywhere from eight hundred people to three times that number. At all Masses, except the nine o'clock Mass (where matters are necessarily curtailed) the order of devotion is: prayers before Mass, Mass, Small Prayers (*i. e.*, prayers for the relief of the souls in Purgatory; prayers for the dying; prayers for the sick; prayers for the absent; prayers for the conversion of England, etc.), Sermon, Benediction;

and oftentimes in May and October a Rosary precedes the Benediction. After Mass take place weddings, christenings, burials. Immediately after the priest has concluded his twelve o'clock Mass, with the short prayers, and before proceeding with any other exercises, he partakes of a cup of tea with bread, butter and an egg, which his Boy prepares for him in the sacristy, or, if there be no sacristy, in the nearest cabin. Oftentimes, in this case, the best prayer in the parish, generally a stout *bacach* (beggarman), utilizes the time by, from the altar rails, leading the congregation in a Rosary. The priest comes back refreshed to the altar. The sermon of the country priest to the country congregation is heart-searching, and it is no uncommon thing in our country chapels to hear the priest, when he gets warmed to his subject, evoke wail after wail from the women of the congregation; and it is a frequent thing to find a whole congregation dissolved in tears.

Until recently—and often, to a great extent, still—the clerk at these country chapels was usually that most important personage, the Priest's Boy—a boy probably of from fifty-five to sixty-five years of age, who wears an air of grave responsibility, for he considers that the cares of both priest and parish are sitting upon his shoulders. His manipulation of his Latin would not, I daresay, always please the over-nice ear of a grammarian; but, rough and rude though this Boy looks, he can get off his Latin with a felicity and a facility that makes all the old women marvel much—a felicity and a facility that your carping grammarian might never hope to attain.

These chapels are built to a great extent by money received from the boys and girls in America; but, in addition to this, every one in the parish contributes in kind—gives so many weeks' work himself, so many weeks' work of the various members of his family, and so many weeks' work of his horse and cart, if he have one.

I know of no scene more cheering, more inspiring, more impressive than that of a sunny Sunday morning among our mountains, when the people—the boys and the girls, the men and women, and the children, in their cleanest, in their brightest and best—wind down the hillside and over the moors, and stream along the white country roads to chapel. It is a refreshing sight and a joyous one, and an elevating one. The sun is in these people's hearts, and in their souls, as well as on their faces. The girls have on their brightest ribbons, the women their bluest cloaks, the men and boys their freshest frieze, or richest broadcloth. Neighbor steps out with neighbor, and friend with friend, and couples gravitate to groups, or groups dissolve again in couples as they proceed; the hearts of all going lightly as their feet. Though the distance may be miles, and the road be rough, they never know it; and their journey is indeed all too short for the many, many absorbing topics that they have to pass in review. When they reach the chapel-yard, their first thought is to say a Pater and Ave, kneeling by the graveside of some dear departed one; after which, since it is not yet Mass-time, they mingle with the many there assembled already, meet their friends from the opposite end of the parish, whom they have not seen for seven days, swap the news of their respective districts, learn the state of the markets, the doings of Parliament, the latest pronouncements of the politicians, discuss wars and rumors of wars, criticise Premiers and Poor Law Guardians, and foretell the fate of Kings and District Councillors. One other thing, too, which they never fail to inquire for, and to debate upon, is the recent tidings from Mary and Michael in the States, the sort of

THE LAST SCALAN IN IRELAND.

times that are there now, and the prospects of improvement when the new President goes in.

If the priest be one of the real old school he has consideration for his people, knowing that, owing to the long distances they have to come, many of them will be late, and, consequently, for sake of this, he allows a generous margin beyond the stated time for saying Mass; and a very considerate and conscientious one will often send his boy, Barney, up the Altevogue Road, to the head of the Rising Ground, "to see if he can see any sign of Shan Mor O'Kennedy," always the last man in attendance—coming, and if so to

THE MASS-SHED.

THE VILLAGE CHAPEL, GLEN COLM CILLE, CO. DONEGAL.

THE CHAPEL AT BRUCKLESS, CO. DONEGAL.

hurry him up. During this wait before Mass, and while the male portion of the congregation are standing about the yard, and settling the affairs of nations, the women have gone inside; are doing the Stations of the Cross; offering prayers for the dead, and prayers for the living, prayers for the present, and prayers for the absent, and an occasional little prayer for themselves. By far the majority of them pray silently, devoutly, earnestly, with manner that is touching and impressive. Always, however, in our country chapels, you will find a gathering of beggars, and of professional *voteens,* who invariably gather around the altar rails, and unmistakably exhibit their belief in the doctrine that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be taken by violence.

I suppose there is no country in the world whose people show so much true piety, and earnest devotion, as do the congregations of Irish country chapels. They kneel upon a bare, hard floor, their minds concentrated upon the solemn sacrifice proceeding, their hearts uplifted to God, and their lips moving in earnest prayer. The dilatoriness of the priest—

THE SAGART.

and often, indeed, he is easy-going and dilatory enough—gives them no concern, no thought. They reflect only that the sacrifice of the Mass is still proceeding, and that it is their privilege, as well as their duty, to keep their hearts with God throughout; and this they do in a manner that must surely be pleasing to Him beyond pleasure given Him in greater churches, with more gorgeous surround-

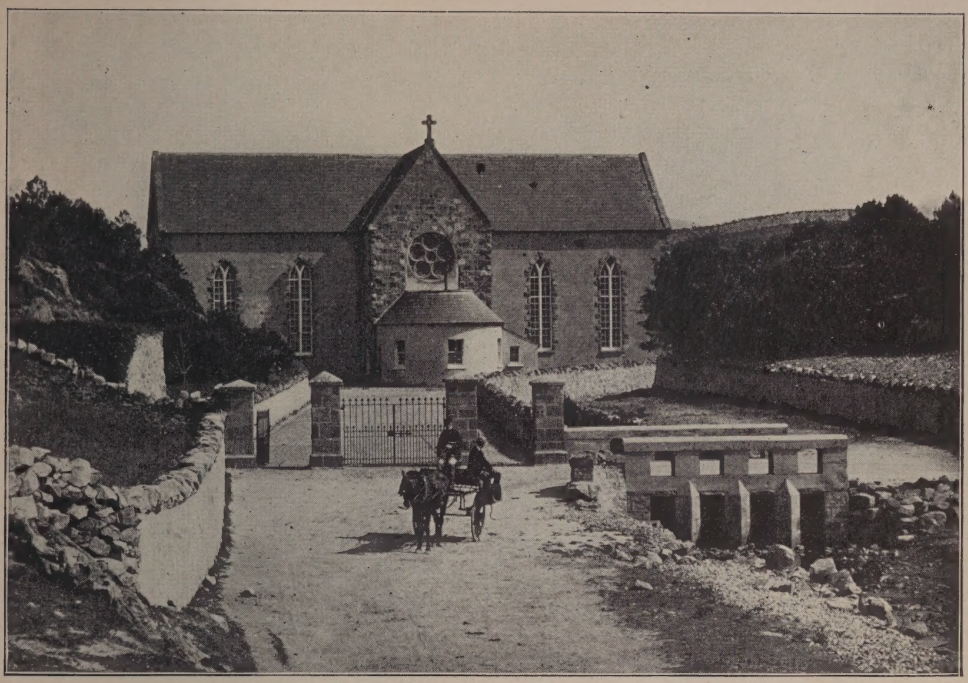
ings, by more richly dressed people who, though they may possibly be as sincere, are certainly not more sincere than these pure-hearted, true-hearted, faithful-souled worshippers among the Irish hills.

When all the devotional exercises have concluded, and the chapel empties, although many of the members again take up their position for debate in the yard, and without the chapel gate, the congregation in general scatters to the points of the compass by crowd and crowd; happy, buoyant, merry, with chat and with chaff they wend their way onwards over hill and howe, each crowd breaking and again breaking as its component parts diverge, and bear down each upon his own cabin, where the boiled and drained potatoes laughing through their jackets, are gaily steaming on the *losaid* just within the door, and the grateful scent of roasting fresh herrings is wafted to the homing one, while yet his foot is only on the *boreen*, and hurries him along.

When the regular devotional exercises for the day have finished, the priest's duties are not all done; for, if there be no wedding, or no christening, or no burial, a host of old women, after filling their holy-water bottles at the font, have waited, each with her claim upon him. One has a complaint to make; another requires a dispute settled; a third wants an advice; and a fourth wants him to dissuade Johnnie from getting married for another year or two; and most of them want offices read.

THE PAROCHIAL VISIT.

And it is far in the afternoon when the priest himself gets home and partakes of his own humble Sunday dinner.



THE CHAPEL OF THE FAMOUS FATHER MacFADDEN DERRYBEG, CO. DONEGAL.

This chapel was carried away by a flood that overwhelmed it during Mass, on a Sunday morning twenty years ago. Several people were drowned. In more recent years it was the scene of the killing of Police Inspector Martin who attempted to arrest Father MacFadden, in face of his congregation.

THE CHAPEL, GLENTIES, CO. DONEGAL.

To which, since his return from the United States, Father MacFadden has been removed—from his Gweedore (Derrybeg parish, wherein he ministered during long years.

An Irish Easter Prayer.

By

Rev. James B. Dollard

(SLIAV-NA-MON)

It is the voice of Banba by
the sobbing western sea,
A spell of holy triumph in
the strain.
And this the hymn she sings, while from its vibrant strings
Her wild harp breathes sweet rapture after pain:—

"We are glad, O Son of Mary! that the dreary night is past,
Blest Saviour of the weary thorn crown!
Thro' our land of Innisfail there is joy in glen and dale,
As the white Easter sun looks down.

"We are glad, O Mother Mary! that your grief is changed to bliss,
Sweet Mother of the sorrow-haunted eyes.
All the Passion's pain and loss, all the anguish of the Cross
Like mist from the morn light flies.

"There is melody of Mass bells, there are footsteps on the way,
There are voices of the people as they go,
Where their Risen God they see, in the Sacred Mystery,
While the lights of the altar glow.

"We have come, O glorious Saviour!—hear our pray'r of faith to-day—
The children of sad Erin to Thy shrine,
All the burden of the years, all the bitterness and tears,
We lay in the tomb with Thine.

"Fill our souls, O Risen Saviour! with the sweetness of Thy love;
Lift our Land from strife and sorrow long her share;
Make her now as once of yore, 'Isle of holiness and lore,'
A light to the world shining fair."

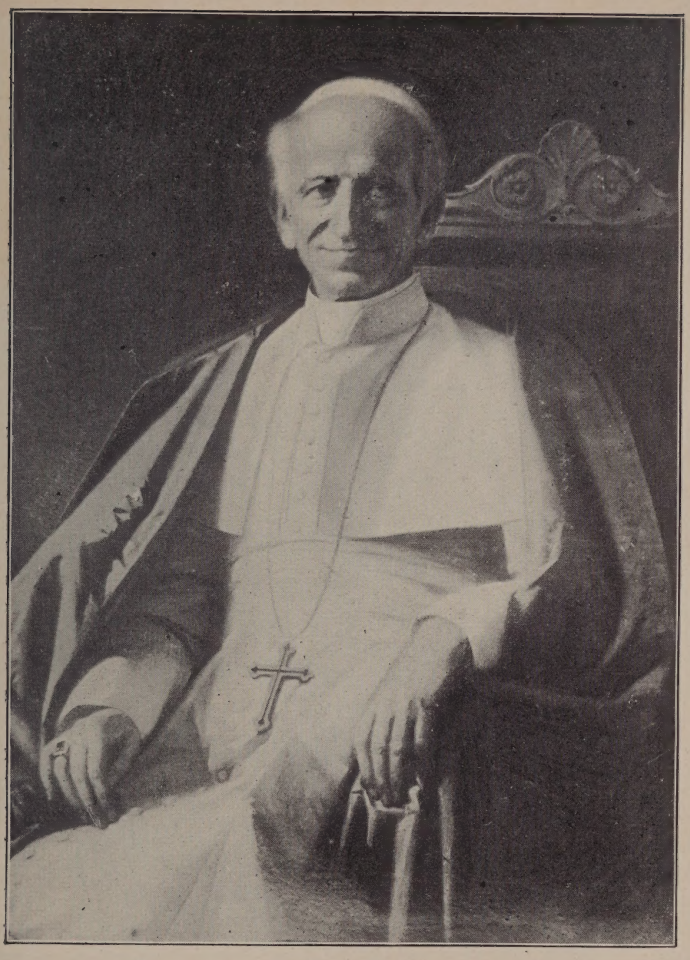
"HER WILD HARP BREATHES SWEET RAPTURE AFTER PAIN."

HIS HOLINESS' LATEST PORTRAIT.

"THE YEARS OF PETER."

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH, ROME.

On a grey February morning, twenty-five years ago, while the bells of every steeple of the Eternal City rang out to celebrate the election of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church, a frail and venerable Cardinal knelt bowed in prayer in the Vatican, overwhelmed, nay, even appalled, by the terrible weight of responsibility cast upon him. "Why have you chosen an old man on the verge of the grave, whose health and abilities render him so little able to cope with the manifold difficulties of the pontificate?" was the first question of Leo XIII. as the votes of the conclave continued to pour in in his favor. Indeed, that assembly of



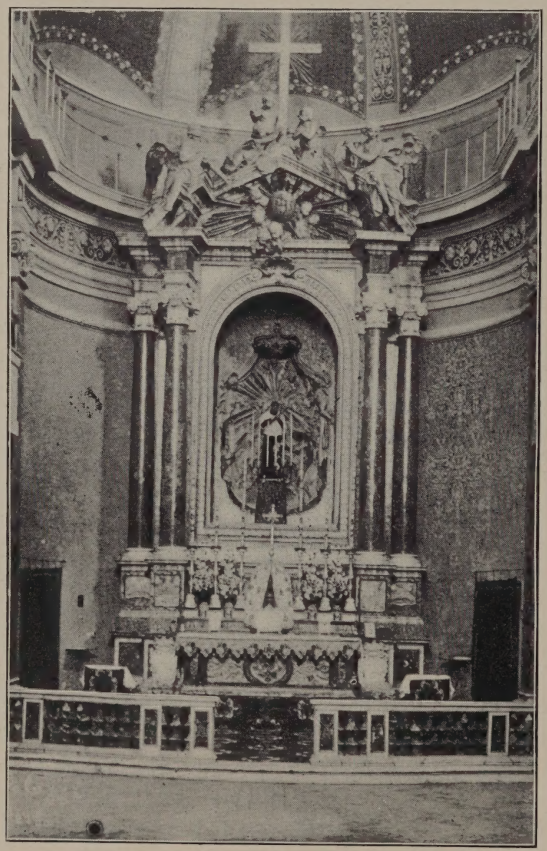
LEO XIII. AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION, 1878

the princes of the Church, and the faithful in general, could scarcely dare to hope that Leo XIII. would live to see his Sacerdotal Jubilee.

Yet today, on this jubilee of jubilees, our nonagenarian pontiff is physically stronger than on the day when the Sacred College paid him homage, February 20th, 1878. Of the conclave who elected him only one cardinal remains, Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, the surprising number of one hundred and forty-four cardinals having passed away during his long pontificate.

A life as long as that of the Holy Father, lived in such an exalted position, must of necessity be a memorable one, especially considering His Holiness' personality and keen intellect. But to few, even among the successors of St. Peter, has been entrusted a charge so onerous as that of ruling the Church at the present day. His Holiness, moreover, entered upon his office at a crucial period of transition from the old order to the new. In the first days of his pontificate the eyes of the world were fixed with expectation on the Papacy, which had recently suffered the overthrow of the temporal power. The Church's enemies rejoiced at the blow dealt to the Catholic religion in the person

of its visible head, hoping with vain fallacy that by this means the Papacy might be at least considerably weakened. But the designs of Providence had willed otherwise. The newly-elected pontiff took up the reins of government with the firm hand and unerring judgment that have characterized every action of his life. Hampered and restricted even in the pettiest way, deprived of lawful prestige, the Pope has nevertheless triumphed over every obstacle. A feeble old man to outward seeming, but a very lion of will and spirit, Leo XIII. *was* and *is*, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, the man for the times. Appreciating with unfailing instinct the needs of the day, the papal policy has been one of moderation, and, when possible, concession. Consent has never been given to anything approaching isolation. Though a prisoner, a recluse from the outer world, His Holiness is keenly alive to the evils of the present, especially the tide of infidelity and disbelief in every form of religion, now surging over the world. His most ardent desire is that the Church shall combat this evil by every means in her power, not only by religion, but by every effort tending to the amelioration of the existing conditions of humanity, the defence of the rights of individuals, and the solution of the great social question which presses so closely on all Christians.



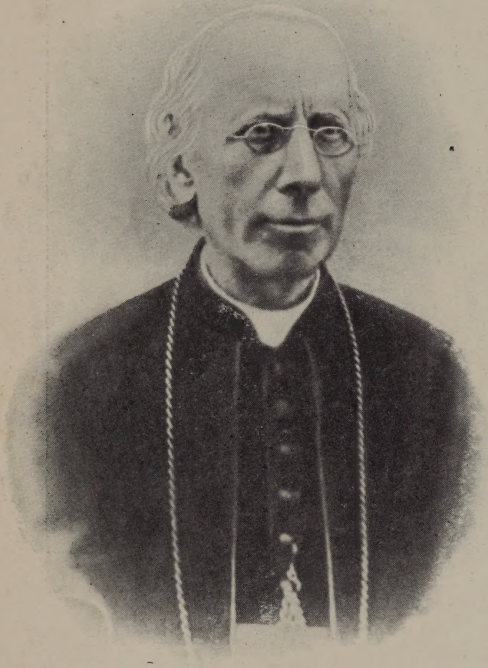
ALTAR OF ST. ALOYSIUS IN THE JESUIT CHURCH AT VITERBO, WHERE LEO XIII. MADE HIS FIRST COMMUNION.

The clearly expressed views and desires of Leo XIII. on these points are known to the world at large through those memorable encyclicals which have won for his personality the recognition and respect of even the openly-professed enemies of the Church he represents. They will form, too, His Holiness' best biography. Broad-minded in his opinions, a great-hearted, practical philanthropist, there is no movement for the good of humanity, no advanced idea of the times consistent with the true Christian ideal but that the Sovereign Pontiff has supported and encouraged. The hand-to-hand battle for the preservation of Christianity must be fought in the open, and the Holy Father has consistently encouraged Catholics to hold their own, to go

LEO XIII. SAYING MASS IN HIS PRIVATE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN, IN PRESENCE OF THE PONTIFICAL COURT.

forward as champions of a religion that seems to offer the only antidote to the evils of the times. It is needless to refer again to the various encyclicals, the three on the Labor Question, and the reunion of the churches, and, later on, to the papal approbation of the Christian Democracy movement, in fact to *all* the unceasing apostolic activity, shown at a time of life when most men are forced to look on active life as spectators only. Truly our Holy Father is a modern miracle! Even now in his ninety-third year, the twenty-fifth of his pontificate, His Holiness might justly and complacently look back from his quiet watch tower of the Vatican on the almost hundred years of life-work in the Master's Vineyard, borne in the burden of the day and the heat. His is not the spirit to flinch from the conflict. Only death will extinguish the flame of that marvelous intellect. He will die in harness, laboring to the end. His Holiness himself has invariably predicted that when God wills it the frail body will suddenly give way without struggle or illness. Some morning when they come to wake him, Leo XIII. will have passed away.

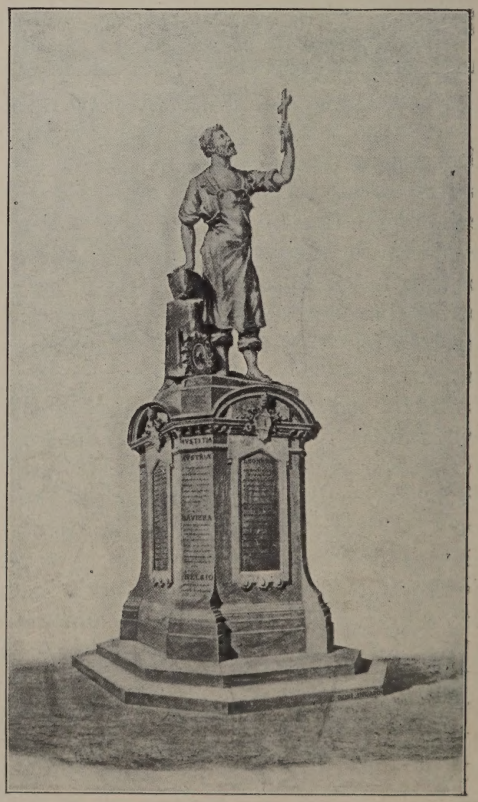
What a retrospect is that of a life which has seen so many memorable anniversaries. The events in the life of Leo XIII. are so well known that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them. It will suffice to touch on the principal happenings which have been celebrated by the various jubilees. Many are the memories, almost too many to record the hallowed anniversaries that mark the life of the Pontiff of the years of Peter. But Leo XIII. treasures them all in that phenomenal memory of his, and can describe them fully, even to the slightest detail, circumstance, and person. The first notable event (after that of the notable birth-date of March 2d, 1810, in the hills of Carpineto) was perhaps the first link in the predestined chain of apostolic anniversaries, for



CARDINAL OREGLIA DI SAN STEFANO.
The only cardinal still living created by Pius IX.

on it most probably came to the child in the seminary the first inspiration of his vocation, the day of his First Communion, the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21st, 1821. This solemn event in the life of the future pontiff took place in the church of St. Ignatius, attached to the Jesuit College of Viterbo, where young Vincenzo Pecci was a pupil. Even now in that interesting mediæval town, the modest altar of St. Aloysius, carefully restored, is constantly shown to visitors, an inscription near the altar recording the event which took place here almost a century ago. A great peace seems to dwell about this little sanctuary, as if the tender benediction of that Holy Communion still lingers there to bless the spot. The Holy Father's love and veneration for the Society of Jesus thus began when he and his brother, who afterwards became a member of the Society, were receiving their early education from the Jesuit Fathers.

The next memorable happening in the Pope's life was also connected with the saints of the Jesuit Order, for as the boy pupil had received his First Communion at the altar of St. Aloysius, the young ecclesiastic offered up his first Mass in the Eternal City in the chapel of St. Stanislas Kostka (once the room where the young saint lived and died, in the Jesuit novitiate in Rome). The first important celebration by Leo XIII., ten years after his accession to the pontificate, was the



THE WORKMEN'S MONUMENT.

fiftieth anniversary of this great event, the Sacerdotal Jubilee, January 1st, 1888.

A number of celebrations marked this first jubilee, canonizations and beatifications took place during its course, and innumerable pilgrims visited the Eternal City. The Vatican exhibition of costly jubilee gifts to the Pope was long remembered by all who visited it. Many of these gifts, embracing offerings of every description imaginable, from every part of the world, were redistributed by the Holy Father to convents and charities, the most precious and artistic being placed afterwards in the Vatican library, where they are constantly added to by the rich gifts of succeeding jubilees. At that time papal celebrations had long been a thing of the past in Rome. How could they be carried out successfully when the Sovereign Pontiff remained a prisoner in the Vatican? Indeed it was imagined by many that few pilgrims would come to offer their homage to the Holy See under the changed conditions. However, the wise rule, personal influence, and wonderful administrative power exercised by Leo XIII., combined with the masterly diplomacy of his relations with the Powers, and his unswerving dignity maintained under difficult and sometimes almost impossible conditions during ten years, had produced their effect. Those who had hoped to paralyze the influence of the Papacy by robbing it of the temporal power were surprised to find that the Rome they had so carefully reorganized on a new basis was still the "Rome of the Popes," and that more pilgrims and prosperity came to the new Eternal City through the feeble old man in the Vatican than through the enlightened freedom and improvements of the new régime.

The first jubilee formed a splendid object lesson of the everlasting triumph of the Papacy, besides showing to the world that instead of being lessened, devotion and adherence to Christ's Vicar were increased. It was an auspicious beginning to the various jubilees our Holy Father afterwards celebrated. At first, when those around him offered their wishes that he might live to see many such celebrations, Pope Leo was wont to shake his head dissentingly and say, "We will not think of it, these things are as God wills." But latterly it came to be His Holiness' own wish that he might attain the years of Peter before saying his "Nunc Dimittis." And God has granted the prayer.

The next celebration in the Pope's pontificate was his Episcopal Jubilee in 1894, His Holiness having been consecrated Archbishop of Damietta on February 19th, 1843. This jubilee was likewise celebrated with the greatest pomp and magnificence. Apropos of the jubilee, January, February and March, especially the two last, have always been eventful months in the life of Leo XIII. His ordination to the priesthood took place December 31st, 1837, his nomination to the cardinalate on December 19th, 1853, while January brings the anniversary of his first Mass, on New Year's Day, 1838. February 19th, 1843, saw his Episcopal consecration; February 20th, 1878, his election to the pontificate, while March 2nd and 3rd solemnize respectively the Sovereign Pontiff's birthday and his coronation as Leo XIII.

Another notable anniversary year for the Holy Father was that of 1898, when he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his election and his coronation, as well as the sixtieth anniversary of his first Mass. Crowds of Romans, also strangers from every part of the world, thronged to St. Peter's to assist at the magnificent pontifical Mass where Leo XIII. gave the benediction, "Urbi et Orbi." All present wondered if such an oc-

casion might ever come again, for the frail figure before them seemed little likely to weather the storms of another winter. Still there was one more great event in the Church's history that the aged pontiff desired ardently to see, the solemn opening of the Holy Year of Jubilee. The intense gratification experienced by the Pope in the fulfilment of this desire was made known to the Catholic world by the Bull on the Holy Year, inviting all Catholics to Rome; and the throngs who availed themselves of the spiritual advantages of the jubilee brought more consolation to Leo XIII. than any event in his long pontificate. Twice more then was the Pope carried in state through St. Peter's to bless the faithful, at the beginning of the Holy Year and at its close, and none had ever seen the venerable pontiff look better and stronger than at the end of that most fatiguing year. At the time of all these celebrations the Pope's remarkable longevity was considered phenomenal, and few dared to hope that he might be spared to see the years of Peter. For this reason there is particular cause for rejoicing throughout the Catholic world in this Pontifical Jubilee year.

The celebration is almost an unique one in the annals of St. Peter's successors, that of completing the years of the pontificate of the first Vicar of Christ. By a strange coincidence Pope Pius IX., the predecessor of Leo XIII., solemnized this event, not only attaining but surpassing the years of Peter, having reigned thirty-two years and some months. Every visitor to Rome who has lingered before the famous statue of the Prince of the Apostles, in St. Peter's, must have noticed the mosaic medallion portrait of Pius IX., which, together with an inscription recording the event, is placed on the wall directly above the statue. Now another companion picture and tablet must be placed beside it so that Leo XIII. may take his stand with the first pontiff and his latter day successor who ruled the Church during the exceptional period of twenty five years.

Preparations were long on foot in Rome for the grand solemnization of such an important event as the Pontifical Jubilee. Naturally the principal celebrations took place in the anniversary months of February and March, but on the sixth of July last a ceremony was observed which may be counted as amongst the most touching, the most intimate and fatherly, of the jubilee rejoicings, the reception by the Holy Father of all the children, schools, colleges and institutions of the Eternal City, to receive his jubilee blessing. These thousands of children and young people were assembled in the grand "Belvedere Court" of the Vatican, no inside hall, corridor, or "loggia," of the great palace being found capable of containing such numbers. A vast loggia or tribune was erected outside the windows of the Vatican Library, overlooking the "Cortile," and from this, surrounded by the members of the papal court; His Holiness imparted his blessing to the densely-massed crowds beneath. As usual at all ceremonies of pontifical state, it was a wonderful color picture,—the white summer dresses of the children, the school uniforms of the boys and youths, the banners, and the crimson silk and velvet draperies of the pontifical loggia. No matter in what part of the Vatican a state ceremony takes place, the environment renders the solemn splendor of the occasion still more striking. It may be a Jubilee Mass in all the sunlit glory of St. Peter's, a beatification in the vast candle-lighted Hall of the Canonizations, a pontifical requiem echoing through the solemnly-frescoed vaults of the Sistine Chapel, or a consistory in that truly well-

named "Sala Regia" (Royal Hall) whose walls form a pictorial page of papal history. Each background harmonizes to perfection with the ceremony taking place. For this papal blessing to the school children, in the open air, no setting more suitable could be found than the grandly-imposing architecture of Bramante's courtyard of the Belvedere. To render the ceremony still more impressive the pontifical hymn was rendered by a chorus of five hundred voices. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined as the music floated slowly upwards towards the smiling white-robed figure, his hand outstretched in benediction. That scene will long be remembered by each person who assisted at it, and the children will treasure for posterity a beautiful memory of the most venerated pontiff of modern days.

During the course of this jubilee year numbers of presents have been sent to the Holy Father. A splendid offering represented the Emperor of Austria at the jubilee. It consists of a solid gold statue of finest workmanship, representing the figure of the Good Shepherd bearing the lost sheep on His shoulders. The group is mounted on a pedestal bearing coats-of-arms and a dedicatory inscription, and has already been assigned a post of honor in the Vatican Library. Another remarkable jubilee gift, the special offering of the Neapolitans to the Holy Father, is the largest topaz in the world. This magnificent stone is engraved with an intricate design representing Our Saviour breaking the Eucharistic Bread at the Last Supper. The minutest care and finesse of labor were bestowed on the work by a well-known Neapolitan engraver, Professor Andrea Cariello. The stone-cameo is the sixth largest engraved stone in the world, the five other engraved gems which surpass it in magnitude being preserved in various European royal palaces. This royal topaz has had a chequered history. Discovered in the mines of Geraes in Brazil, it was the property of the Neapolitan Bourbons. When evil days fell on the House of Bourbon the gem came into the hands of the Neapolitan family called Cariello, whose present head engraved it. It was his intention to give the topaz, originally an heirloom in the royal house, to the present representative of the Bourbons, the Duke di San Martino di Montalba. The Duke, however, refused the proffered gift, requesting instead that it should be presented as a jubilee offering to Leo XIII.

A still more interesting gift is the splendid tiara or triple crown presented to His Holiness on February 20th by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Respighi, the bishops of the Roman Curia, and the heads of the International Committee for the Homage of Our Saviour, on behalf of the faithful throughout the world who had contributed towards it. The ground work is of silver, the three crowns or circles in pure gold. The triple crown worn by a pontiff on state occasions is the outward symbol of his sovereignty, the three crowns representing the three offices of the pontiff, Father, King, and Vicar of Christ on earth. Hence the presentation of the tiara to Leo XIII., who has fulfilled that threefold office so long and worthily, is singularly appropriate. The ceremony in the Vatican was of a most solemn and imposing character. There were present thousands of pilgrims from Italy and all parts of the world, and a special deputation representing His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. The Holy Father in reply to the presentation address made a short but touching Latin address, every word of which could be distinctly heard and

followed, even by those far away from the throne.

February 20th, 1903, was a memorable day at the Vatican. Every instant of the morning was occupied in receiving personages, deputations, and pilgrimages, for immediately after the presentation of the tiara, the pilgrimage offerings began. His Eminence, Cardinal Ferrata, Archbishop of Milan, and all the bishops of the province, offered the jubilee gift of their dioceses, a massive gold medal commemorative of the pontifical jubilee. The dioceses of Ferrara presented a gold casket in the shape of the "Keys of Peter," filled with gold. After this the Pope received the representatives of the International Committee for the Solemn Homage to Our Saviour, also the Committee of the Jubilee Celebrations, who made an offering for the restoration of St. John Lateran.

A present, differing widely from these rich offerings, but perhaps quite as acceptable to the humanitarian pontiff, was given by the same Committee of Jubilee Celebrations, who provided a dinner for one thousand poor persons, in the Vatican. The recipients of the jubilee bounty were chosen by the various societies of St. Vincent de Paul throughout Rome. The banquet, consisting of six courses and wine, was spread on long tables in the Belvedere. Several cardinals, prelates and members of the pontifical court were present, while the young club men, representatives of the best class of Catholics in modern Roman society, waited upon the poor at table. The Holy Father, though he could not assist in person, took the liveliest interest in that event, and not only sent his special blessing by means of his "Maestro di Camera," but also a rosary with the pontifical jubilee medal, to each one of the delighted guests. The band of the Swiss Guard was sent down especially by the Pope, to discourse sweet music during the banquet, and the content of the old people, proud and important for once in their lives, was a pleasure to witness. No more heartfelt "vivvas" for the health and long life of Leo XIII. went up on the election day than from all those aged, quavering voices. It was indeed one of those rare occasions on which charity is its own reward.

Among all the gifts which will be presented to the Pope in this jubilee year, there is one peculiarly appropriate to the pontiff, who, recognizing the worker as the most important factor in the world's future, has held the working classes ever near his heart. This is the "Workmen's Jubilee Monument to the Workmen's Pope." The admirable idea of a monument which would express the homage of Catholic workmen all over the world, to Leo XIII., was conceived some time ago in Rome, when the possibilities of the pontifical jubilee first began to be considered. Now the project has been fully developed, and is in active progress of organization, so that it is hoped it may be erected during the course of the jubilee year. Industrial and commercial associations, clubs, laboratories, institutes, and workers of every description all over the world have been asked to join in erecting the memorial, and offerings have generously poured in. Spain's workers sent 52,000 pesetas to the fund, Portugal the adhesion of all the workmen's associations in the country, industrial Belgium 752 societies, Bavaria 200 societies, while Germany, Austria, Brazil, and even South Africa, have sent in adhesions of membership. Still the funds are not sufficient to complete the monument in as solid and sumptuous a manner as possible, so that it may prove a really lasting memorial of the "Workmen's Pope." It will take the

form of a monument carried out altogether in marble, representing the figure of a workman bearing aloft a cross on which is inscribed, "In hoc signo vinces!" Around the base of the pedestal are to be engraved on bronze tablets the most striking phrases from the three encyclicals of Leo XIII. on the Labor Question. Every nation will be represented for posterity on this international monument, for the names of every association or group of persons contributing to it are to be engraved on the base of the pedestal under the heading of their respective countries. A well-known engineer and architect, Cavaliere Luigi Rosi, has been entrusted with the design and erection of the monument. Signor Gianni, of Rome, is the engraver of the bronze tablets, and a distinguished Lombard sculptor has generously offered to carve the statue of the workman, as his contribution to the memorial. Much has been done in Italy and elsewhere, but much still remains to be done, so the co-operation of Catholic clubs and associations all over the world is still hoped for by the Roman Committee.

After long deliberation it was decided to place this monument in the portico of the basilica of St. John Lateran. Our Holy Father has always cherished an especial predilection for that grand old basilica, mother and head of all the churches in the world. From it, and not from St. Peter's, does he take his title as Bishop of Rome. The first act of his pontificate was to restore the apse to the chaste richness and splendor we admire today in this most Roman of all Roman churches. The Sovereign Pontiff loves St. John Lateran too from its association with St. Francis of Assisi. He has caused a fresco to be placed on the walls of the apse recording how St. Francis here received the confirmation of his rule, and, on the other side, his own portrait as connected with the restorations. Within its precincts, too, Leo XIII. hopes to rest, in the place he himself has chosen, on the reverse side of the sepulchre His Holiness erected in memory of Pope Innocent III., whose relics he caused to be brought here from Perugia. For all these reasons St. John Lateran was unhesitatingly chosen as the site for the Workmen's Monument to the Pope, so that in life and death those may be with him who were always the dearest of his universal flock.

Many other gifts have been presented to Leo XIII. on his pontifical jubilee, but they are too numerous to mention. Suffice to say that a great part of the offerings in money have been re-distributed by His Holiness in alms, to the poor, to institutes of charity, and to poor religious communities.

Besides the celebrations in the Vatican on February 20th, the occasion was observed in St. Peter's by a grand Pontifical Mass celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla. In honor of the memorable event the Basilica was decorated with the magnificence used only on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Rich crimson brocades covered the walls, the most superb altar ornaments of the treasury of St. Peter's adorned the papal altar, and the "Confession" was decorated with flowers, from the Vatican Gardens, in chased silver vases or hung in garlands from the marble balustrade. The statue of St. Peter stood out in splendor from all its rich surroundings. The triple crown (presented by Napoleon I. to Pope Pius VII.) crowned the head of the statue, a gold-embroidered cope, clasped with a priceless jeweled clasp, draped the shoulders, a diamond pectoral cross and a chain presented by Cardinal Rampolla to the Vatican Chapter hung around the neck, and the "Ring of the Fisherman"

gleamed from the bronze hand uplifted in perpetual blessing on the crowds surging around it.

In the afternoon of the accession day the *people's celebration* of their Father's twenty-fifth anniversary took place—the solemn Te Deum for the preservation of Leo XIII. to the Church. Not celebrated with pontifical state, not even in the presence of the Pope, and without the grand music of the Sistine choir, a Te Deum in St. Peter's is yet one of the most thoroughly impressive sights to be witnessed in Rome. Every year this function takes place, but naturally in the jubilee years it is more imposing. All kinds and conditions of men went to make up the vast concourse that gave thanks to God on this 20th of February. Pilgrims from all lands were there mingled with the Romans. A splendid gathering of representative Romans—presidents, deputations of every parish, every confraternity, association, society, and club—walked in procession to the papal altar, two by two, with lighted candles, forming, during the Te Deum, a guard of honor around the Apostle's tomb. His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, intoned the hymn of praise, and instantly thousands of voices took it up—an epitome of thanksgiving, more thrilling far and more devotional than any elaborate choir music. No need for the accompaniment of organ or orchestra. It would have been overpowered, when that great human voice uplifted and surged through the mighty Basilica, representing the Catholic world's thanksgiving for the blessings of that jubilee day.

Each day in the end of February, and into March, brought some especial celebration in honor of the jubilee. Among the most striking of the religious events was a solemn triduum of thanksgiving celebrated by all the parish priests in Rome, in the Basilica of the "Santi Apostoli," upon which occasion three of the most prominent orators among the clergy preached the eloquent and stirring sermons. Constant pilgrimages took place, a large South American pilgrimage led the van in the first days of February; then on the ninth Italian pilgrims from Puglie, Andria, and Benevento (where Leo XIII. was papal ablegate at the beginning of his career, in 1838, a fact lovingly recorded to His Holiness in their pilgrimage address); a large Lombard pilgrimage arrived on February 18th, together with French pilgrims from Autun, headed by Cardinal Perraud. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna brought the "Romagnolo" pilgrims on the 27th, and the pilgrimage from Ferrara was present at the papal ceremony on the 20th of February. Still larger numbers arrived in time for the 3rd of March, prominent among them being the Belgian pilgrimage. On account of delicate health Cardinal Vaughan was not able to satisfy his earnest desire of presenting his personal homage to Leo XIII., but His Eminence was represented by a deputation of prominent English Catholics headed by the Duke of Norfolk, who presented congratulations on behalf of all the Catholics of England. More pilgrimages from various countries will follow during the course of the year.

The crown of all the jubilee celebrations in March was the Coronation Mass in St. Peter's on the third, where Leo XIII. celebrated, in full pontifical state, for the twenty-fifth time, the anniversary of his coronation as Pontiff and Ruler of the Universal Church. This grandest of papal functions usually takes place in the Sistine Chapel, but this year, to celebrate the unique event with all possible magnificence, and also to give more room for the thousands who were desirous of assisting on such an occasion, it was decided to cel-

ebrate the Mass in St. Peter's. Pilgrims from France, Austria, Belgium, Prussia and the Italian dioceses of Liguria, Tuscany, Venetia, Romagna, the Marche, and Umbria, came for the eventful date. By the earliest hours of morning every seat was filled. At first only the members of the Catholic clubs (in evening dress with the silver badge of their club in their buttonholes) were on duty, showing persons to their places, while the pontifical gendarmes were on guard at the entrances. A few Swiss guards were posted here and there at intervals, so motionless that occasionally one observed a country pilgrim plucking furtively at the motley sleeves of black, red and yellow, as if to assure himself that a real man and not a colored statue stood there pike in hand, the very essence of mediævalism. Presently the pilgrimages arrived, with their moving forests of many colored banners, passing slowly up the church, to be grouped near the pontifical throne. Then the remainder of the papal troops marched in with a clatter of steel,—the pontifical gendarmes, the Palatine Guard, who were to line the passage-way from the doors of the church to the "Confession," and finally a splendid company of the Swiss Guard. The white gala plumes of their shining helmets contrasted with their picturesque dress and the sombre splendor of the uniforms of their officers. Each time one sees a Swiss guard at the Vatican it seems a fresh revelation of that many-sided genius of Michelangiolo, who in condescending to design a uniform stamped it with the mark of his own great individuality. In it he shows the daring which was his supreme characteristic. Only a genius could have conceived such a color combination and made it a success.

Almost unexpectedly at last, after the long waiting, the procession began to enter the church, at half-past ten. It was almost impossible to take in all of the kaleidoscopic spectacle, slowly though the procession moved,—the heads of the religious orders, the papal chaplains, the consistorial advocates, and the chamberlains of the Cape and Sword; then came a picturesque group following the prelate who acts as Master of the Apostolic Palace—and the auditors of the Holy Rote,—the violet-clad prelates carrying the tiara and mitres to be used in the ceremony, the symbols of pontifical state being escorted by mace-bearers. The reflection of a thousand candle rays, aided by the white lustre of the electric lamps in the ceiling, cast lightning-like flashes on the moving pageant of ecclesiastical state. The jeweled papal cross carried by the Master of the Sacred Hospice signalized the beginning of the actual papal court—the slow passing of the cardinals. What a change there has been in the Sacred College since the jubilee of 1888! Even since the jubilee of 1898, and the ceremony which ushered in the Holy Year of 1900! Many vacancies have been filled, but several well-known faces were missing, such as that of Cardinal Parocchi, so long the beloved Cardinal-Vicar of Rome; and stately Cardinal Ledochowski, the princely Polish cardinal, Prefect of the Propaganda; both of whom died during the course of last year. Every one looked with redoubled interest at the one cardinal who is Pope Leo's compeer, having been created by Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano. The defile of the cardinals was longer than usual, the members of the Curia being reinforced by the cardinal archbishops of the various dioceses, who had come with their pilgrims.

A significant halt broke the procession, as the last two cardinals appeared from under the draperies of the Pieta Chapel.

Then the crowds knew what was coming. It needed no burst of clear-voiced trumpets, floating out with that strange triumphant vibration, to tell the faithful that the jubilee Pontiff was in St. Peter's. When the expected white vision against its white, gently-undulating, feather background rose up in sight, above the heads of the spectators, with hand uplifted in blessing, a very passion of enthusiasm broke out. The Holy Father was vested in full pontificals, the richly embroidered feather weight cope of cloth-of-silver, offered on the occasion of the last canonization, and the tiara just presented to His Holiness. The papal court of prelates, princes, nobles, and soldiers with drawn swords, made a splendid group around the "Sedia Gestatoria," but as usual they passed almost unnoticed.

When Leo XIII. is present not an eye wanders from that wonderful face, not a glance or the slightest inflection of expression crossing it may be missed. It is strange to those who have seen him often, to note the difference in the Pope since some years back, and those present at his accession note it still more. His mouth is the only feature denoting extreme age, the unearthly transparency of complexion once so characteristic and almost alarming has disappeared completely, while the extreme languor and weakness which formerly appeared at times to almost overwhelm him, are much less apparent. The eyes when in repose have lost with age their piercing incisiveness of glance, their expression being altogether benign and gentle. But when the Pope speaks, as I heard him speak quite recently, to a pilgrimage from the "Castelli Romain," all the old fire and energy are there. At such moments His Holiness' ninety-three years seem to be cast from him like a mantle. He is young and vigorous again, younger than many of the young men around him.

When the papal procession arrived at the throne, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli began the Pontifical Mass, His Holiness kneeling at the faldstool, bowed in prayer. At the Introit the Sovereign Pontiff ascended the throne, and at the "Gloria in excelsis" a memorable scene was enacted as the glorious music of the Sistine choir, led by Abbate Perosi, filled the church. The Sacred College of Cardinals one by one advanced to the steps of the throne, to renew their homage and fealty to Leo XIII. As the crimson-clad train defiled before him, the thoughts of the Pope must have gone back musingly over a quarter of a century to that first coronation day in the Sistine Chapel, when from the great white pontifical throne under the shadow of Michelangiolo's fateful Judgment picture, he received the cardinals' homage for the first time. Little could he have imagined in the widest range of possibilities that twenty-five years after he would still occupy that throne, still less that only one of all the Sacred College, younger most of them than himself, would survive to pay him homage on the pontifical jubilee. Especially affecting was the more brotherly than fatherly "amplesso" bestowed by the aged pontiff on the aged cardinal. They have survived many changes. The deep solemnity of this retrospect dwelt on the face of Leo XIII. as his gaze wandered over the splendors of the basilica. It was with him when he knelt in adoration at the papal altar in the hush of the Elevation, broken only by a single clash of arms as the soldiers throughout the church saluted and the notes of the silver trumpets fell softly from the dome. It was with him still as amid the enthusiasm of the crowds the Sovereign Pontiff was borne out once more into the nave

of the church, when the Mass was finished and the last notes of the "Te Deum" had died away. Most of all was it with the Pope as he paused by the statue of the first Vicar of Christ, to give his apostolic benediction "Urbi et Orbi." Drawing himself up to almost majestic height the pontiff raised his hands towards heaven, then stretched them slowly outward in blessing, while his voice rang out startlingly clear and distinct to the utmost limits of the church. Not a person present missed a word of the benediction or failed to realize the intense solemnity of that blessing. For a second, as His Holiness blessed the people under it, his eyes went up to the statue of St. Peter and the medallion above it of Pope Pius IX. One realized of what he was thinking,—the burden of the years of Peter he shared with the two pontiffs who had gone before him. One wished that a picture of the three popes could have been painted in that moment, the bronze representation of the first Peter, bearing the symbolic keys of his charge, the Peter of half a century ago, whose benevolent face looks down in blessing from the marble wall, and the living Peter of the present, weighted with years but vigorous still in will and spirit to serve his Master to the end.

In another second that memorable picture of the three jubilee pontiffs which may never again be seen in St. Peter's had vanished, and the Pope had passed once more from the plaudits of the people, inside the Vatican.

The night of the 3rd of March, the churches, buildings, institutes and Catholic homes of the Eternal City were illuminated in honor of Rome's rightful sovereign. The grand architecture of the countless "campanili" on the Seven Hills stood out in lines of light, as well as the windows of historic palaces and the lanterns and candles of modest dwellings, while the streets were full of leisurely, orderly crowds of Romans and strangers, abroad to witness the "Pope's illuminations."

Other celebrations of the pontifical jubilee, religious, philanthropical and social, followed in the early days of March, and three of Italy's most celebrated orators, Cardinal Satolli, Monsignor Radini Tedeschi, and Padre Zocchi, S.J., preached the discourses at the triduum of thanksgiving for His Holiness' preservation, at the church of the Gesu, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of March. A solemn "Accademia" or religious, literary and musical gathering in honor of Leo XIII. took place on March 5th at the basilica of the Santi Apostoli. Addresses, poems, and music, especially composed in homage to the Pope, were delivered by prominent personages. Don Lorenzo Perosi directed the musical portion of the celebration, and a number of cardinals, prelates, and members of the social and diplomatic world of Rome were present.

The Pontifical Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. will live long in the memory of those who witnessed its celebration, in the city where all the events it solemnizes took place. Though not present in person the heart of every Catholic all over the world turns to the aged Vicar of Christ, who, almost on the threshold of his centenary, attains the years of Peter on April 28th. His Holiness has been granted the rare privilege of seeing his three jubilees, sacerdotal, episcopal, and pontifical, and now the prayer of the Church must be that Pope Leo may live to see the anniversary of his one hundredth year. When this long pontificate ends, a signal epoch in papal annals will have passed into history, made memorable for all time by the personality, government, and wisdom of the ruler raised up by God to be "a light in the heavens" in these latter days.

TO MARY, MOTHER OF SORROWS.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Whenever I turn to thee,
I think of another mother of sorrows across the sea,
I think of another, sitting far over the distant main,
Her bosom burdened with sorrow and pierced with the sword of pain!

Mary, O Mother of Grief! When I gaze on thy pictured face,
Rises another picture that nothing can ever erase,
Ireland troubled and tried, her spirit tormented and torn—
Surely, ye twain are as one in the sorrows that each has borne!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Beautiful still in thy woe,
Ever they merge—thy face and the other face that I know.
They are so like each other, I know I can understand
The cause of the love they give thee, the sons of that dear old land!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Thy sorrow with joy was crowned—
Surely a solace will also for Ireland's sorrow be found.
Surely her faith and her love and her patience through all the past
Will win her the crown of joy from the hands of thy Son, at last!

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The three sat round a turf fire and listened to the roar of the wind outside. It was a turbulent night, and the trees were flung together as by a fury; the dashing and the groaning of them filled all the air.

Over the fire was suspended a black pot filled with potatoes. The table was spread with a neatness strange enough in so poor a place. Stranger still, the thin forks were old silver, the worn napery fine damask.

The people were as much out of keeping with their surroundings. The one who sat in the centre of the group was a mild-faced, brown-haired lady, comparatively young in years, although sorrow had set lines in her face, and the roses of her cheeks were faded. The girl by her side recalled her youth. She had the bright eyes, the fresh cheeks, the softly-smiling radiant air which must have belonged to the mother in her happy days.

The boy was quite different. He was dark and eager-looking. His olive cheeks, his bright, dark eyes, his Spanish coloring, must have been inherited from his father. While his mother and sister talked, in voices soothing as the murmur of streams, it was easy to see that his thoughts were unquiet ones. His eyes roamed scornfully about the little cabin, his hands clenched and unclenched themselves. Once he clapped his hand to his side as though he expected to find a sword there. His brows knitted and unknitted themselves in lightning flashes of anger. He was but fifteen this boy, but it was easy to predict for him a gallant manhood. He wore his thread-bare clothes with an air as though they were silk and velvet.

The rain beat furiously against the door and the wind roared in the chimney.

"What a night!" said the lady. "I would not wish my worst enemy to be out in such a storm."

"Tonight Danes will be crossing Maryborough Heath," said the boy. "I wish he might encounter worse than the storm, say Frensy and his men, or perhaps the devil."

"We must learn to forgive our enemies, Maurice," said the lady in mild rebuke, "or how shall we hope to be forgiven?"

"I see my sister and you in this place, Madam," said the youth, "and I cannot forgive."

Over the roar of the storm there sounded a knocking, as though with the butt end of a whip-handle on the door. The lady turned a little pale. These were wild times and she was unprotected, she and her children; for what was a lad of fifteen, and he unarmed, against any midnight enemy? However, the spirit of her race came to her aid.

"Open the door, Maurice," she said. "God forbid that we should refuse shelter to anyone on such a night."

The youth drew back the bar of the door into its wooden sockets. The wind beat the door open, and a stranger stood against the blackness outside. "God save all here," he said, and his voice was rich and sweet above the howling of the wind.

"It is a good greeting, sir," said the lady. "Will you not come in out of the night?"

"I have a horse here," said the stranger. "Is there anywhere I could house him? He is as dear to me as myself."

"My son will see to him. Pray step in, sir, else the light will be blown out."

She had been shading the lamp as she peered at him through the obscurity. Now as he relinquished his bridle-rein to the

boy and stepped across the threshold, bringing with him the wind and the rain, she saw his face. It was a merry, black-eyed, roguish face, and a kindly. He was gallantly dressed, and he swept his hat off his head with a fine courtly grace.

"I am much indebted, Madam," he began.

"You came in the name of God," said the lady. "But indeed it had gone hard with me to refuse shelter to anyone on such a night."

"And food?" he suggested, his eyes roving to the pot over the fire where the potatoes were bursting their jackets through a cloud of steam.

"Alas! sir, it is poor food. But such as it is you are heartily welcome."

"I have a bottle of sound wine in my saddle-bag," he answered. "It will be a meal for the gods; and, Madam, I shall not forget your hospitality."

The youth came in carrying the horse's saddle in his arms, and closed the door, slipping the bar again into its socket. As he set down the saddle his eyes rested enviously on a pair of pistols in the holsters. The handles of them were pure gold, finely wrought.

"The horse is comfortably housed," he said. "I thought I had better not leave these at the mercy of any rogue or vagabond who might be passing."

"Ah, good! They say Frensy rides in these parts. You are not afraid he might pay you a visit?"

"We have nothing to lose," said the lady, with dignity. "As for Frensy such as we are safe from him. Indeed I doubt that there is any man in all the province of Munster who would hurt the widowed Countess of Cashel and her children."

"Seeing that Danes has plucked us bare," stormed the youth.

"You are that lady," said the stranger, bowing more deeply.

"I am that unhappy lady. This Danes sits in our castle tonight. My husband trusted him too much."

"Why, I have heard of it, even I. You need say no more, Madam. The country rings with the story. But I had not thought to find you in such straits as this."

The lady did not answer. There was a mist of tears over her violet eyes. She turned away, and busied herself in rearranging the things on the table.

"Will you not eat, sir?" she said, presently, the boy having poured the potatoes into a thin silver ring upon the table. "Here is salt. Here is butter. I wish I could offer you better. My children and I drink butter-milk."

"You will drink wine with me tonight. I am famished. I thank you, Madam, for your charity."

Over the simple meal they talked freely, as though they had been old friends. As the night grew wilder, and the wind rattled the door and cried in the chimney, the Countess rejoiced that the gentleman was with them lest some unfamiliar danger should come their way. There might be some to whom her estate and her name should pray in vain for pity and respect. The color came to her cheek, the light to her eye. Presently, the meal being finished, she sat smiling, watching the greedy eyes of her boy as he examined the pistols the stranger had drawn from his holsters.

"Maurice would be a soldier," she said.

"A very proper trade for the Lord Cashel," said the stranger, smiling. "He would not be the first of his name."

"My brother, the Lord Fitzgarret, Don John they call him in Austria, is a great soldier, as perhaps you know. If we could but reach him he would take care of us, and Maurice would have the wish of his heart."

"You will go to him?"

"Austria is far away, and Mr. Danes has taken our last guinea."

"I wish Frensy and his men might meet him on Maryborough Heath to-night," muttered the lad.

"What do you say?" the stranger asked him, his eyes flashing.

"He collected his rents today. He plays late at the Club-House, and rides home after midnight."

"Across Maryborough Heath? It is tempting Providence."

"He has half a dozen serving men, bristling with pistols."

"The pistols would go off of themselves if the rascals heard the name of Frensy," said the stranger, his black eyes dancing.

He turned to the lady.

"Madam," he said, "by the direct interposition of Providence I came to your door tonight. I owe a debt to your late husband which I can repay to his wife and children. You will trust me, Madam?"

The lady looked at him long and earnestly. "In the name of God I will trust you," she said.

"You will never repent it. I must leave you now, but an hour before daybreak I shall return with horses and money. A packet boat leaves Dublin for England tomorrow evening. You must travel by it on your way to Austria and the Lord Fitzgarret."

"We have no money."

"I shall bring the money. It will be your own, no gift, but the repaying of a debt. You do not need to thank me, Madam. It is I who have to thank you."

"I do not like to tell you to go in so wild a night."

"It is such a night as I like, when I am a full man and rested as I am, thanks to you, Lady Cashel. Remember me in your prayers. And be ready an hour before dawn."

. . . . . .

An hour before dawn there was a sound of horses' hoofs above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain. The moon lurked through a rift in the clouds, as the lady and her children closed the door of the cabin behind them. There were two horsemen and three led horses. Soon they were up and riding, and as the grey light throbbed in the east towards which their faces were turned the wind fell and there was promise of a quiet day.

"My comrade, Mr. Ulrick Burke, will go with you to Don John," said the stranger. "He has served under him and knows the ways of Europe as I know Munster. You can trust yourself in his hands. He is a man of honor."

"How shall I thank you?" asked the Countess, "and by what name shall I pray for you?"

"Ah!" The stranger was silent an instant.

"Do not ask my name now," he said. "It is not a safe one to hear within the four seas of Ireland. But I would not have you go forever without knowing it. At the bottom of the bag of guineas which I carry for you, you will find a sealed packet, addressed to Don John. My name is in it. I pray you not to open it until he opens it in your presence. Trust yourself altogether to Mr. Ulrick Burke. Ah! there are the Blasted Yews. It is time for me to turn back. Meanwhile think of me as one who loved your husband."

The three twisted and contorted trees stood out against a mild sky barred with rose and amber. The stranger had lit down from his horse, and was drawing the golden-hafted pistols from his saddle-bag.

"They are for you, Lord Cashel," he said to the lad. "Only draw them in the cause of honor. I have a pair as serviceable if less splendid. And, Madam, here are our guineas."

"They are really mine?" said the lady, in wonder, looking down upon the bag he held out to her.

"Madam, they are your own; the repaying of a debt, merely. Now, good

luck go with you! Heaven watch over you. Think of me sometimes in your prayers. Farewell, Ulrick."

The other horseman, who was young and comely, started as he heard his name. He had come out of a dream in which he had been staring at the bright fair face of the younger lady.

"As you pass by Derrybawn," he replied, "give it a greeting in my name, for I come home no more. Farewell. It is no country for a lover of freedom."

Many weeks later the three who had sat in the cabin round the turf fire stood together in a splendid apartment, appareled as befitted their station. A gentleman in black velvet, wearing a diamond collar and star, held the hand of the lady, and glanced with almost fatherly pride and affection from the face of the boy to the face of the girl. Under his other hand on the mantle shelf there lay a sealed packet.

"Well, Eleanor," he said, "your friend, whoever he may be, has my blessing forever since he has brought me you and these children; and has also restored me that rascal, Ulrick. He says there is no hope in Ireland, that the little light but flickered out again. The rogue will say nothing of his doings, but promises to be a pattern man henceforth. It would seem as though he were in love, and sick of his wild single days."

For a second his eyes rested merrily on his niece's face.

"He is a broken gentleman," sighed the Countess. "There are many such among the rogues and rapparees in Ireland. I do not say he has been one. He was the most courteous and gentle of guides to us. You will reward him for me, John."

"His Imperial Majesty has a better use for broken gentlemen," said Don John, "than to turn them into rogues and rapparees. He has been a soldier, and the old country called him home from certain glory. He will be a soldier again and will win renown. I love the lad and will take care of him, as I will of this lad of yours, Eleanor. How he gloats upon his pistols! He shall have a sword to match them."

"Will you not open the packet?" said the Countess. "I wish to know the name of our benefactor. I have not asked it even of Mr. Ulrick Burke, for he said you would tell it to us."

Don John broke the seals of the packet, and drew out a thin slip of writing:

> "Will the Countess remember in her prayers one who but restores her her own.
>
> MICHAEL FRENSY."

"Frensy the highwayman!" cried the Countess and her children together.

"A man of good family," said Don John thoughtfully. "They used to say of him that he robbed the rich to give to the poor. He and the like of him stood for law and justice in that most unhappy country. I remember, Eleanor, to have heard Richard speak of a service; doubtless he repays it in this way."

Mr. Ulrick Burke could if he would have told them of how unwillingly the rogue, Danes, had parted with his guineas, as though they had been his heart's blood. But Mr. Ulrick Burke said nothing. Ireland was no place for him in those days. His home was in Ennis, with nettles growing on its hearthstone, anl it behooved him to make a career and a home in a happier country. He was not the only gentleman in the Austrian Army who toasted Ireland in silence, with stern lips.

WAITING.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Be still, sad soul, be still!
Bend ye to Heaven's high will.
When the toilsome race is run,
And the summit strove for won,
When secrets are unsealed,
All hidden things revealed,
The mystery made known,
The good we doubted shown,
All questionings set at rest,
I'll say, "Well, God knew best."

Methought you went full soon,
In the rapture of the noon,
In the glory of the sun,
With the noble work begun—
In your grasp the magic wand
That would rouse our stricken land
A while you fain would stay,
But the call brooked no delay;
You sighed, and bowed your head,
And they put you with the dead.

But God is kind, and he
Will blunt the shaft to me;
Will stay the dripping woe
Ere my chalice overflow;
May let me end the race,
With the high sun on my face;
Fall nigh the fallen foe
('Twas thus you'd have me go).
At most, but some sad hours
And he'll call me when night low'rs.

O! at the Trysting Gate
With radiant face you'll wait,
With arms in love outspread
To take my weary head
And clasp it to your breast,
Where always it found rest;
You'll speak no word for joy,
But, crooning o'er your boy
Draw him into the Light
Where nevermore comes night.

A GLIMPSE AT PROCESSIONS IN CATHOLIC LANDS.

In Ponta Delgada, San Miguel, an impressive ceremony takes place on the fifth Sunday after Easter, when the statue of the Santo Christo is borne in solemn procession through the streets. There are many processions, during the year, in this picturesque town with its foreground of blue sea, and clustering orange groves covering the hillsides and throwing into relief the white houses embowered in gardens fragrant with incense trees.

The handsome flights of stairs leading up to the churches—usually built on the heights—prepare the visitor for the beauty of the interiors ornamented with much fine carving, and manifesting in every carefully-studied detail the devout spirit of the Catholics of the Azores. The chapel where the statue of the Holy Christ is enshrined has a beautifully carved fresco of flowers. Jewels of great value adorn the splendidly-robed image, and in its hand is a staff thickly encrusted with precious stones, the votive offerings of the faithful for favors received. The highest ecclesiastical, civil and military authorities are present in the procession of the Santo Christo, and crowds of people assemble from all the islands in the Azores group; military bands discourse sweet music; hymns are sung, banners float in the breeze, and the very air is sentient with the reverent thanksgiving of a truly Catholic people who thus bear witness before all men to the faith that is in them.

Among the many Lenten processions in various parts of the world, there is none more impressive than the "Procies-sao dos Passos," which takes place in Funchal, Maderia, on the fourth Sunday of Lent, when the images of the Saviour and our Blessed Lady are carried through the streets, under the escort of "Angels" —bands of children under seven years of age who float along in their filmy frocks, proud and glad of the honor conferred upon them, charming in their infantile grace and in their seraphic innocence full worthy of the part assigned them. The procession of Our Lady of Lourdes, Corpus Christi, and that of Ash Wednesday are also notable events, but none can compare with the procession of the Passion in inspiring religious thought and the desire to follow in the footsteps of the Master. Another great festa in Funchal is the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, whose aid is especially invoked by sailors, and the mothers, wives, and children, of the men at sea.

The presence of the Religious Orders in these processions, the quaint garb of many of the people, and many little incidents marking the celebration recall similar scenes in Catholic cities and Europe, such as those enacted in the streets of Seville in Holy Week, when the story of the Passion and the Resurrection is told again in the panorama of the procession—that beautiful, devotional practice instituted as a figure of life here below, the passage of the pilgrim from the bosom of God, through life's devious ways and besetting cares, to the rest and refreshment of eternity.

THE SANTO CHRISTO PROCESSION FORMING AT CHURCH DOOR, ST. MICHAEL, AZORES.

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION IN FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

PROCESSION IN HONOR OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

HOLY WEEK PROCESSION IN SEVILLE.

AVE, MARIA!

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Ave, Maria, the words are still ringing
As sweet and as clear as when Gabriel spoke;
Ave, Maria, our hearts are yet singing,
Whene'er, with glad accents, thine aid we invoke!
Ave, Maria, how deep the affection
That waits on the spell of thy beautiful name;
How perfect the trust in thy tender protection;
How grateful our hearts that thy kindness they claim!

Ave, Maria, because thou wert lowly
It pleased the Eternal to make thee His own;
Ave, Maria, no maid was more holy,
None fitter to hold in her bosom His Throne!
Hail to thee, Mother, we love and we praise thee
As virgin excelling in virtue the best;
Hail to thee, Mother, may Jesus, Who sways thee,
Unite us with thee in the Land of the Blest!

A TOLSTOY DRAMA AND A CRAIGIE COMEDY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

New York is trying hard to believe that it possesses a dramatic sensation in the shape of M. Bataille's dramatization of a Tolstoy novel, the latest, entitled solemnly, *Resurrection*. The pot is boiling over in consequence, and the howling witches, impersonated by the critics, the press agents, and the claque, dance about it laboriously, flinging in one ingredient after another, performing the incantation in Tolstoy's name, if by some happy chance they may lure the public to their entertainment. The critics have found it necessary, for reasons known only to themselves, to discuss the new drama in at least the space of a column, a generosity rarely wasted on worthier plays, and seemingly very much wasted on this one, which has been unanimously described as a commonplace melodrama, with no relationship to the Russian author's book save the taking name. In consequence of the turmoil, however, everyone is asking his neighbor: "Have you seen *Resurrection?*" Therefore, every neighbor has made up his mind to see the play before the end of the season, while the managers feel that they have made Tolstoy clear to the average man, and thereby elevated the stage.

BLANCHE WALSH AS KATUSHA IN "RESURRECTION."

Meanwhile quite a number of respectable people are asking in secret: "Who is Tolstoy?" Naturally they are ashamed to ask the question in public. There was a day, remote enough now it would seem, when if one mentioned Pear's soap or the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, no one hesitated to ask: "Who is Pear?" or "Who is Mrs. Humphrey Ward?" The answer advertised still more the person who sold soap or wrote novels. Now that no questions are asked and none answered, the rising generation is likely to grow up ignorant of the grand personality behind the popular soap and the popular novel. There seems no way of remedying this defect in our advertising methods. It would be an insult to all but the dead to locate and describe Tolstoy, who has been for twenty years in the hands of his advertisers. We have seen him in his moujik costume, whiskers, blouse, and bare feet, making and marring good shoes; we have marveled at a rugged face whose expression might sour the cream of an entire dairy; we have rejoiced that this expression is all external, for no man could live a minute if, like the measles, it struck in; we have (not) read all his fine books and some of

the others (at least in the book notices); and we know that his advertisers are cleverer than Rudyard Kipling's, since the Englishman suffered a set-back recently, although his star rose much later than Tolstoy's. Therefore, nothing shall be said about him here except to remind the young people that once upon a time Tolstoy was a novelist, and wrote at least one of the really great romances of the last century, his *War and Peace*. Beyond that no description can be given of him. One might safely say that for years he has been insane, were it not that the world at present holds so many like him. He has theories of life, which exclude the life to come; he believes in Christ, but not as the Son of God; he would apply to human conditions the teachings of Christ as he understands

THE PRINCE DIMITRI'S APPEAL.

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA

them; and he seems to hold the hope of a millennium, of an earthly paradise, when all men will live in peace, contentment, and sinlessness. His latest novel is on a familiar theme, the resurrection of a harlot from the grave of corruption.

Except for its views of Russian life the story is uninteresting, and will not be widely read. To tell it briefly: Prince Dimitri ruins a peasant girl, Katusha Maslova, and then leaves her to sink by degrees into a life of shame; after ten years they meet, he a juryman and she a criminal, in the court where Katusha is tried for murder; in spite of his protest, she is condemned as an accomplice in the crime, and sentenced to four years in Siberia; Prince Dimitri, overcome by the horror of her fate, the shame of her condition, his share

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE."

in her fall, determines to right her wrongs by a supreme sacrifice; he will marry her, and restore her to decency; he visits her in prison and after revealing himself asks her to marry him; though degraded, the angry Katusha spurns the Prince and his offer; whereupon he declares that he will follow her into exile, and never give up pursuit of her until she accepts his name and protection and returns to a life of inward holiness and outward respectability; impressed by his sincerity and his dream, Katusha in her Siberian exile finds conscience and love re-awaken; she resumes her former good life, nobly refuses to marry the Prince, dismisses him to his own with the assurance that his purpose has been attained, and marries a decent man, with whom she is to labor for the oppressed and suffering. In this story Tolstoy repeats his old theory of man's redemption from the slavery of sin, a redemption to be accomplished without supernatural aid, without Christ, and without religion, by simply following out the imperious dictates of conscience and the principles laid down by Christ, as interpreted by Tolstoy.

Undoubtedly the dramatists had a strong theme upon which to work in the story of Katusha the peasant and Dimitri the prince; and it seems incredible that they should have achieved so dire a failure. For no matter what the popular and financial success may be, the play is not far from rot in its language, and in its construction leads up to a mournful anti-climax. It is pardonable to give here a description of the drama in order to make clear farther on some great gaps in the dramatic art of the times. The first act sets forth the circumstances which lead up to the ruin of unfortunate Katusha, a ruin that might easily have been conveyed to the audience in the most sympathetic fashion, without offence, and without presenting the Prince as an utter reprobate, for whom no audience can feel any sympathy even in his repentance

until he has been horse-whipped. The Prince has come to stay a single night with his aunts in the home of his childhood. He is on his way to the war. Tender memories crowd upon him, his aunts shower him with loving attentions, the peasants crowd in to welcome him, from his window he looks out upon the plain and river silvered by the Easter moon, for it is midnight of Holy Saturday, the church bells ring out their glad message of the Resurrection, and men salute one another with the cry: Christ is risen! Only a French dramatist could choose the place, the time, the occasion so inaptly for a vision of sin in its most repulsive form. With the indifference of a demon the Prince spreads his snare for the innocent, making use of his aunt's house, of his childhood's home, of its tenderest memories, of the very festival to accomplish his vile purpose; and the result not only leaves the audience in perfect apathy as far as the first act is concerned, but it alienates from the Prince that sympathy which the hero must have and deserve in every healthy drama. The general feeling as the curtain goes down is that some one should chuck him out of the window into the moon-lit stage river. What a success for a professional dramatist in the very first act!

The second act has two scenes, the jury-room in which Katusha's fate is settled, and the parlor in which the Prince announces to his betrothed the annulment of their engagement. Ten years have passed since the fall of Katusha, and in his seat among the jury Prince Dimitri recognizes the woman he had ruined. Horrified by her condition, he makes some timid and ineffective efforts to secure her acquittal, he hears her cry of anguish at the sentence to Siberia, he resolves to sacrifice himself in order to restore her to her former respectability, and he secures his release from his betrothed. The jury-scene is humorous and effective, the other is trifling and foolish.

The third act is concerned with the prison in which Katusha awaits the execution of the sentence, and with the result of the Prince's offer. As the only strong part of the play, its climax both in interest and in feeling, it is the only part worth consideration. The prison is filled with wretched women, among whom sits Katusha, no more the lovely girl of the prologue, but a poor outcast, sodden with whiskey, and dumb with despair. Her appearance is repulsive, and nothing distinguishes her from the rabble about her, except the sympathy of one poor woman who has found a way to her withered heart. The inquiries, the tenderness, the attentions of this woman bring out two facts about Katusha: that her happy past has been blotted from her memory, and any reminder of it causes her bitter pain. These facts show the audience that Prince Dimitri will have something to work upon when he comes to sacrifice himself at the shrine of duty. His first disappointment upon meeting his poor victim is her inability to recognize him. Half stupid with drink, Katusha sees in him only the powerful and wealthy man who may save her from Siberia. Mournfully he places before her bleared vision a photograph, a picture of their youth and innocence, of Dimitri the student and Katusha the maid, before sin had destroyed them. With difficulty Katusha recalls the scene and the characters, rage blazes in her heart, her mind becomes clear, and she leaps at the throat of Prince Dimitri with the wild beast's thirst for vengeance. In vain he makes his explanations, protests his sorrow, and offers his atonement; low as she is, his offer of marriage is taken as an insult; recklessly Katusha repels all his advances, curses him, mocks at him; and only when he makes the solemn declaration that he will never give her up until

she changes her life for the better is she at all impressed by his sincerity.

The fourth act takes place in the kitchen of the prison hospital, to which Prince Dimitri has had Katusha transferred, and the fifth at a station on the road to Siberia. Katusha has reformed, and bid eternal farewell to a life of sin; and she has also reached such a height of perfect love for Prince Dimitri as to refuse his final offer of marriage. They part forever, in sight of that moon-lit plain and river which had witnessed their innocence and their sin; it is midnight of Holy Saturday, the bells ring out their tidings of resurrection, the peasants sing their Easter hymn; the weeping Katusha murmurs to her Prince the words: "Christ is risen," and as he goes over the hill his answer comes back: "Peace be with you!"

Apart from the faulty construction of the drama, noticed by all the critics, there exists a confusion of ideas between Tolstoy and his dramatist. Its result is a confusion of methods in the staging and acting of the play. The religion of the Prince and the heroine is Christian. Whatever skepticism possesses Dimitri, Katusha has no share in it. Whatever share Dimitri had in her reform, for Katusha the finishing stroke would necessarily be given by religion. This is made perfectly clear by the dramatist, since in the opening of the first act the church bells ring, the actors make the sign of the cross, they salute one another with the ancient antiphon, "Christ is risen, peace be with you," and to the Ikon, or shrine, at the door with its little lamp burning, all make a reverence. In the prison scene, at one side stands a crucifix with its lamp burning; at the moment Dimitri so solemnly declares he will never leave his victim, Katusha is standing near this shrine; when he is gone she ponders for a few minutes over his words; and her hand falling suddenly on the crucifix she starts, gazes intently on the figure of the Christ, and seems about to fall on her knees when the prison guard interrupts the scene. Finally, the farewell of the penitents takes place amid the same Christian symbols with which the play opened, and the last words of the play are: "Christ is risen" and "Peace be with you." These details are perfectly proper, and show that resurrection came to Katusha through her revived faith, through her religion. Unfortunately the dramatist seems to have lost sight of this fact, and the rest of the play is as pagan as Herbert Spencer himself might make it. Prince Dimitri seems to be a pagan at all times, Katusha is Christian only in the stage details mentioned; the same may be said for the other characters, and at the close the confusion is perfect. With an anti-climax, a confusion of principles and methods, a loose construction, and the singular fact that there are only two characters in the play, one can hardly see a future for *Resurrection.* The speaking parts number forty-seven, of which forty-five simply fill in the scenes behind Dimitri and Katusha. The result is somewhat watery melodrama.

The chief characters of the drama are played by two actors of Catholic faith, Miss Blanche Walsh and Mr. Joseph Haworth, and their personal success has so far carried the play triumphantly. No doubt if they had the staging of *Resurrection,* from their acquaintance with Catholic practices, logical sequence in the development of Katusha might have had exposition. No doctoring or tinkering, however, can save a play deficient in vitality from its birth. Tolstoy and his dramatist both undertook to solve a problem which no power on earth may solve except pure Christianity. The problem plays have proved one other thing besides their own vacuity: that Christ alone provides the solution for the insoluble problems of life. Tolstoy, in his novel,

supposed the existence in nature of a power equal to grace, a power which lifted both Katusha and Dimitri from the mud and placed them on the level of justice. His failure to convince mankind in general emphasizes the historical fact that Christ, the Son of God, alone was able to make Mary Magdalen the admiration of the world.

In strong contrast on all points is Mr. Hackett's production of *The Bishop's Move* at the Manhattan theatre. This play, announced as a London success, is from the facile pen of Mrs. Craigie, known to fame as John Oliver Hobbes, author of several plays and novels, and dear to Catholics as a convert to the Faith. Though at present residing in England, Mrs. Craigie is a Boston girl, before her marriage Miss Pearl Richards. Her success, both as dramatist and novelist, has been artistic rather than popular, but it has been none the less emphatic. Her work is of a high order of talent, remarkable for its wit, expressed in a concise, clear, elegant style. As far as the construction of her drama is concerned, she has nothing to fear from comparison with M. Bataille's *Resurrection*, and the contrast on all points is entirely in her favor. Her theme is wholesome, its treatment delightful, the characters natural and lovable, and the drama well-constructed. With this statement, however, praise comes to an end. The play is without any plot worth mentioning, its emotions are slender and most polite, the incidents are few and simple, and the atmosphere as quiet as a Sunday afternoon in Brooklyn. It reminds one of George Ade's short review of a book, which I cannot resist quoting from memory. The book was of a sort familiar to readers of "The Christian Advocate," and entitled "The Adventures of Paul Pepper, Gardener," Mr. Ade reviewed it thus:

"Paul is discovered in the first chapter walking down an English lane, putting one foot in front of the other until he arrives at a house with windows, doors, and a three-legged stool. Paul enters by the door, and sits on the stool near the window. Nothing happens until page 150, when Paul decides to sell the red cow. Very interesting book for those who like that sort of thing: but what's the use?"

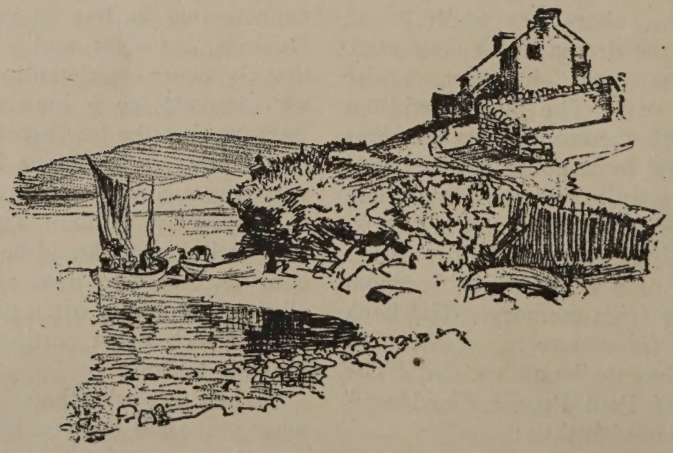
In Mrs. Craigie's play nothing ever happens, and nothing really seems to matter, except the witty conversations and the scenery. The central figure is Bishop Ambrose, of Rance, whose nephew Francis thought he had a vocation for the Church. The Duchess of Quenten charmed that idea out of him with her eyes of sapphire blue, and a little girl named Barbara, who allowed him to do all the talking while she did all the adoring, quite convinced him of the advantages of matrimony. The interest of the play hinges on the desperate flirtation of the Duchess with dear Francis. In this caper the lady does all the talking while Francis does the adoring, and the witty Duchess thus fails to discover that the boy is rather stupid, too stupid to make the distinction between his fascination for the brilliant woman and his true love for little, sober, unintelligent Barbara. The Bishop steps in to make all these parties acquainted with the facts in the case. Very pleasantly he discovers to his nephew that he has no vocation, to the Duchess, his dear and admired friend, that she never could continue in love with so commonplace a man as Francis, to Barbara that the boy loves only her, and to the boy his own true love. It is all very sweet and innocuous. The bishop as played by William Thompson is all that such a man should be under the circumstances. The lines are amusing at all times, and very often witty.

"It is such an art, cutting things short," says the bishop.

"When you ask others for advice as to what you shall do, you may be sure it's something you don't want to do," says the Duchess, about deciding a vocation.

"When I look at the capers of young people, I'm glad I'm no longer young; it's such a relief to have it over and done with," sighs the old bishop.

The dramatist made the same mistake as Bataille in *Resurrection*: there are but two characters in *The Bishop's Move*. All the others have merely their exits and their entrances, and each one plays less than an actor's part. Consequently there is a great dearth of incident, too much stress is laid upon what incident there is, and the play fails to score. When an audience yawns in the middle of each act, alas for the play! It seems rather late in the day for dramatists of standing to trip in essentials, to blunder into anti-climaxes, to suppress all characters but two, to write a play which acts a melo-drama, a comedy which evaporates in the acting, or a farce which acts a comedy; yet such things continue to happen, and will happen even later in the day. One good but little-noticed result will follow from *Resurrection* and *The Bishop's Move*. Most touching and instructive is it to see the beautiful Christian customs of the Russian people illustrated in the play; the shrine in the house and in the prison, with its burning lamp, the reverence paid to it on entering and leaving, the bells ringing in honor of Easter morning, the holy salutations of the people in honor of the risen Christ,—they are so strongly in contrast with the pagan homes of this country, where religion gets no expression in public, except in church, where its beautiful symbols are relegated to the bed-rooms, and externally the home of the Christian is not to be distinguished from that of the pagan. And so in *The Bishop's Move* non-Catholics are brought into social touch with a Catholic bishop, can study him not only in himself, but through his relationships with others, with his nephew, his sister, his friends, and his subordinates, and can then generalize with great benefit to themselves on the bishops of actual life. These facts can be recommended to the fluent editors whose readiness to condemn the play matches their knowledge of the modern drama.



MUNICIPAL MISRULE AND ITS CURE.

Discussed by Laurence Minot, James F. Cary, Louis D. Brandeis, William T. A. Fitzgerald, Frank Parsons, Albert E. Pillsbury.

In view of the many recent exposures of police corruption and venality in office in the large cities throughout the country, and the growing importance and relevancy of the discussion of the municipal government, we place before our readers this month statements made to our representative by men who have given the subject earnest study. It is one demanding the instant attention of all citizens. Municipal ills are many, universal, and various. In discussing the subject recently, an expert said: "All those whose opinions it is worth while to take into account are of one mind. They are agreed that shameful ills exist, even when they certainly disagree as to the course which should be pursued in doing away with them."

"Business Men in a Great Measure Responsible."

BY LAURENCE MINOT, CHAIRMAN BUSINESS MEN'S CITY GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUB.

Just how much of what we read about present municipal corruption is truth and how much journalistic exigence is a question difficult to answer; without close study one would be rash indeed to assert positively that our city governments are grossly corrupt. We all, however, are aware that our cities are not governed as well as they easily might be, and that there are grave abuses of the privileges of office. We see corrupt men gain, by the votes of the citizens, positions which are to them merely a source of personal profit. Business men are in a great measure responsible for this. Few of them take office, some of them even fail to go to the polls, and nearly all are profoundly ignorant of the merits of many of the candidates whose names are found on the ballot. No business man would think of entrusting a large part of his capital in the hands of a concern of which he knew nothing except the name, and yet when it comes to the care of city affairs he blindly accepts the nominations made by his party and votes for men of whom he knows nothing but that they have his party's endorsement, and what he may learn from the prëelection biographies in the papers. A passing glance at the headlines of a favorite morning paper, the paper of his own party, and one that will probably ignore anything evil in its doings, suffices for political knowledge. The success of democracy depends upon the active and intelligent coöperation of all the citizens, in the affairs of government. It is about time for the business men to take a hand in the governing of our municipalities, in which respect they have hitherto been most remiss. The cultivation of civic pride and devotion is of prime importance for the cure of our civic ills.

A second remedy is publicity. The records of candidates are known to but a few of those who vote for them. One of the duties of a citizen non-partisan organization is to look into the records of every candidate, to critically examine his political past. With the fear of such examination the party organizations would use greater care in selecting representatives; that their acts will be scrutinized and that their continuance in office depends upon good behavior would serve as a warning to those who seek office.

Men who would not be appointed to any responsible office in any financial or business house are elected to positions of influence and responsibility, where they vote away millions of the people's money simply because men who help elect them are ignorant of the facts. If the voters were warned such mistakes would not occur.

These two remedies, a cultivation of the civic virtue, and publicity, will go a good way towards correcting whatever real abuses there may be. Non-partisan organizations, all organizations for that matter, should foster higher standards of public duty and integrity, should cultivate the individual's sense of responsibility. It is the duty of every citizen to cast a ballot. It is the duty of each voter to cast his ballot only after he knows to what course he binds himself by that act of delegating his active civic duties. If the records of all candidates were brought into publicity, and if each citizen performed his duty of selecting representatives, and did this conscientiously, our municipal misrule would cease.

"Correction Lies in Change of Industrial Conditions."

BY JAMES F. CARY, REPRESENTATIVE OF SOCIALIST PARTY IN STATE LEGISLATURE.

Most emphatically it must be asserted that the government of our large cities is grossly corrupt. There is hardly need to say that nowadays, for every man who uses his eyes can see it. The questions now presenting themselves for elucidation are not as to the existence of these evils, but as to their cause and cure. And, as I have time and again pointed out, the remedy lies deeper than any mere surface correction such as is always proposed when the evils become so noisome that the general public is offended. We have had investigations on top of investigations, but what have they amounted to? No party dares press its rival too closely for fear that that rival will turn round and investigate it. The Republicans are as deep in the mire as the Democrats; and the latter know it, and the former know that the latter know it. A consciousness that they are both in the same boat prevents one rocking the other too much lest both be spilled. What can you do when such a tacit combination exists? Nothing. Corruption is the root and branch of party organization. Understand me, by corruption I mean the influencing of the action of electors and officials by money, by chances, by exercise of any and every means to attaining an end coveted by the elector or official, and an end not attainable by other means, but which is probably attainable if he acts in a suggested way. In other words, corruption is pay, whatever the coin. Of course, in city politics we have to contend with corruption in its simplest form, the use of money for the purchase of votes, or the award of city jobs.

The economic condition of the working-man is the root of the evil. Take, for instance, the case of a man who has no work and must eat. If you were starving and possessed the keen desire for life existent in every healthy-minded man you would know that you would do anything for a square meal. It's easy to buy the soul when the will is degraded by destitution and the body weakened by starvation. Our politicians know this; they deal in the satisfaction of the economic want of the working-man; they use him when necessity, the foul necessity of our present economic conditions, has driven him to put his head in their halter. The fault is not with the people. Do you think that any man says to himself: "I'll go to my city treasury and pay myself five dollars for my vote?" No. That is nonsense. But there is vast

wealth stored up and part of it the politicians have in their party purse. How did all this wealth become stored up? Because the people do not get a just return for their labor, because part of their earnings are diverted from them. That is what makes politics corrupt, this need of money, this want of a job, this excess of workers over the demand for work. The politician knows he can feed the industrial hungry with scraps; scraps will fill a starving man, and he will work for them.

The correction of this lies in the change of our industrial conditions, far deeper than in the increase of the responsibility of the executive or the establishment of the referendum or any one of these panaceas timidly offered. It lies in that regulation of conditions which the Socialist Party advocates. Let the hours of labor be so arranged that every man may work who wants to. Let us have no drones. Drones must die. Let men who want work have it. And the way to do this is to put an end to this boasted economy of production. The produce comes no cheaper for the working man for all our machines and labor-saving devices. Then, if wages are even and every man performs those duties required of him, this rage and battle for the hard-earned increment that is filched from the workers, or for which men are degraded from the ranks of honest labor, will cease and all the ills that branch from it.

At this time one evil to fight is the saloon. A man gets a license because he "stands in" with his district representative, and he knows that in return for his license his beer must flow at his representative's pleasure. There is where and how our young men are destroyed as citizens, degraded, made tools. Certainly if we cannot at present change the system, at least we can deprive the politician of some of his tools. But the true cure, like the ills themselves, lies in a change of the economic conditions of the workingman.

"What We Need, First and Foremost, Is Intelligent Public Opinion."

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, REPRESENTATIVE CITIZEN.

The fundamental cause of municipal misrule in Boston is the ignorance of the people of Boston of the facts relating to the administration of the city and to the character of persons who hold offices. A complete cure can come only by substituting knowledge for ignorance.

A very large majority of the people of Boston prefer good government to bad government. The trouble is that few people realize how bad the government is in many respects, or how they are misrepresented by many of the office-holders. If we could get the people to know the facts, they could not help thinking about them, and an efficient remedy would inevitably follow.

What we need, therefore, first and foremost, is intelligent public opinion. You cannot have that without knowledge —detailed knowledge—of the facts. This knowledge cannot be had unless the citizens of Boston will give time to the subject. The people must make it their business to know who and what the officials of Boston are and what they are doing.

When they get this knowledge, we shall have in office men who really represent the people—men who are both competent and honest—men who will realize that it is no better than stealing to take pay from the city for work that is not performed—men who will realize that it is as wrong to have the city employ and pay any person who does not give value received in work as it is to take the equivalent in dollars out of the city till—men who will realize that it is as wrong to take money from the city by making it

pay excessive values for real estate which the city requires as it is to take so much money out of the city till—men who will realize that it is as wrong for office-holders to grant franchises or other favors to corporations, without adequate compensation to the city, in consideration of assistance in securing elections, as it is to take the equivalent in money out of the city till—men who will realize these things and not do wrong.

Mayor Collins is doing his uttermost to give Boston an honest and efficient government. We need a Board of Aldermen every member of which will do the same.

"Remedy Lies Primarily With the Electors."

BY WM. T. A. FITZGERALD, CHAIRMAN OF BOSTON DEMOCRATIC CITY COMMITTEE.

That the conditions of municipal government in a large city, today, are not ideal, is true, and inevitable. Men are elected to office by the citizens of their district; if they are not the best representatives that reformers would wish it is with the electors themselves that the fault lies. On the other hand, that no such corruption exists as some would have us believe is indisputably true as far as Boston is concerned. As to the existence of gross evils in other cities, of course I cannot speak since I am not familiar with them, but my experience in Boston leads me to believe that newspaper reports, from which we have derived nearly our whole knowledge of these corrupt practises, are not gospel truth. The newspapers are not to blame. It is their business to publish news, and political news of the headline quality is usually given out by the party not in power. It is its ambition to supplant the present incumbents, and party managers seem to hold it their duty to blacken the reputations of office-holders, to cast doubt on the honesty of their motives, to grossly exaggerate every failing, and to use every means offered to vilify them. In Boston this is obviously true. I have no hesitation in asserting that, everything considered, few city governments are as blameless as ours today. In the person of our present mayor we have an executive who commands the respect of every fair-minded citizen. The city departments are well managed. Under this administration no private contracts are given out. It is possible that there are some men in and about city hall who are not highly educated, also some who do not appreciate the highest standards of civic life. But as things go this is inevitable. These men have been elected to office by the citizens of their district and the correction of abuses lies with the electors. The greatest evil in modern city politics is the universal demand for a "city job." The man without education wants work in the sewer department or the paving department: the man with education wants a clerkship. If the candidate he voted for is elected he expects an appointment; if he does not get it his anger knows no bounds and his tongue no guard. He is a tool ready forged for the hand of the party not in power. Stories of corruption can usually be traced to a man who did not get a job. That such stories should be accepted without question and published broadcast is proof that those who publish are driven hard for evidence. The Democratic party of Boston will tolerate no corruption and will disown those in whose conduct anything reprehensible is found.

There is one reform movement that I am heartily in favor of, the election of the aldermen at large. By selecting candidates from the whole city the best candidates will be brought forward, and those elected will be representative of the best element of our citizens. I think that from

the importance of the Upper Chamber if the aldermen were selected from the whole city and not by districts as at present the personnel of our city governments would be more universally satisfactory. Today we are obliged to accept the choice of a small district for each alderman, and that abuses can creep in under such a system experience has shown us. The remedy for these lies primarily with the electors, but I am convinced that the nomination and election of the aldermen at large would tend to the election of better officers, by distributing the responsibility and at the same time increasing it.

"Employ the Referendum."

BY FRANK PARSONS, PROFESSOR IN BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

It has come to be perfectly clear that representation does not represent, and a little consideration will show that even under the most favorable circumstances, delegate law cannot be relied on to represent the people's will. Time after time, when a number of constitutional amendments and other measures prepared by legislative bodies, with the utmost care, have gone to the people, part or all have been rejected, though passed by legislature after legislature with overwhelming majorities, and totally free from any suspicion of fraud, being intended from the start for reference to citizens.

Several instances might be cited showing that the will of the people is often directly antagonistic to the will of the so-called representatives. The best of men, the ablest of statesmen, do not really know what the people want. The only way is to ask or permit the people to demand what they want.

The remedy for the misrule of so-called representative government in the city, state, or nation, is by the extension of direct legislation through the Initiative and the Referendum.

The Initiative is the proposal of a measure by a reasonable percentage of the voters.

The Referendum is the submission of a measure to the people for final approval or rejection; obligatory, when all but urgency measures must be submitted; optional, when submission may be required by petition of a reasonable percentage of voters; legislative, when the option of submission is in the legislature or city council; executive when the option is with the mayor or governor.

Direct legislation will destroy the power of representatives to legislate for a personal end, undermine the power of rings and bosses, take cities out of the slums and civilize them, tend to wipe out party lines in voting on important questions, relieve legislators from the pressure of private and corporate interests and compel the people to think and act.

"Return to the Principle of the Town Meeting."

BY ALBERT E. PILLSBURY, FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL, STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The adoption of city government involves abandonment of the town meeting, justly regarded, not only by us who have been brought up under it, but by all intelligent students of public questions, as the best form of local rule ever applied to our affairs. It makes every voting citizen a member of the governing body, with a direct share of the power and responsibility. The majority, which always desires good government, is actually in control. For this, city government substitutes a representative system which is not in fact representative. It does not, as a rule, actually reflect the opinions or desires of the people. Cut off from direct participation in the government, divested of the sense of responsibility which goes hand in hand with power, his part re-

duced to voting once a year, usually for the candidates of a packed caucus, the average citizen, except in some emergency, lapses into indifference and his weight ceases to be felt in the scale. Under the one system he is on the spot, looking after his own affairs; under the other, while in theory represented by the one-hundredth or five-hundredth part of an alderman or councilman, in truth he counts for no more than a cipher in the sum total of the results. In proportion as the will and conscience of the individual citizen are eliminated from it, the character of the government declines. It ceases to be government by or of the people. An essential factor of the problem is to bring back the people to the actual control of their affairs.

Two rules or principles seem essential to efficient municipal organization. First, the whole executive power and responsibility should be vested in a single head. Second, all legislative power—the power to determine all questions of the general policy of the city—should be vested in a single council, so large as to be a real representative body. In short the system must contain the means of developing the true public sentiment, by responsible public discussion, and the means of efficient execution of the policy and the measures ordained by the deliberative branch.

The powers of the council being wholly of a legislative character, confined to settling the broader questions of policy which arise in city affairs, its duty is substantially discharged in the enacting of standing ordinances—and the fewer they are and the less they are meddled with the better—and in determining, once in each year, the amount and general destination of all appropriations and of the tax levy or loans required to meet them. These questions once disposed of, the whole power and duty of carrying the policy of the council into effect is left to the executive. For all these purposes, a few meetings early in the year would ordinarily be enough. The members of the council being thus relieved of the necessity of constant attendance and attention throughout the year public-spirited citizens may be induced to accept membership in such numbers as to make it a truly representative body of the whole people, restoring to city government the vigor and directness of control, and the element of personal interest in the governing power, which was lost in abandoning the town meeting.

It is idle to talk of wholly eliminating the influence of political parties from any form of municipal government. Our habits of political thought and action will always make themselves felt. Non-partisan city government must be secured by indirection, if at all. Fix upon the head of the government a degree of responsibility, which he cannot evade and dare not abuse, and it will make little difference what party label he wears. Make the representative body so large that no scheme can be carried through it on party lines or from partisan motives, and the government will be as free from partisan influence as any government can be where political parties exist.

THE VOYAGE OF THE THISTLE.

A Story of the Passage of an Irish Emigrant Vessel Sixty-One Years Ago, and of One of Her Passengers.

BY WILLIAM HALLEY (OLD-TIMER).

Eighteen hundred and forty-two is the year of which I write. They had hard times in Ireland then, and the emigration fever had strongly infected the Irish people. Thousands were leaving the Old Land and sailing away to Canada, the United States and Australia; in fact, wherever there was a friend to be found, or the prospect of an opportunity awaiting them. During that decade the population of Ireland had reached a figure that nearly doubled what it is at the present day. Eighteen hundred and forty-two was an eventful year. It was in that year Daniel O'Connell commenced holding his monster meetings; Father Mathew was vigorously carrying on his temperance crusade; and Duffy and Dillon and Davis started the Dublin Nation; there was in England a movement for repealing the Corn laws, which had given some protection to the farmers, and the change was of course bad for the rural industries. Canada was passing through the throes of responsible government, and the crown was offering free lands to settlers. Those factors drew tens of thousands of Irish emigrants in that direction, many in the hope of securing homes in the Queen's Bush of Canada West.

It was on the 20th day of April, 1842, the good brig Thistle, commanded by Captain Thomas, left the port of Waterford, with a cargo of emigrants destined for the port of Quebec. All available vessels in the harbors of Ireland were being prepared that spring for the emigrant trade, and many of them were bound for the port of picturesque Quebec. On their return trips they were loaded with timber.

The Thistle was a brig, and had not capacity for many passengers. A larger and newer vessel, named the "Ann Jeffrey," was soon to follow her, and those who could wait preferred to take passage in the latter. The Thistle booked seventy-five steerage and two cabin passengers. The captain was a Welshman and had a good reputation as a careful commander, inspiring confidence among passengers. The preparations were simple enough. The steward was consulted by all as to the quantity and kind of provisions each family should be provided with, and he advised chiefly a plentiful supply of sea biscuits. I believe five pounds was the passage money demanded of each adult.

The quay of Waterford at that time was one of the most beautiful in the world. The place of departure was not only historic, but picturesque. The Dane, the Norman, and the Huguenot, each in succession, had trodden its hallowed ground, as well as the Gael. It possessed an extensive trade in corn, hogs, butter, and other provisions, but the city was not prosperous.

There were many lamentations and tearful farewells on the quay the day the Thistle sailed. It is on such occasions that the deep-rooted affection of the Irish peasantry for their kindred breaks out and shows itself. You would think that the heart-strings of some of the emigrants would snap, so poignant was the grief of the women; yet there was mixed with it an almost equal proportion of cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits.

The use of the Gaelic language was then general among the peasantry of Waterford county, and many a "bannacht

lath" and "Dia dhuit" might be heard in the affectionate leave-taking. Other expressions were in English, such as "Good-bye, old Waterford!" "Farewell, Kilkenny, forever!" "Hurrah for Mullinavat and the sky over it!" "God bless old Ireland! may she yet be free!" "Hurrah for the green fields of America!"

At that time clothes were very different in style from what they are now. Corduroy was the material then made into men's garments, in Ireland, and knee breeches and woolen stockings were the rule, with coats of a homespun material known as frieze. Dress waistcoats, with large patterns in the material, were generally ornamental; the everyday, loose, flannel waistcoat was quite common on land, but was not considered fashionable on board of ship. Dandies in towns wore what might be described as illustrated trousers and illuminated waistcoats. Brogan shoes, plentifully paved with hob nails, were in general use among the peasantry, and usually lasted for years. Hats were of various kinds, but men who aimed to be considered genteel wore very tall beaver hats that looked like stove-pipes. "Caubeens," a home-made style of head-gear, were worn by the commonality, and the emigrants never thought those homely articles of dress would be out of place in the land they were making for. Short socks were as yet unknown. The frieze coats were cut a good deal as dress coats are now and were ornamented with large brass buttons.

Among the women only the town matrons and lasses wore bonnets, for the white-frilled muslin caps were then in vogue. The women's dresses were mostly of English prints and brown stuffs, cut loose, with big "bishop" sleeves. The fashions had not yet become "clinging." While the "small clothes" of the men invaded America, so did the hooded "Spanish cloaks" of the women, graceful garments made of fine black cloth. The younger women, however, wore "mantles" of different materials and colors, and these were much more becoming than shawls.

The day the Thistle departed was the perfection of Irish weather, and the sail down the noble estuary of the Suir was exhilarating. Vista after vista was disclosed until Passage was reached, and the pilot left for shore. The passengers were soon at work setting their effects to rights, and getting acquainted with one another. The usual narrow berths were the sleeping apartments, one above another, but all open to view, except where temporary screens were put up to gain some privacy. There were not more than half a dozen separate apartments, and these were assigned to emigrants who had large families and were able and willing to pay something extra for the accommodation. Boxes of all kinds were ranged along the bunks, and the exercise of some agility was necessary to avoid injury to shins. The cabin seemed to be vacant until the vessel had been out some days on her voyage.

In place of the few coasting vessels and steamers that were then plying in and out of Irish harbors there ought to have been four times as many if Ireland had her due, but her trade had been almost destroyed by English restrictions on trade and commerce.

The emigrants who took passage on the Thistle were very much alike, all being from within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles of the place of their embarkation. They were mostly farming folk, but there were some traders and craftsmen among them, a considerable group of the latter being coopers who had lost their employment on account of the closing of the bacon-curing house in which they had worked. It was compelled to close for lack of trade. There were some

stalwart men among them, an acquisition to any country. The women were comely, cheerful, and willing to take up any honorable employment that offered, no matter how hard it might be. Most of them could read and write, for the National schools and the Christian Brothers schools had for some little time been established in that part of Ireland. The way both English and Irish were used established the fact that they were a bilingual people.

Hook, Crook, Passage, Tramore, the "Metal Man," were watched with interest as the good ship glided by until Cape Clear was reached, and the green hills of Erin faded away from view, for many forever. The steamer "Nora Creina" was the last reminder of the Irish coast, as she sailed rapidly by.

"The sheep fed afar on the hills of the land,"
As westward sailed this expatriated band.

The first night an aged man, named Tobin, stood up in the steerage and addressed the passengers: "My friends," said he, "I suppose we are all good Catholics here; we are embarked on a voyage across the Atlantic, on a dangerous sea, and it would be proper for us to offer ourselves to the protection of Almighty God, and say the Rosary every night before we retire to our bunks." To this proposition there was a general assent and all knelt down and said the Rosary. This was followed by the second mate coming to the hatchway and singing out, "Nine o'clock! Out lights, out lights!"

Next day was fair but the wind was brisk. The vessel was tacking to catch the breeze, when a Yankee clipper under full sail hove in sight, to the admiration of all. Following the excitement and stir caused by this incident was another happening of interest to the emigrants. Two sailors came up from the hold of the vessel with a stowaway grasped tightly between them. He told an affecting story of why he wanted to go to America, said he was willing to work his passage, and evoked considerable sympathy,—the women pleading for him with the captain,—but it was all of no avail. A vessel bound for Cork was hailed soon after and, to his great chagrin, he was returned to the Irish shore. The third day another stowaway came up from below, presented himself to the captain, and asked to be permitted to work his passage. The vessel was then so far from land that he could not be returned, and he proved an admirable sailor, as well as a companionable man to the passengers.

The day following, to the surprise of the steerage people, the cabin was found to be tenanted. A young man and a woman, apparently a few years his senior, presented themselves at the door, to enjoy the sea breezes, and to observe the ship and her passengers. They were gazed upon with interest by their fellow travelers on deck, but no words were exchanged, and presently they retired to their cabin, and were not again visible.

Both were dressed in the genteel fashion of the day and looked like city people. The young man did not look more than seventeen; he was of medium size, slimly built, dark of complexion, pale and sickly-looking. He had high cheek bones, a straight nose, whitish eyes, and curly hair. The young woman's features were much the same as those of her companion, her brother. After their return to the cabin there was some discussion as to their identity. Some one said they belonged to the Fleury family of Waterford; another denied it; but their identity was not then made known. It was only revealed to the writer, many years afterwards, by a fellow passenger, who was then a prominent man of business in an Illinois town. The young man became distinguished in three countries,—but the mention of his name and fame will come

later on. He and his sister disappeared in some manner known only to the officers of the vessel and the crew. Their appearance and disappearance were alike mysterious.

Johnny Morrissy was the cabin boy. He was a favorite with the passengers, but more especially the women, one of whom endeavored to divert him from a sailor's life, advising him to go to work for a farmer. "I don't like driving donkeys," he said, "and living on praties and gruel." I often wondered if he were the same John Morrissy who became famous in after years in New York, as a pugilist and politician.

Discussions were rife on the Thistle, among her various groups. There was the Repeal group headed by Dunphy, and the Teetotaller group headed by Tobin, and there was the group of coopers headed by O'Brien. "Will O'Connell get the repail?" was one absorbing question. Another was "Will Father Mathew make Ireland a nation of teetotallers?" There were two ex-public-house keepers among the lot, who were emigrating because their occupation in Ireland was gone. One of the bright men on the ship was a returning Canadian settler who went back to Ireland to bring out his sister's family. He was an oracle in describing conditions in both the United States and Canada, and was always well listened to.

The passengers were not without their diversions, and frequently had music, singing and dancing. One man played the fiddle and another an accordion, and the stowaway proved to be quite a vocalist. "Irish Molly O" and "The Wind That Shakes The Barley" were popular airs at that time, and so was "Jim Crow," which had been imported shortly before from America.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the man who "threw the line" to ascertain how many knots an hour the ship was making. One day the wind freshened and was in front. The vessel rose and sank in what appeared to be an alarming manner and a group of four or five sitting on the poop got alarmed, and one of them exclaimed, "Oh! if our friends at home only saw us now wouldn't they be frightened!"

But that was nothing. A few days later a tremendous storm arose; all the sails but one were taken in; the waves struck the sides of the ship with terrible force; all the passengers had to go below, and the hatches were fastened down; the people engaged in prayer, and sang hymns to the Virgin. The waves ran so high that it looked as if the vessel was voyaging to the moon. I shall never forget the hoarse trumpet calls of the captain to the sailors. The violence of the storm was so great that one sailor fell from the rigging and was drowned, it being impossible to rescue him. A child who had been sick died, and the next day the little body was thrown overboard. A woman, "Red" Jane Thompson, had a very narrow escape from being washed overboard where the bulwarks were broken. She was caught by the second mate just as she was floating out on a receding wave that had washed the deck. The vessel was blown so far out of her course that it took the good captain several days to recover his proper latitude and longitude. The suffering during the storm was intense, and, though borne up by prayer, and manifesting much fortitude, many of the passengers declared they would not endure such pain and anxiety again for all the land in America. A vessel, wrecked in the storm, was found floating on the ocean without masts or sails. She turned out to be a newly built timber freighter belonging to Quebec. It was then the passengers were convinced that the Thistle was a staunch craft and Captain Thomas a reliable commander.

When the Banks of Newfoundland were reached the vessel was in deepest darkness. She was immersed in fog for three days and seemed to be going down in the depths all the time. There were other Irish emigrant vessels in like peril, and the doleful sound of the tolling bells was the only thing that led us to know we were still on the earth. At last the vessel emerged from the terrible pall, light broke upon her, and she was in the beautiful gulf of St. Lawrence with many gaily-rigged vessels within sight. All was now warmth and sunshine. We had passed into the month of June.

The sail up the lower St. Lawrence, with the white-washed cottages and gardens of the "habitants" in plain view was a great relief after the long, constrained trip on the ocean. Regrets and forebodings gave place to hope and thoughts of happiness. The Thistle was the first to reach Gross Isle quarantine station, and was immediately boarded by the quarantine officer, Dr. Douglass, and given a clearance and commendation. Other vessels, like the Jane Black of Limerick, that had six or seven hundred passengers, covered the water with straw ticks and refuse matter dangerous to health, that they threw overboard. It was a sight to see a couple of dozen emigrant vessels being purified preparatory to standing the quarantine inspection. You would think all Ireland was then emigrating, so many ships were within sight.

Quebec was known to be a Catholic city, which even then had a large number of Irish inhabitants. When the tin-covered domes and spires came into view on the high promontory on which the city stands, Tobin, the leader of the emigrants, who were all Catholics, called them together and said: "Now my good friends, it is due of us to give thanks to God for our safe delivery, and I propose that we go all together and hear Mass at St. Patrick's Church tomorrow morning, like good pious people who have gone through many perils since we left home. And our arrival in this new country will be blessed." Accordingly at seven o'clock the next morning, when the welcome sound of the big bell of St. Patrick's was heard, all prepared to go ashore in a little steamer that came alongside, and presently they wended their way through St. John's Gate to the beautiful church built by their fellow countrymen who had preceded them. It was then under the pastoral charge of Rev. Patrick McMahon, whose memory is revered in the "ancient capital" of Canada even unto this day. There they heard Mass, and the venerable priest addressed to them encouraging words that were long remembered.

The beautiful river steamer Canada drew alongside the Thistle that afternoon, and the passengers that were destined for the far west took passage in her for Montreal, where they were landed on beautiful stone docks very similar to the fine quay they had left behind them in the city of "Urbs Intacta" in old Ireland.

I could write the story of the fortunes of many of those Thistle emigrants of more than sixty years ago. Many of them were able to give excellent accounts of themselves. But the reader will ask, "What about the brother and sister who disappeared so completely from the ship in the early part of the voyage?"

I am not able to explain this point clearly, but I have a dim recollection that I heard the captain say in answer to enquiries that the couple had been transferred to another vessel, in the night-time, one bound for Boston, Mass., for New England was their destination. It was my good fortune to know the young man fully and well many years afterwards when fame was attending his footsteps. He was a poet even at the time I first saw

him, and after the fearful storm to which I have made reference in this narrative he wrote the following verses:

"Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's horror in the sky,
And o'er the wave-crests sparkling white
The troubled petrels cry!"
The handy tar stood by the wheel,
And answered not a word,
But well I knew his heart could feel
Each sound his ear had heard.

I saw the sea boy far aloft,
Rocked on the topsail yard,
Yet youthful as he was and soft,
He wrought, and little cared
If waves ran high that fearful night,
If eastern tempests roar'd,
Nor reck'd, nor dream'd, that wayward wight
Of friends left on the shore.

I turned again—the pilot stood
Still silent at the wheel,
A billow smote the corvette good
And threw her on her keel;
The pilot's manly arm shook,
His eye was big and wild,
Some prayer his troubl'd spirit spoke
For distant wife or child.

"Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night!
There's horror in the sky,
And o'er the wave-crests foaming white,
The troubled petrels fly."
The hardy tar stood by the wheel,
And answered not a word;
Full well I knew his heart could feel
Each sound his ear had heard.
—At Sea, May 2, 1842.

The career of the young voyageur poet was eventful. Soon after his arrival in Boston he attached himself to Mr. Patrick Donahoe and the Boston Pilot; he became editor of that paper and delivered lectures; a few years afterwards he returned to Ireland on invitation of Dr. Gray of The Freeman's Journal of Dublin, on which he afterwards served as parliamentary correspondent in London; he next secured a position on the Dublin Nation, and formed a close friendship with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; he was secretary to the Irish Confederation in 1848, and in that same year was chosen to lead the rising of the Irish patriots of Scotland. His efforts failing, he returned in disguise to America, and in New York he renewed the publication of The Nation, which had been suppressed in Ireland by the British Government. Subsequently he published and edited with success The American Celt. He delivered a thousand lectures in the United States, on Irish and Catholic subjects, and entered into many controversies. In 1857 on the invitation of the Irish Catholics of Canada, he removed to that country, and in the following year was elected a member of Parliament for Montreal. He soon became an acknowledged and able leader bringing to pass the foremost wishes of his people through his untiring endeavor and masterly pleadings. Parliament soon acknowledged him as its most finished orator, and he became a literary as well as a parliamentary leader. Twice was he a Cabinet Minister, thus representing his people in the councils of the country.

By a diabolical deed, and while he was yet young in years, his brilliant career was brought to an untimely close. In the spring of 1868, after delivering one of his most impassioned and powerful addresses in the parliament of the Dominion, at Ottawa, he was followed to his home, and when about to enter was cruelly shot to death by the hand of an assassin. He was then but forty-two years of age. Had he lived to greater maturity there is no telling what achievements would have been his, for his mind was a marvel, steadily expanding and gaining in power, and he seemed to put forth strength without an effort. He occupies the foremost place in the martyrology of Canadian public men and his memory is revered by all classes of Canadians. He left a reputation unsurpassed as poet, orator, statesman, lecturer, historian, editor and lawyer. His name was Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

"Lord, to Thy signal-light the trees
In leaf and flower reply;
Let not my heart, more dull than these,
Alone unwakened lie."

MADAME GARNIER,
Founder of the Work of Calvary.

THE HOUSE OF CALVARY.

BY NORMAN MICHAEL STOUGHTON.

There lately fell into the writer's hands a small book entitled "Widows and Charity," being an account of the foundation of the Work of Calvary by Mme. Garnier, in Lyons, in 1842. Into the account is woven the story of the life of the founder, as indeed could scarcely be otherwise, for the history of her widowhood is that of the Work of Calvary in more than one sense. The book abounds in researches into her heart, for it is written by a physician of the soul, and in the beginning he has not spared her weaknesses. These but add, however, to the admiration excited by her victories over difficulties and obstacles within and without.

Accounts of this great work have also appeared from time to time in our periodicals and daily newspapers, and it would be superfluous to reproduce them here. It was not the intention of the writer to give in detail the special features of the Work of Calvary. Suffice it to say, the Work of Calvary was perfected by Mme. Garnier as she was perfected by the work, for early in life she had been cruelly bereft of husband and children and had not become resigned without effort. In the home from which her loved ones had been taken she began the work of caring for cancer patients, and in making her life a blessing to the afflicted she found solace for her grief. To her seems to have been given a special realization of the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." This was her strength, as it has been that of the Women of Calvary

TWO PATIENTS IN THE HOUSE OF CALVARY

THE LARGE DORMITORY.

Photographs by Harry Shobbrook Collins.

MRS. ANNIE BLOUNT STORRS,
Superior of House of Calvary.

MRS. SARAH A. CARROLL,
Assistant-Superior, House of Calvary.

from the beginning; widows all of them, for only widows may serve; in the world but not of it, for they take no vows and are not subject to discipline, but live their lives according to their duties and their inclinations, all actuated by that truth made so manifest to Mme. Garnier.

The difficulties and repugnances overcome will be easily conceived, for the Work of Calvary is ministering to incurable and inoperable cancer victims, maintaining them in all possible comfort and providing for them a hospital in the true sense, a place of rest. A real hospital is not the cold and rule-ridden place familiar to us all, where physicians and nurses, patients and visitors, are alike subjected to restrictions at times almost unbearable, but a place of hospitality where the patient is a guest, and waited upon with all the kindness and attention due one. Such is the House of Calvary. A noble work, and nobly done.

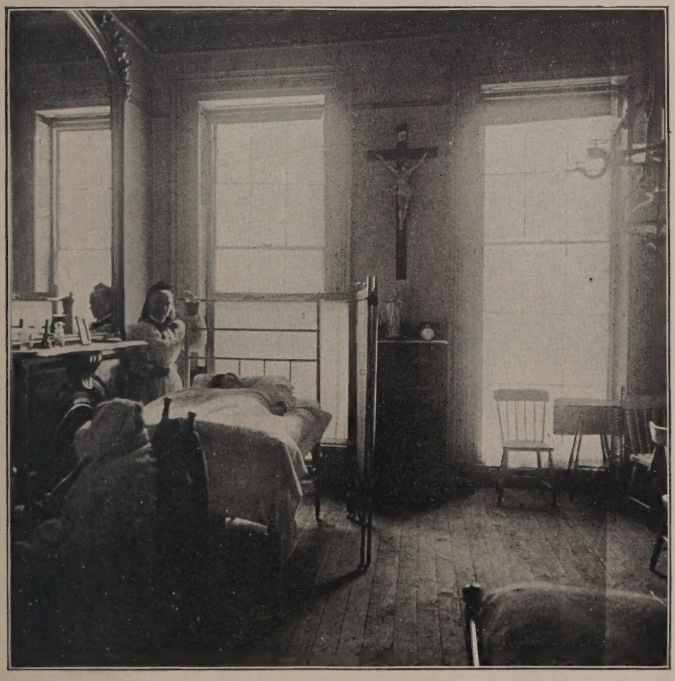
Today we have in New York a counterpart in all respects of the Houses in France and Belgium, and, when it is considered what such a refuge offers to cancer victims without means, it is none too soon.

It has been the writer's privilege to visit this American branch of the tree planted in Lyons in 1842, and to find there another Mme. Garnier. Approved and blessed by the great and good Archbishop Corrigan, the House of Calvary at Nos. 5 and 7 Perry street was founded in 1899, by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs, who, having suffered the pangs of widowhood, found in Brussels, in visiting the House there, her "motive and cue for action." Ardent American as she was, doubtless at this time a great possibility arose before her. She became one of the Women, dressing wounds, ministering to body and soul, and fitting herself for the work soon to be taken up for the honor of America, for it must be in the nature of

things that the work will grow in a soil so rich, the seed having once been planted.

It may not be out of place to state here that to one of the Fine Arts is due the foundation of our House of Calvary. Many of us have seen the portrait of Archbishop Corrigan by the eminent Theobald Chartrain, or at least reproductions of it. This great work, valued at ten thousand dollars, was painted at Mrs. Storrs' request and presented to her by the artist. Admiration is divided between the merit of the portrait and the generosity of the painter. The picture was afterwards subscribed for by several gentlemen, with a view to presenting it to Dunwoodie Seminary, where it now rests, a token of the Archbishop's unending love for the institution. Thus was Mrs. Storrs enabled to start the work, and on June 12, 1899, No. 5 Perry street was opened with eight beds. April 12th, 1900, the work was incorporated, receiving a charter from the State Board of Charities. On March 17th, 1901, the adjoining house, No. 7, was purchased and presented to the Women of Calvary by a gentleman who wished to remain unknown. After being repaired and renovated, this house was also opened on Aug. 15th, 1901 — auspicious day. On Dec. 28th, of the same year, the title deeds of No. 5 were presented to Mrs. Storrs by the same generous donor, a remarkable example of generosity.

MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER
Outside Organization President.



DORMITORY OPENING INTO THE CHAPEL

Today we find the Women of Calvary organized and devoted to the work, and were it left to them their identity would be hidden; but from printed reports we learn of whom this body is made up. The Su-

perior is Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs; Assistant Superior, Mrs. Sarah A. Carroll; Outside Organization President, Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher; Vice-President, Mrs. S. Gaston Bailieff; Counsellors, Mrs. George Hecker, Mrs. Calixte Harvier, Mrs. Joseph J. O'Donohue. Honored names are these, some of them closely identified with our country's history.

MRS. S. GASTON BAILIEFF, VICE-PRESIDENT.

The work is carried on by means of subscription, donation, and bequest—the general subscription being twelve dollars per annum, and many are the instances, some of them pathetic in the extreme, where God's poor have made sacrifices for the consolation of becoming subscribers.

After the death of Archbishop Corrigan, his brothers presented to the House of Calvary the Crucifix which had always stood in his sleeping room, they having felt they were carrying out his wishes, and it now stands on a mantel-piece in the chapel, a striking and beautiful work of art, and a highly prized relic.

The House of Calvary is a place of rest indeed,—more, for here the Divine Guest reposes in the tabernacle. Here are received representatives of ev-

ery religion and nationality, the number limited only by the number of beds, now alas! too few. Peace pervades the House. The patients expect to die there, and they do, but they do not die without having experienced the tender ministrations of the Veronicas upon whose hearts is imprinted the sorrowful countenance of the Victim of Calvary. There are no special nurses. The Women of Calvary, being human, are selfish, and permit no one but themselves to dress the wounds, for they see in the depths of them the mark of the sword which pierced the heart of the Immaculate Woman of Calvary as she stood by the Holy Tree.

MRS JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE.

All of us can sympathize with suffering. We can help to alleviate it at times. We can bear some of it, and can steel ourselves occasionally to meet it in grisly form, but what shall we say of the glorious womanhood that takes it to her arms in its most hideous shape and counts it an honor and privilege? What can we say except that the work is from God?

At present there are but twenty-four beds and the same number of incurables in our House of Calvary, and if the proportion of victims is one in three hundred, as doctors say, how many must there be among the eighty millions of our population? And of these, how many unable to gain admission to hospitals? Does it not seem that such an affliction as cancer is deserving of the utmost consideration from the outside world? And if it is true —and the words are very clear—that "Ye have done it unto Me," how long will it be before this great truth will be taken home and beds provided for all seeking admission to the House of Calvary? Many beds are bespoken, but the applicants must wait until that truth operates upon generous hearts.

We have many comforts in our beloved country, and luxuries in abundance, perhaps too many; we have schools and colleges of every description; societies for the research of this and that, some for the care of the brute creation; and we have libraries forced upon us; philanthropists endow and bequeath, and take comfort that they have helped their fellowman,

CRUCIFIX OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, PRESENTED TO THE HOUSE OF CALVARY BY HIS BROTHERS.

but unless they see in suffering humanity what the Women of Calvary see—but let us look to ourselves! There are many amongst us with golden hearts, and but twenty-four beds in the House of Calvary!

THE CHAPEL

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XVI.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST (CONTINUED).

I have thus far treated of the promise and institution of the Holy Eucharist, and I have proven from sacred Scripture that the teaching of the Catholic Church is the only tenable one. We found that the expressions of our Blessed Saviour cannot possibly be interpreted in their figurative sense, for it is impossible to establish a parallelism between the words of institution and the examples that are quoted by our opponents in proof of their forced interpretation.

I.

In this essay we shall examine the reasons non-Catholics give for preferring the figurative and harsh interpretation of our Saviour's words to their simple and obvious meaning. The argument generally advanced by certain writers on this subject is that we must accept the figurative interpretation of Christ's words or be driven into such a variety of absurdities that it is impossible to reconcile the doctrine with sound philosophy and common sense. Well, dear Protestant friends, you who take the Bible just as it is and make it alone its own interpreter, admit such a case, and at once you reduce to a nullity your entire system of biblical interpretation. If there are certain well established rules for interpreting the Bible, and if all these rules in any instance point out that certain words will not and cannot bear any interpretation but one, I ask if there can be devised any means of interpretation to overcome them all? Such reasoning is nonsense.

The ablest Protestant divines today acknowledge that this is not the manner in which the text should be examined. They are disposed to allow that the doctrine is not absurd nor impossible, but that it must stand or fall solely on the authority of the Scriptures. Listen to one of the most virulent of our adversaries, Mr. F. Faber of England. He writes in these words: "While arguing on this subject, some persons, I regret to say, have been too copious in the use of those unseemly words, 'absurdity and impossibility.' To such language the least objection is its reprehensible want of good manners. . . . . Before we consider any doctrine a contradiction, we must be sure we perfectly understand the nature of the matter propounded in that doctrine; for otherwise the contradiction may not be in the matter itself, *but in our mode of conceiving it.* . . . The doctrine of 'Transubstantiation,' like the doctrine of the 'Trinity,' is a question, not of abstract reasoning, but of pure evidence. We should inquire according to the best means we possess, whether Transubstantiation be indeed a doctrine of Holy Scripture. If sufficient evidence shall determine such to be the case, we may be sure that the doctrine is neither absurd nor contradictory. I shall ever contend that the doctrine of Transubstantiation, like the doctrine of the Trinity, is a doctrine of pure evidence." These are sensible observations, and are in keeping with the thought of more recent Protestant writers. We might thence conclude that having examined the allegations on the other side and proved them insufficient, we cannot, according to the obvious rule of interpretation, depart from the literal sense. But such is not our intention. I shall not de-

part from the ground I took in the beginning. I laid it down then as a rule that the true meaning of words or texts is the meaning which the speaker must have known would be affixed to his words by those whom he addressed, and that we are to put ourselves in their environment and know what means they had for explaining his words and then interpret according to those means alone. For we are not to suppose that our Saviour spoke sentences which those who had heard Him had no means of understanding, but which we alone were afterwards to understand. If, therefore, we wish to know what were their means of interpreting the words in question we must invest ourselves with the feelings of the Apostles and find out their position.

It is said then that we must depart from the literal sense of our Saviour's words because the literal sense involves an impossibility. Now the simple inquiry to be made is this: Could the Apostles have reasoned in this manner? Could they have made the possibility or impossibility of anything He uttered the criterion of its true interpretation? And if he did not intend that for a criterion, which is entirely out of question, it is evident that by it we must not interpret the text. I would ask, how could uneducated men fathom a question which involved what is possible or impossible to God? Would any ordinary mind be able to measure this perplexed subject and to reason thus: "The Almighty may indeed change water into wine, but He cannot change bread into a body." This is a fine distinction for an uneducated man. Or suppose that such a person had seen our Saviour take into His hands a certain portion of bread, seven or five loaves, and with these very identical loaves feed three or five thousand individuals, so that baskets full of fragments should remain, and then were told that the same powerful Being could not make a body be at the same time in two places. Would he be able directly to pronounce in his mind that although he had seen the one the other belonged to a different class of phenomena? Why, the most cultured scholar could not accept the one and reject the other, not to say an uneducated man. Admit one fact as true and proven and you must admit the other.

The Apostles were rude, illiterate men. They had been accustomed to see Christ perform the most extraordinary works. They had seen Him walking on water, His body consequently deprived, for a time, of gravity, which according to the laws of nature would have caused it to sink; they had seen Him by His simple word command the elements, and even raise the dead to life; they had also witnessed the multiplication of the loaves and fishes to which I alluded. Can we then believe that with such evidences the Apostles were likely to have words addressed to them by our Saviour which they were to interpret rightly only by the reasoning of our opponents on the ground that what He asserted was philosophically impossible?

Our Saviour always inspired His followers with the idea that nothing was impossible to Him. He never reproved them so severely as when they doubted His power. "Oh, thou of little faith, why dost thou fear?" They never said, "if thou canst,"—"if it be in thy power." It was only His will that they wished to secure. The man with leprosy exclaims, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." "Lord," said Martha, "if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died, but even now I know that *whatever* thou askest of God, He will give to Thee." Their faith in His power was supreme. Our Saviour encouraged this faith to the utmost. Note how He answered the man afflicted with the leprosy: "I will, be thou

made clean." And how did He reply to Martha? "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me and I know that thou hearest me always." He confirmed the idea that nothing was impossible to Him. Moreover He commends this faith on all occasions. Speaking of the centurion, He says: "I have not found such faith in Israel." Why? Simply because the centurion believed and asserted that it was not even necessary for our Saviour to be present to perform a miracle. Now if such was the conviction of the Apostles, and if our Saviour had taken such pains to confirm it in them that nothing whatever was impossible to Him, can you imagine for a moment that He meant them to decide on the meaning of His words on any occasion by assuming that their accomplishment was impossible to Him? This implicit faith He makes the great test of His false and true disciples. We read in the sixth chapter of St. John that some went away remarking,—"This is a hard saying and who can hear it," and the others remained faithful in spite of their not being able to comprehend His doctrine. He made this faith the condition of Apostleship. "Have I not chosen you twelve?" With some perplexity they persevered, and remained faithful, and yielded up their judgment and reason to His authority. "To whom shall we go, for thou hast the words of eternal life?" This is the argument of our Saviour on every occasion. Can we believe then, that on the occasion of the institution of the Blessed Eucharist He made use of expressions the only key to whose right interpretation was to be precisely the inverse to their usual argument? Can we believe that He could give such an explanation of His doctrine to His Apostles?—the same as if He said: "This is my body and blood, but because it is impossible it cannot be so." Why, dear Protestant friends, if we admit such a principle what will become of all mystery?

If the clearest words are thus to be forced, because as they stand we conceive them to contain an impossibility, how will you vindicate the Blessed Trinity or the Incarnation, each of which is no less at variance with the apparent laws of Nature? And, dear friends, what do we know of Nature, we who cannot even explain the growth of a blade of grass on which we tread? Nor the qualities of the atoms of air we inhale? Shall we who are perplexed in our inquiries about the most simple elements of creation,—who are baffled in our efforts to analyze the most common properties of matter,—presume to limit the power of God? Not till we are perfectly acquainted with all the laws of Nature,—and what is more, with all the resources of Omnipotence Himself,—shall we have the right to reject the clearest statements of the Son of God because they happen to be at variance with our poor, imperfect knowledge. Hence if we reject the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist or the Trinity, what becomes of the Incarnation of the Saviour? What of the birth of the Saviour from a Virgin? In fact, what becomes of every mystery of our Christian religion? If you reject the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist how can you for one moment retain the others? And if you are content to receive these important dogmas of faith, shutting your eyes, as you should do, to their incomprehensibility, because they were revealed by God and confirmed by the authority of antiquity, you must receive the doctrine of the Real Presence at once in spite of the apparent contradiction to the senses, for He hath revealed Who hath the words of Eternal Life.

It is repeatedly said by Protestants that such a miracle as the Eucharist is contrary to all that our senses teach us. Well,

dear friends, suppose that the pagan philosophers reasoned in that manner when the mystery of our Saviour's Incarnation was first proposed to them by the Apostles. How many converts would have been made? They could have said that such a thing never happened because the unanimous testimony of all mankind was against it. This would be correct reasoning, for against it was the weight of all philosophical observation of all the canons of human law, which are deduced solely from experience. But, dear friends, cannot a mystery be revealed by God? And if so, is not that a sufficient modification of the law of Nature?

Take, for illustration, the sacrament of Baptism. Test it by the laws of Nature, and it stands to all appearance in contradiction with them. How explain the action of water, applied with certain words to the body, cleansing the soul from sin and placing it in the state of grace? Our knowledge of the material world would lead us to conclude that such a thing could not be so. But we know that God in this case has modified the law of Nature. The moment the sacramental act is performed, certain consequences flow from it as necessarily as the consequences of any physical law which produces certain results. He has bound Himself in the spiritual world, in the same way as in the material world, that when certain laws are brought into action, He will give them their supernatural effect. The same rule applies to the Real Presence. If He who enacted the law of Nature chooses to make this modification of it, it no more stands in opposition to it than any other superhuman exceptions to the natural law, for both stand exactly on the same impregnable grounds.

Many non-Catholic writers agree with us on this point. They admit that the doctrine of Transubstantiation does not, as is vulgarly asserted, contradict the senses. I will mention one writer in particular, the celebrated Leibnitz. He wrote a work entitled, "A System of Theology," in which he examines the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, and compares it with the Protestant explanation. The conclusion he arrives at is that there is no ground for assailing the Catholic doctrine, on philosophical principles, and that there is no reason for departing from the literal interpretation of the words of institution. Thus we see that the ground on which it is maintained that we must depart from the literal sense is untenable on philosophical grounds as well as on the principle of biblical interpretation.

There are a few more passages of Scripture that I wish to call your attention to. The first is taken from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Cor. x. 16. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?" In these words the Apostle is contrasting the Jewish and heathenish sacrifices and rites with those of the Christians. When he contrasts their eating and drinking with the realities of Christian institutions and when he asks if these be not infinitely better and more perfect than what the Jews enjoyed, because our cup is a partaking of the blood of Christ and our bread a partaking of the body of the Lord, does he not imply that there was a real contrast between the two? That the one was partaken of as really as the other, and if their victims were truly eaten, we also have one that was no less received.

We have another text from St. Paul that is even stronger than this. In the following chapter he enters at length into the institution of the Last Supper and describes our Saviour's conduct on that occasion exactly as St. Matthew, St. Mark,

and St. Luke have done, making use of precisely the same words. He draws practical conclusions from their doctrine and builds upon it solemn rules and awful threats. He writes: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." Again, —"Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Here are two dreadful denunciations founded by St. Paul on the doctrine of the Eucharist. The first is that whosoever receives unworthily drinks damnation to himself because he does not discern the body of the Lord. Here St. Paul distinguishes the body of the Lord from ordinary food. But if the body of Christ be not really there, how can the offense be considered as directed against the body of Christ? It may be considered an offense against His dignity, but surely not against His body.

II.

We have thus far brought to bear on the doctrine of the Eucharist four distinct classes of Scripture texts. First we have a long discourse delivered by our Saviour under peculiar circumstances, some time before His passion. Some suppose that throughout the entire chapter He treated of faith. Yet through a certain portion of that discourse He studiously avoids any expression which could possibly lead His hearers to understand Him in that sense, but again and again uses phrases which made all who heard Him believe that to receive His body it was necessary to eat His flesh and drink His blood. He allows the crowd to murmur,— His disciples to fall away,—and His Apostles to remain in darkness without explaining away their difficulties. On another occasion He is alone with His chosen twelve. He no longer wishes to speak of faith but of an institution that is to commemorate His passion. He uses words conveying precisely the same ideas as on the other occasion. All this is related by three of the Evangelists, without the slightest hint that the words are to be understood figuratively. In the third place we have St. Paul, who wishes to prove that this commemorative rite of the Christians is superior to the sacrifices eaten by the Jews and heathens. Again, writing on a different occasion, he uses the very same phraseology and speaks as if the real body and blood of Christ were partaken of. He reproves the bad use of this sacred rite. Now, dear Protestant friends, is it not strange that on these four different occasions our Saviour and His Apostles, explaining different doctrines, addressing different assemblies under totally different circumstances, should all concur in using these words in a figurative sense, and not let one syllable drop as a guide to the true interpretation of their doctrine? Is such a thing possible to suppose? Yet this is the Protestant interpretation. The Catholic interpretation from first to last is simple and intelligible. It may appear new and strange, and even unnatural to some, but so far as the fair principles of biblical interpretation are concerned, all is consistent. You believe the expressions to be literal throughout, and you believe the very same topic to be treated in every one of the passages, and consequently you have harmony and analogy on the Catholic side, while on the other hand you are driven to find different explanations of the same imagery and phraseology on these various occasions, and you are obliged to bolster up some expedient that to your mind will overthrow all the clear evidences of the Scriptural narrative.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAKING OF MURTAGH KELLEY.

BY REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

If my ancestor, Murtagh Kelley of Innistegue, in the County of Kilkenny, had not had a stolen education in France, and had not been intended for the Church, I would not have wondered quite so much about his thriftless and careless ways. But under the circumstances they were unpardonable. To my shame I must confess that Murtagh would rather dream than work the day away, and that he paid much more money over the counter of the tavern than over the desk of the landlord's agent. That accounts partially for the eviction which left him on the roadside one dark and stormy night; accounting also, perhaps, for the shelter the neighbors gave "Mary and the childer," but could not stretch far enough to cover Murtagh himself. Mayhap they blamed him for it all; and the death of his baby from exposure did not soften their rather uncharitable remarks.

"Well, good night to ye, Murtagh," was the last slap of Barney Grogan as my unfortunate ancestor was leaving Mary in the honest man's cabin; "Catch a leprechawn, man, in your drames tonight and mebbe ye'll be Lord Leftinant in the morning." Now that was cruel to Murtagh, for can a man not have some ambition?—But that is not the story.

The remark about the leprechaun just stuck in Murtagh's mind and he couldn't sleep under the big tree for thinking of it.

"Bad cess to it! There are no fairies av coorse, but I wish to the Good Lord there were this black and ugly night—and I wish for a leprechaun most of all, right here in me hand. 'Tis many another wish and many a pot of goold he'd give to get away." And Murtagh tipped a black bottle skyward and studied the stars through it for at least a minute. One of them was falling and he tilted the black telescope down to follow the line of light. It dropped right over the ditch and in a jiffy turned into a little red fellow with a frightened look and an evident desire to escape Murtagh's eye.

"Ho, 'tis one of the Good People is it?" thought Murtagh, who was alert to the opportunity, and in an instant had the fairy a prisoner.

"Howld on Murtagh," howled the poor little leprechaun. "Don't twist the neck av me. What do ye want?"

"What would I want but what ye know and what ye have in plinty?"

"Indeed Murtagh, the sorra a pot av goold I have. Sure Grogan caught me Patrick's night and tuck the lasht. 'Tis misfortunate I am wid the whole av yees."

"Well, av I don't get the goold ye'll have no dance wid the rest this night ner the next, ner the next," and Murtagh tightened his grip.

"Now be aisy on me, will ye Murtagh? Ouch! Ouch! Don't do that to a little fella like me. Lave me go an I'll give ye a fistful av beans."

"Av beans? An' phat ud I do wid beans?"

"Faith, th're better nor the goold. Ye'd spind the money and be poorer than ever, but wid the beans ye can aqual any livin' man. Just pick out your man, swally a bean, say 'Skedaddle' an' ye take his place, an' ye can get back if ye don't like it—in the same way."

"Bedad, I'll take ye," cried Murtagh—and before he could think the imp was gone, but Murtagh's pocket was heavy with the wonderful beans.

Then the sun rose and Murtagh saw the landlord's house in the distance. Before it was the lord himself with his friends, all mounted for a fox hunt.

"By Gar," thought Murtagh, "I'll be a squire and go fox huntin'. I'll live in a palace like the auld Kelleys and have lashins av money and good wine." He took a bean, swallowed it, said the magic word, and found himself on horseback with acres and acres of Irish soil stretching before him, all his very own. That day he followed the hounds, and at night he sat down to birds, mutton and old champagne. His most extravagant dreams never equaled this. Murtagh reveled in his new-found plenty, but at the close of the meal came an end to his joy when his agent burst into the room, with a blanched face.

"My lord," he cried, "the tenants are rising. They are now on the lawn before the house. They want to kill you for a rack-renter and a landlord." Murtagh rushed to the window. Sure enough, there was the mob with sticks, pitchforks and a few guns. At their head was a ferocious-looking fellow, full of whiskey and profanity.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the alarmed landlord.

"O," said the agent, "that's a chap we evicted today and his baby died on the road. That's Murtagh Kelley."

In an instant Murtagh, who knew just what *he* would do to a landlord under the circumstances, swallowed another bean and found himself on the roadside again, nothing but an evicted tenant, but with a safe head. In ten minutes he saw the good priest coming down the road from his morning devotions at the cave which in those days served for a Chapel, and Murtagh's mind wandered back to the college in France and holier things. "Why not be a parish priest!" he thought; "sure he has the love and respect of all of us, and just enough money to have mate on the table ivery day, barrin' Friday. I'll thry it." Down went another bean and Murtagh had a parish. A great success he made of it too. Far and wide went the stories of his eloquence. Even as far as Dublin—to the Castle, it traveled. Now, these were penal times, when the beneficent civilizing influence of the Anglo-Saxon was doing its best, and, as a consequence, priest and schoolmaster it decreed should swing from the same tree. Father Murtagh became too well known and said too much besides his prayers. One day in the midst of an eloquent but somewhat treasonable oration the soldiers came, and our friend and relative in a jiffy found himself hanging from the end of a rope. It was only by the best of good luck that he succeeded in working his hands loose quick enough to get a bean into his mouth or I should have had a gallows charge on my family arms. As it was, Murtagh soon was back on the road with his fill of clerical life in Ireland.

This disgusted him with his own country and he resolved to try England. On landing, almost the first man he saw was the King, a short, podgy little fellow with a marked Hanoverian accent, who was making a speech to the Amalgamated Association of Aniseed-Chasers-and-Flannelled-Fools-at-the-Wicket. "By Gar," thought Murtagh, "I can bate him on a speech anyhow. I'll be King." The bean did its work, and Murtagh, not George, finished the speech. He drove to the palace bowing to the cheering multitudes. That night he held a levee.

"Your Majesty," said the Prime Minister, after things had quieted down a bit, "Your loyal ministers have now selected a suitable consort for you. She is the Princess Saxe-Chimer Booklesdorf Von Borgaski."

"Hold on there," cried Murtagh in alarm, "I have Mary and the childher."

"You are the King," replied the Minister severely, "and you must marry to please the Nation." Murtagh groaned and saw that he was in for it. A blast of trumpets announced the approach of the Princess. Murtagh looked up, got one glance and almost choked over another bean. When he found himself on the road again he fervently thanked Providence that he was quick enough to get it down in time.

That ended his desire to envy high life, and God knows he had his own experience with the other brand. A dram would make him as much ease as a bean he thought, and reached for the black telescope, when but a few yards from him his eye lit on the finest specimen of a man he had ever beheld. The man was handsome, tall, and straight as an arrow. Intelligence shone from his face and dignified his bearing. His clothes were plain and rough, but they set with an indescribable sort of grace on his athletic figure. His hands were hard, but that seemed the right thing for him. Murtagh instinctively reached into his pocket for another bean, when a laugh on the other side of the ditch made him stop and look. There sat the fairy.

"Ye needn't ate that bean, Murtagh," he said. "It won't do ye any good. I can change ye into anny livin' man, but that man ain't alive, more's the pity. That's just yerself, Murtagh, as God intinded ye to be."

Without a word Murtagh arose and threw the beans into the ditch, and started towards the cabin wherein he had left Mary and the "childher."

If you dropped into his home ten years after, a rich and prosperous farmer, a happy and kind father, an intelligent and respected citizen named Murtagh Kelley would say to you with a twinkle in his blue Irish eye, and in the most musical of brogues: "'Tis a strange thing to say and a hard thing to do, Sor, but for the lasht tin years I've been tryin' to aqual meself."

THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS.

BY E. G.

How dark the dawn of day! Its close how fair!
The Master's precious life-blood has been spilled;
With woe His children's loving hearts are filled,
And, walking, two their bitter anguish share.
Ah! have they, hopeless, turned away from prayer?
By cruel doubts their faith and love are chilled;
But He, Whose only word the tempest stilled,
Now comes, to save the wanderers from despair.

As draw they near the town, their pleading cry
Constraineth Him: "The day is now far spent;
Stay with us, Lord!" Ah, not in vain they pray,
For bliss ecstatic is with wonder blent.
O Jesus! stay with me at close of day.
Pressed to Thy Sacred Heart, how sweet to die!

ITALY'S PRIMEVERA.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

"Eccolo Signorina!" Annunziatta held her basket of wild flowers temptingly before me. I shook my head. She raised her soft black eyes and smiled. Who can resist the winning sweetness of an Italian smile? "Gracia, Signorina, mutto gracie. It is for the old mother; she is waiting for her bread and wine." I watched her light, swinging step as it carried her swiftly up the picturesque street of San Remo, the dark old archways making an effective background for her brilliant costume. Could it be only two days since we had left the leaden skies, the cold and fog of London! Sunshine, flowers, and the soft, perfumed breath of Italy's Primevera followed us. At our feet lay the glistening waters of the Mediterranean; beyond the flowered terraces the snow-crowned Alps raised their stately heads against the deep blue sky; white mists floated up from the valleys, where the birds sang in ecstasy to their mates; the indwelling spirit of spring breathed and pulsed through the soft sunlit air. I hugged my flowers in rapture. "They shall bloom on our dear Lord's altar in thanksgiving for His beautiful blessed Italy, the loveliest of all the kingdoms of earth," I promised—then followed Annunziatta under the darkened archways towards the della Guardia.

We were to spend many happy weeks in dear old San Remo, wandering through the crooked streets, sailing across the blue waters, and driving over the magnificent state roads of the Riviera. When the days grew warm we would take our lunch and linger under the olive trees until the purple shadows warned us that sunset was approaching. Best of all were the hours spent in the small villages where we left many friends among the Italian people. But Naples, Rome, and

Florence lay before us, we could not forget them even in this garden land of the Italian Riviera.

In Naples we found the streets filled with singing children, women selling water out of great stone jars, orators reciting Tasso to ragpickers, men seated at small stands, writing love letters for smiling peasants; while the air resounded with

"THE INDWELLING SPIRIT OF SPRING BREATHED AND PULSED THROUGH THE SOFT, SUNLIT AIR.

the cracking of whips, braying of donkeys, cries of the street venders, and the shrill disputing of men playing the absorbing game of moro. In spite of its picturesque beauty we were glad to escape the noise and confusion of Naples, and sail across the translucent waters to Capri. Spring comes early to this southern isle. Even in January the wild flowers blossom and the warm sunshine woos one to the sea, where the happy hours drift by in dreaming. There are a few places in this world that seem to belong to us by right of discovery, no matter how many thousands have made the same claim. To all who love Capri it has become a personal and sacred possession. Curiously, too, no distance can produce a sense of separation; her lover knows "Proud Capri waits" and that he shall prove his faith by returning. Long before Easter the purple violets are carpeting the Roman Campagna, filling the air with their perfume. Holy week in Rome shines through a mist of flowers and lights and music, the marvellous music of the Pope's choir, whose celestial voices raise men's

souls to God. Twice in the full glory of la Primevera I have entered the Eternal City. Above the beauty of the fairest spring, the majesty of the basilicas, the echoes of heavenly music, rises one white memory—the vision of Leo XIII., as he smiled down upon me in the Sistine chapel.

"Will the Signore give us the happiness of their presence at our little festa to-

RETURNING FROM THE MARKET.

morrow? The magnificent gardens of Prince M—are opened for the public. We go early by the tramway for Tivoli. If one gets off at the first station it is but a short walk across the Campagna. Ah, but the flowers are most lovely! We are permitted to gather all that we wish of those that grow by the old ruins." So we started in the dewy morning with our good-natured landlady and her four little girls. "Signorina, all are for thee," whispered tiny Margherita, as she staggered under her load of fruit blossoms. "Wilt thou not keep one for the blessed Mother?" "But, Signorina, I gave to our Lady the first flowers that I picked. I have them here!" and she drew from the bosom of her little dress a few faded violets. "When we give the first to her she smiles and asks her dear Son to bless us."

Ave Maria was ringing as we passed Santa Trinita, our arms laden with blossoms, the memory of another happy day treasured in our hearts.

If the spring in Rome is beautiful, what can I say of it in the mountain towns of Perugia and Assisi? Worn out by much sight-seeing we went one year to watch

PLAYING MORO.

the snows melt on the hillsides and the flowers bud and blossom in the valley that lies between the war-like city and the little town, now famous as the birthplace of the gentle St. Francis. There is much to see in the old walled town of Perugia, builded by feudal lords who reigned through might, not right, leaving the impress of their fierce natures on the history of mediæval Italy. But here, too, the old artists wrote their song of praise, blotting out for us the horrors of those early days. Long before Perugino taught the young Raphael his celestial art, the men of this city were striving to express their love of Christ, His Mother and friends. Nowhere in Italy is the Bible story told more sweetly than in the pictures which line the walls of Perugia's Pinocateca.

Not less interesting are the people one meets in the queer, winding streets. Every market day we would go down to watch the laughing, gesticulating, bargaining crowd of buyers and sellers. The dark-eyed women, with their flowered kerchiefs and long, coral necklaces, smiled and nodded as we passed under their immense white umbrellas, or followed them up the steps of the Duomo, for few returned to their mountain homes without hearing Mass in the Cathedral. Many came fasting, that they might receive Holy Communion. We loved to watch them as they knelt about the altar, the light of the candles shining softly on their upturned faces. Our English landlady told us many pathetic stories of the poverty of the Perugians. She said that she had striven in vain to teach them modern business methods. Nothing could convince them that the customs of their mediaeval ancestors were not good enough for English-speaking visitors of the twentieth century!

An American friend had joined us for a day and wished to purchase some curios. We reached the principal shop at noon. A small child was in attendance. The master had left for his dinner, she could not say when he would return. We hunted up another shop. The door was closed. Repeated knocking brought out an old woman from the next house. "It is useless, Signore. Beppo always takes his nap at this hour of the day." "Very well, we will return at three." Perhaps Beppo was unusually sleepy that day, at any rate the door was closed when we returned, nor did we have better luck at the larger store. The little girl was still in

charge. "The master sometimes plays at cards with his friends and comes only to shut up the shop," she said, regretfully. "Can you not show us his treasures?" I asked. "Si Signorina, I will show thee all." Our exclamations of delight aroused the child's enthusiasm. She opened musty closets and hidden drawers, disclosing exquisite bits of quattrocento carving and rare old paintings. Our friend was in despair. "Can you not at least tell me their price?" "But Signora, how could I tell thee when I do not know? It is the master who must make the price. For thee it would be small," she added persuasively. With that our friend must be content, as her train left within the hour.

SIFTING GRAIN.

This lack of business perception permeates all their dealings. Since Beppo had lost one customer, the next doubtless paid double price! If a profit of $50.00 per month is necessary to carry on the business, whose fault is it if those who come towards its close must help make up the deficit? Many of the smaller shopkeepers are utterly ignorant of true business principles. Often they must have ready money at any sacrifice. The wife is sick; the old father has broken his leg; the little girl desires a white dress for her first Communion. The tiny shop must yield its treasures to the first Americano. After that prices are doubled until the loss is repaid. Unless strangers can understand the underlying causes of these peculiar methods, they think the Italians dishonest.

Our bankers in Florence were men of unquestioned probity. As the rate of exchange varied from day to day, we never stopped to calculate how much we should receive. One morning we were congratulating ourselves on the high price paid for American money, when the bell rang. "Oh, Signore! a young man in great trouble to see you. He says that he has given you too much money at the bank. Mio dio, he shall lose his situation!" Trembling with fear, his face white and drawn, the bank clerk entered, to throw himself upon our mercy. "Five hundred francs! Mother of Christ, what shall I do! If the buone Americane have not the supreme goodness I shall be turned away and forever disgraced!" We hastened to reassure him. We would make the calculation and return whatever did not belong to us. His gratitude was

pathetic. Smiling and happy he hastened to return the five hundred francs.

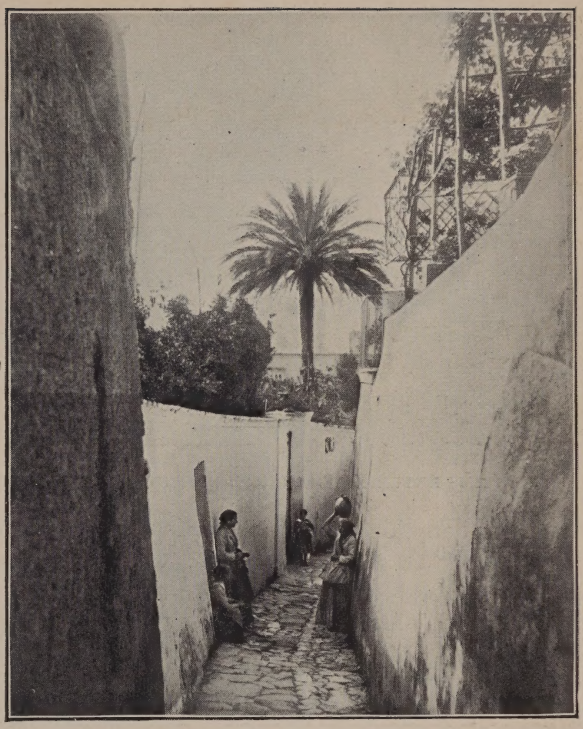
Keeping house in Florence taught us that mistakes were made in our favor as frequently as in that of the butcher or baker. We had been warned by so many Americans against the dishonest tradespeople that we were prepared to distrust them all, but our experience convinced us that the difference in their business methods accounted for much of the misunderstanding which exists between foreigners and the shop-keepers of Florence. As for the servants,—they are accustomed to being entrusted with money; they do the marketing and small shopping. Once you show perfect confidence in them they serve you with loving fidelity.

Those who learn to know the poor—not the beggars—of Italy, must also learn to love them. They are so patient, so unselfish, so willing to work for a few cents, so ready to forget all past misery in the happy present.

Fearing that ours was an exceptional experience, I talked with many Americans who had lived ten, twenty years in Florence. Invariably they bore the same testimony as to the honesty and devotion of their servants. Francesca Alexander, author of the exquisite "Story of Ida," told me that during thirty years they had never had a dishonest servant. "Several times I have lost my purse," she said, "or left money in the pocket of a dress when sending it to the laundry; always my purse and money have been returned. Strangers do not understand the dear Italians, they are like children. Only love them and they will serve you devotedly.

AN ITALIAN WASH HOUSE.

When illustrating my book of Italian Folk songs," she continued, "I searched in vain among my poor people for a face that would suggest the Evil One—where he comes in the guise of a handsome young man to tempt St. Christopher. Finally I was spending the summer in a small mountain town and heard that a young murderer was confined in the jail. Here, I thought, is my model. No man could commit murder and not have an evil face. Applying to the authorities I received permission to visit him. Imagine my surprise when I found a gentle, sweet-natured young peasant! After hearing his story I almost forgave the terrible crime which had been committed in a moment of frenzied anger against the seducer of his young sister. Because of extenuating circumstances he was condemned to prison for a very short time. The jailor permitted him to come each day and pose for me. Certainly he was not a good subject for his Satanic Majesty, but I despaired of finding a better. While I painted, he recounted the pathetic story of his life. 'I will not be many months longer in prison, Signorina. You will permit me to be your servant when I am free? I can drive your fastest horses or row you in your pleasure boat.' 'But I have neither horses nor a boat,' I replied, 'there is no way in which you could serve me.' 'Ah, Signorina, do not desert me. I will be your most faithful and humble slave.' "



STREET IN CAPRI LEADING TO THE SEA.

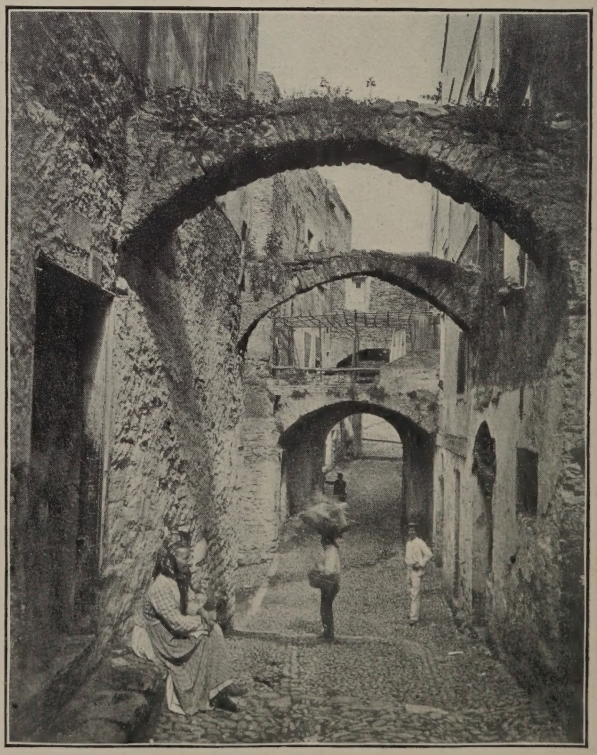
A SOUTHERN ITALIAN AND HIS DONKEY.

When in Assisi our landlord assured us that we could leave any amount of money in our rooms, no one would dream of touching it, nor would the peas-

PILGRIMS ENTERING THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS.

ants keep anything that they found in the streets. I fear that this would not be true of other parts of Italy. Assisi has been consecrated by the presence of the angelic St. Francis, whose mantle of love seems to have descended on all her inhabitants. In no place can one come closer to the people, more in touch with the simple lives of the peasants, than in dear old Assisi. We had left Perugia one bright spring morning as the sun rose over the mountains, and had driven through miles of flowering fruit trees to the home of St. Francis. Reaching the Hotel Subasio, we anxiously inquired for rooms overlooking the valley. "Impossible, Signore, all are engaged." "Then go to the other hotel, driver." It is truly heart-breaking to watch forestieri drive to one's rival! "Will not the Signore stop but a moment for the beauty of our view? Meanwhile I call the master. Perhaps he can make a little arrangimento." Fortunately the "arrangimento" was possible. Our windows opened on a balcony commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains. How many happy hours I was to spend there, lying on an old stone bench, drinking in the beauty of the soft blue sky, of the distant hills and flower scented valley.

But now we were impatient to visit the triple church of St. Francis, to see the glorious frescoes of Giotto and Cimabue. How dark it was, coming in from the sunshine! We stumbled over a kneeling peasant, so rapt in his devotions as to be



"WE SPENT MANY HAPPY WEEKS IN DEAR OLD SAN REMO."

unconscious of our presence. Near the altar the light from a side window fell on the golden halos of Our Lady and the Child in her arms. For six hundred years this sweet Baby Face has thrilled the souls of all who have gazed upon it. Giotto painted his most beautiful Madonna for this church of St. Francis. And with what loving reverence he wrote upon its walls the life of the young saint! Not Giotto alone was possessed by a spirit of love. We felt it in the work of all who assisted in erecting this temple of God, dedicated to the memory of one who had lived and toiled and suffered among them; who had given his life to the service of the poor, the miserable, the outcast among the children of Christ.

Groping on my knees I have found many exquisite bits of fresco painting and stone cutting hidden away in the dark corners of this old church. The artisans became creative artists through their passionate desire to adorn the house of God. It burned through the imperfections of their technique, and wrote in letters of gold the history of that early renaissance, when men labored in faith and love to beautify His home. They did not care to sign their work; to be deemed worthy a place near Christ's altar, no matter how dark, how obscure, was the reward they coveted for their handiwork.

"There will be a festa tomorrow in the Church of Our Lady of the Angels. Do the Signore desire to behold it?" asked Flavia, who acted as guide when not on duty as model. Next day we descended the steep hillside to the dei Angeli. The peasants were gathering from the surrounding mountains, making a brilliant color study in the green landscape. How they loved the little room where St. Francis died, preserved here with his death mask and his few, simple garments. Here, too, is the garden, whose roses have no thorns and whose leaves are marked as though with blood. Tradition tells us that the young saint wished to mortify his flesh by sleeping on thorns, when an angel came down from heaven and plucked them from the stems, leaving only the tender leaves. The simple story of his life appealed to us strangely as we listened to it in the small cell, told by an old Franciscan who loved him and strove to follow the Master in his footsteps.

Each year thousands of pilgrims visit his tomb, which is enshrined in the subterranean church of his name. Many are too poor to come by train, so they walk hundreds of miles, sleeping by the roadside or in stables, subsisting on bread and water that they may reach the shrine of the saint whom they love. The artists who are so fortunate as to be in Assisi during the pilgrimages desert the great pictures. Armed with sketch-books they follow the pilgrims into the piazza where many, worn out by the hardships of their journey, fall asleep in the shade of the cloisters. Here one can study the ancient costumes of Italy, which have been handed down for generations and are preserved for such great festas. The poorest pilgrims carry all their worldly possessions upon their heads, tied in large kerchiefs. They have no homes in which to leave them. In their hands are staffs with a cross at the top. Entering the church they walk around the main altar saying their beads, kneeling at almost every step to kiss the stones. Descending to visit the tomb of their beloved saint, they kneel on every step to say a little prayer. Their earnest devotion appeals to all who witness it, they are so simple, so child-like in their faith. Watching them as they lingered lovingly before the treasured pictures of Madonna and Christ Child, gathering strength from the illumined faces of saints and martyrs, we realized

what Christian art had always meant to the people of Italy, and how the old mosaics and frescoes had become the prayer-books of the poor and lowly, who day after day knelt before them.

Another day Flavia, our little guide, led us up the steep hillside to the grotto where St. Francis used to talk with the birds, and on our way drew us into her little home, where a new bambino lay in the lap of the gentle, dark-eyed mother, and innumerable children peeped shyly from behind her chair. We begged that the little ones might accompany us on our walk, and they soon forgot their shyness and ran dancing and singing beside us. It was evening when our happy little party descended the steep roadway. Beneath us lay an enchanted world, each blade of grass, each flower transfigured by the golden light of the setting sun. The silver leaves of the olives trembled in the faint, perfumed breeze. From the valley came low sounds of life, the peasants were returning from the fields. About them snowy blossoms from peach and wild cherry tree fluttered to the ground. Budding flowers peeped from the tangled bushes. The birds that St. Francis loved called from every leafy hollow. Above us translucent clouds of rose and amber drifted across the blue dome of heaven. La Primevera, season of Italy's most perfect loveliness, reigned supreme.

FIRST EASTER DAWN.

BY CHARLOTTE A. CALLAHAN.

Over the Saviour's tomb, and far away,
Two angels winged their flight, at break of day.

No fairer beings ever woke the morn,
Since angel hosts announced that Christ was born.

Soft lights had tinged with gold, gray earth and sky:
Never seemed earth so fair to angel-eye.

Never was a sweeter message earthward borne,
Unto a downcast world,—hopeless, forlorn.

"He comes in glory from the tomb! Rejoice!"
Rang out with silver chime each angel's voice.

"Rejoice! Rejoice!" The lily-blooming hills
Repeat the echo, till the music fills

All earth and heaven, on each Easter morn
Since first by angel-lips the word was borne.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE ATTIC.

Frances leaned back in her chair, rested her brushes, and looked half-enviously at Kate, who was making tea in a small brass kettle on a table near the window.

"How deft you are," she said. "I was never practical enough to remember not to put in the tea until after the water boils."

They were in the garret and Walford and Jennings had joined them there. These "studio teas," as Kate called them, had helped to while away long afternoons that winter; and the old garret had borrowed a look of cheer which it had not worn since the days of Frances' childhood.

"Is tea-making an art?" asked Jennings from the depths of a broken armchair.

"That would lead us to some worn definition of art," said Walford, who had moved his seat to watch the effect of Frances' touch on the canvas which stood on a high easel in front of her.

"Art is so elusive that few of us know anything about it," declared Frances gaily. "I apologize to Mr. Walford. His sermons may be epics, but I cannot speak of that which I have never heard."

"Wherein you differ from most women," remarked Jennings, indifferently, jingling the tea spoons.

"Spare us that false platitude," said Kate. "Mr. Jennings is thinking of his articles, which I have been praising because I know nothing about them. Will the humbled one have some tea?"

Jennings munched at a lump of sugar. "The humble accept small favors gratefully," he said. "Since Mrs. Hampden has crushed my hopes of genius, I am now willing to brave any danger."

"Those are proper sentiments," approved Kate as she handed him a cup. "I think the kettle had verdigris on the top."

"It makes no difference," was the heroic response. "The living author is so disillusioning."

Frances laughed.

"You *would* be more consistent if you were dead."

"Why?"

"Because your theories of life lead us to believe that you care for nothing but dynamite and gravestones."

"Why the gravestones?" asked Walford.

"Because he is not famous enough to dispense with a monument," interposed Kate.

"We are descending," said Walford, "to the lowest form of humor, which is disconcerting our neighbor."

Jennings industriously stirred his tea. "But the neighbor refuses to be disconcerted," he drawled.

"You are all very distracting," complained Frances, picking up her brushes and palette.

Jennings made a feint of rising from his chair.

"Which means that our company can be dispensed with. Come, Miss Kate, let us go."

"Why, I have just come. Frances needs my energy to spur her on. If she lets her imagination run riot over that picture instead of her brush, it won't be done

for a fortnight, and the owner desires her grandfather by the early morning train."

"Is that he?" asked Jennings, turning his eyes slowly and critically towards the canvas.

"Well, I'm not sure of the relationship," admitted Kate. "Perhaps it's the grandfather of someone else that the present owner purchased for an ancestor. He does as well as any other."

"Better perhaps," said Jennings. "The old fellow has a distinguished air which enabled his descendants to dispose of him."

Frances looked reproachful.

"I'm glad that you don't mean all that you say, Dick."

"And you ought to be still more grateful that I don't say all that I mean."

"On what subject?" asked Kate with a weary air.

"On all subjects. Your brother, for instance."

"Don't turn the vials of your wrath on me," begged Walford. "I'm here merely as an observer," and he leaned restfully back against the whitewashed wall.

"Please do," said Frances with a touch of mischief in her tone. "It might be so interesting."

"It might," agreed Walford, resignedly. "Jennings' point of view is always interesting."

"Has anyone discovered that he has a point of view?" asked Kate.

"It has been suspected. Go on, Dick, personalities are very bad form, and that is the reason they are so interesting."

"Well, I'll begin on obvious traits before going into more subtle distinctions," said Jennings with his eyes fixed on Kate. "The most obvious is the Walford hardheadedness—it seems to run in the blood. You can't convince them of anything, pleasant or otherwise, unless they want to agree with you."

"That's true enough," agreed Kate.

"And being unimaginative they refuse to see possibilities."

"That's very vague," said Walford quietly. "It leaves too much to the imagination, and when one considers that you are talking to people who have none—"

"Oh, I never intimated that Mrs. Hampden had none. She is willing to believe even in my virtues."

"That's true," Frances laughed. "I've always believed that everyone had some good concealed in him."

"I doubt it," said Kate decidedly. "I have lived in the house nearly six months with my ministerial brother, and that is my conclusion."

"Jove! what a statement," said Jennings, turning to Walford, "and coming from one of your own household, too."

"I am speaking of the people of this parish," said Kate with dignity. "Haven't I chummed with them in the kitchen while I was giving them food? Charles having left strict orders that none of them should be turned away from the door. What is the result? Our kitchen turned into a wayside inn. I am the blooming waitress, —and the paupers—well, I have seen them take money out of their handkerchiefs when they thought I wasn't looking, that would have made me comfortable for the winter."

"Kate's ideas of comfort are at times limited," said Walford. "She forgets that she is disproving her statement; the visitors did not take the spoons."

"Because Miss Kate was watching them," said Jennings. "If the fear of being caught was greater than their desire for silver, surely they ought not to be commended, and then again, perhaps the visitors thought the spoons were only plated."

"Of course that is most possible," said Kate delightedly. "You were kind to

come to my rescue. Permit me to thank you with another cup of tea."

Jennings obediently handed her his cup.

"Your goodness, occasionally, Miss Kate, is so great that I begin to have hopes of humanity."

"Is the parish as discouraging as Kate represents?" asked Frances, stopping her work and turning to Walford.

"It's merely unappreciative." His lips smiled but his grey eyes suddenly looked tired and discouraged.

"How do you know?"

"Because I believe I am a failure so far. I meet with no coöperation,"—he spoke hesitatingly, for he was always loath to talk of his own affairs.

Frances moved her high stool and stepped back to get a better view of the portrait, whose shadowy outlines seemed to defy her.

"And neither do I," she said.

She was standing now close to the window and she looked eagerly out over the river to the free, wide woods beyond.

"I'm sorry for you—I am so sorry for everyone; I—I wish the picture was done."

"You are tired?" he asked, with that friendly solicitude which was his by nature. He went quickly to her side, anxious to see what had claimed her interest. But he saw only the steeples and the grey roofs of the little town beneath them. How noiseless, how dull, how far below them it seemed to be, while the attic was radiant with the fleeting glory of the sunset. For a moment he experienced a strange happiness in the thought that he was alone with her. Kate and Jennings were busy chattering over their teacups, their voices sounded away off in the distance.

"It was selfish of me to think of my own work," Frances said, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "I'm so sorry for you too. Really, I'm so sorry."

He understood that the tears in her eyes were not for him nor for herself; they were for the world—the world of life that fails. It had been borne in upon him of late that he had a subtle understanding of her moods. He was not a self-analyst and it surprised him when he found that he had learned to read her thoughts. He had fallen, unconsciously, into the habit of entering into these mental monologues, wondering at first at his own power, but after a time ceasing to wonder and frightening himself with vague forebodings of possible pain.

Once or twice he had determined to limit his visits to the Somers' to a weekly or fortnightly call, but on the days he made this resolution Ralph had sent for him, and, though he knew that the invalid merely desired cheerful company, Walford had never yet refused him this small pleasure. It seemed uncharitable to begin. And when he returned home he reviewed these visits at his leisure and he smiled at his fears. He was a friend—a friend only—strong and wise enough to remember that Frances was a married woman. But of late he had always added —divorced.

"Why can't we be happy in such a beautiful world?" she said, her eyes fixed upon the white streamers of the sunset. "Why can't Nature satisfy us?"

He looked at her long and steadily, puzzled now to grasp her meaning.

"You mean that we ought to be perfectly happy looking at a scene like that?"

"Yes, why doesn't the beauty of a sky like that make us forget the world and its sufferings? Why doesn't it fill us with an ecstasy that lifts us above pain?"

"Perhaps because we know that the sky will fade," he said slowly.

"I don't believe that is the reason, for

we are all afraid to look into the future. We are children afraid of the dark. God has made for us a beautiful nursery, but we break our toys. Then we cry—that's not very original," she added, with a little laugh, "but that old gentleman," she pointed to the picture,—"he has destroyed my energies."

"You ought to stop work for today."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"The picture must be done."

"But it is so late, the light is fading."

"But I can see to work a little longer," she turned again to her easel.

"That profile is unsatisfactory," she went on. "I tried to make the owner tell me all she knew of the original, but she knew very little, so I have to set my imagination to work."

"About the original?"

"Yes, don't you see how dim the outlines are? I fancy the artist meant to show that the old gentleman was not as cross as he appeared, that his eyes sometimes twinkled, but the rest of his face was so stern. Do you know I have been watching you for the last week for that twinkle?"

"And did you find it?"

"Yes, there it is," and she moved her hand so that he might get a better view. The eyes of the old gentleman met his and seemed to sparkle good-naturedly, but the rest of the face was set and grim.

"He looks as if he knew his own mind," said Walford, "and I fancy he was strenuously in earnest."

"I fancy he was a reformer of some kind." And then she added, "Hanging was probably his end."

"Most reformers do get tied up somehow," said Walford, smiling, but with a note of sadness in his tone.

She turned to him with friendly sympathy.

"Are you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered reluctantly, again showing that hesitation to talk of his own affairs.

"I wish you would tell me," and she rested her palette on her blue, checked apron, awaiting as much of his confidence as he chose to give in response to her invitation. Her whole nature was direct and frank. She had all the tender sympathy that womanhood, wifehood, motherhood can bring; but she still had the simplicity and the artlessness of girlhood, too, and was guiltless of any appreciation of the psychology of the emotions. Circumstances had conspired to place Walford on the footing of an old friend of herself as well as of Ralph, as Jennings was, and it was of her nature to invite his confidence as naturally as she would a woman's. She scented no danger, and, as Walford did not immediately reply, she began again.

"You are, of course, a heretic," she said with laughing reproof, "and I wouldn't aid or abet your spiritual ministrations amongst the orthodox. But," she went on in more serious tones, "I have been watching your efforts to improve the condition of the miners and their families, and it has all appealed to me strongly, and I have so wished that I could help you in your work. Are Ralph's forebodings as to the result of it all coming true?"

He turned his eyes away from hers and fixed them on the smouldering fires of the sunset.

"The trustees do not like me," he said at last, slowly. "I think I shall be asked to leave before long." His eyes again sought the shadow.

She faced him with a quick comprehension which showed she fully understood what this confession cost him.

"But why?"

"Because I am not a popular person," he smiled faintly.

"But why?"

"Why? Isn't that an embarrassing question? The truth is, there are many reasons. The first one is that I am always blunt and impolitic—ever since I was a boy—and I have not hesitated to express my opinions around here, and they were unpleasant ones; for I have taken the part of the miners, and am supposed to sympathize too strongly with them in the demands they are making. That is true enough. If they strike I shall not blame them; they are only demanding justice,—and I am suspected of urging them on to a strike."

"Is that true?"

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact I haven't much influence over them. Most of them belong to your church, you know, and they, too, suspect me, as a heretic. However, I have met Father Mallen in their homes so often, and we have become such friends, that they have come to accept me rather as a friend of his than for my own sake."

"And Father Mallen doesn't seem to fear your influence on the members of his flock?" she asked quietly.

"No," he replied, after a moment's silence. "I suspect that he feels they are more likely to convert me than I am to lead them away. I am interested in bettering them, and I believe in the truth of my own church, of course. But," he went on slowly, "I am willing to confess, to you, that I doubt the ability of my own faith to bring the comfort and the hope to people in the condition of the poor at the mines. It doesn't seem suited to their needs as well as the religion that they have. These miners have done more for me than I can ever do for them."

"How?"

"In the line of educating me in things that one only learns from life. Before I came here—I am almost ashamed to confess it—I had only an academic knowledge of the poor. I always wanted to work amongst them, but had never had the opportunity—and one can not realize their need from books. I pitied poverty, of the extreme sort, and I hated squalor. I have not begun to love them yet, either; but I do know something, now, of compensations that I did not appreciate before. And now, I suppose I shall be requested to leave here before my education has proceeded much farther."

"The trustees will not do that," she said, trying to express a conviction that she did not feel.

"I believe they will," he said without bitterness. "The trustees are the mine owners, and after trying to convince them, in a bungling way, perhaps, of their injustice, I have told them what I thought of them with too much candor."

"And now, you have given up the cause and mean to go away?"

He smiled wanly. "Not yet. I don't believe my stubbornness ever allowed me to give up anything. I won't go until I am sent. I am merely biding my time."

"And so am I," she said.

"For what?"

"For changes in you."

"Oh, I see," and the twinkle appeared in his tired grey eyes. "You think all roads lead to Rome?"

"Not all roads, but yours," she said.

"Why mine?"

"Because you are so tremendously in earnest."

He leaned his head easily against the window sill and pointed to the portrait.

"How inconsistent you are," he observed. "You told me a moment ago that would-be reformers usually ended their days on the gallows."

She glanced at him over her shoulder.

"But the conversion," she said, smiling, "would not necessarily prove the contrary."

"Whose conversion?"

From the other side of the easel came the question in Jenning's drawling voice.

"Please don't talk religion," pleaded Kate, rising and fastening her fur collar, "because I am going home and Charles must come with me."

"Let me go?" said Jennings with an ever-ready willingness to follow wherever she led.

"We have made up our minds to avoid you," said Kate airily, "for we are suspected of harboring some of your advanced ideas."

"Have I actually given the people of this town an idea?" asked Jennings. "If so Miss Kate, I beg of you to allow the good work to go on."

Frances laughed as he shook her hand at parting. "Are you ever serious, Dick?" she asked.

"Read my articles, they are intended to prove it," and he started after Kate, who was disappearing through the door.

Walford lingered a moment. "You will stop your work now?"

She put aside her palette. "I cannot see to go on."

"Neither can I," he said, and, with a strange expression on his face, he left her standing alone in the closing shadows.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST THEFT.

"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

BY MARY WEST.

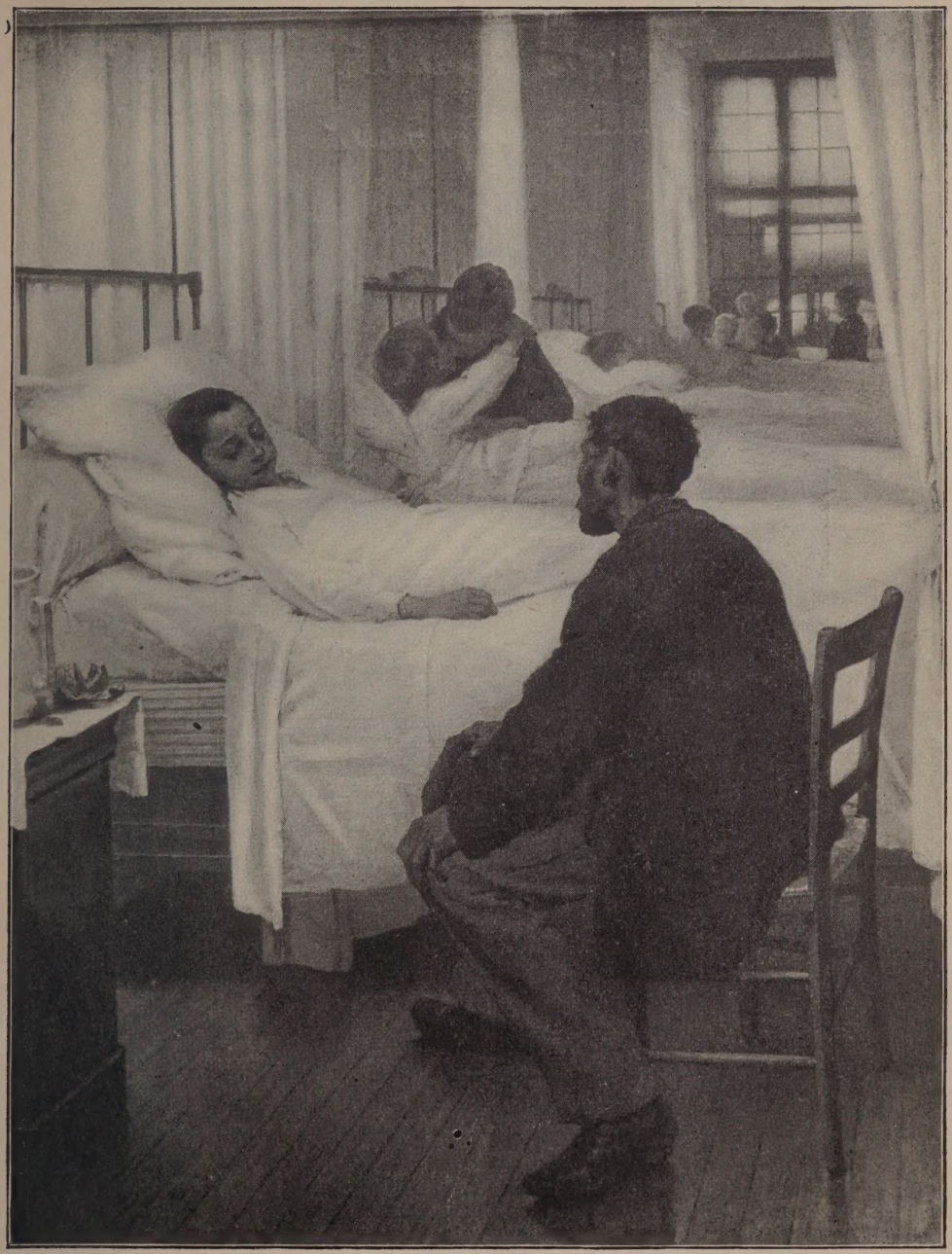
He whose whole life was lost in devious ways,
In lawlessness and thieving,
Looked on his dying Lord with wide amaze,
And spent his soul with grieving.

In highest Heaven the listening angels heard
Unto his Saviour crying,
The thief upon the cross—the answering word,—
'Twas God Himself replying.

For Jesus gave to him—the dying thief—
This dear fruit of His passion,
Love's answer to faith's prayer of sweet belief
In Love's Divine compassion.

Oh, that last theft! The flaming seraphs yearned,
With souls for Christ all burning,
And mused upon the deeps of Love discerned,
The heights of Love discerning.

Lo! Dying on the cross, the Good Thief even
Had sought and found his way
Into Christ's broken heart—thus stealing Heaven,
And Happiness for aye.



IN THE HOSPITAL.

MOST REV. W. J. WALSH, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

"I have never wavered in the view of the Irish Land Question which I formed many years ago," says Archbishop Walsh, Dublin's patriotic prelate, in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, "as the result of not unfrequent conversations on the subject with a far-seeing critic of certain schemes of land purchase that were then much spoken of—the late Dr. Duggan, at that time Bishop of Clonfert.

"That view is, that the system of land tenure in Ireland never can be regarded as in a position of stable equilibrium so long as (1) the taxation of the country is left to

be borne by the public at large—including the shopkeepers and artisans of our towns and cities, the laborers in country districts, the mercantile and professional classes of the country as a whole—while (2) the land of the country is in the hands of a number of proprietors, large or small, who are either to be set free, after a term of years, from the way upon public attention. It is now seventeen years since I first put my views in relation to it on public record. If I refer to it now, I do so only in order to make intelligible my general statement that I do not consider myself free to take any share in the responsibility of making suggestions as to the construction of schemes upon lines that

REV. WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

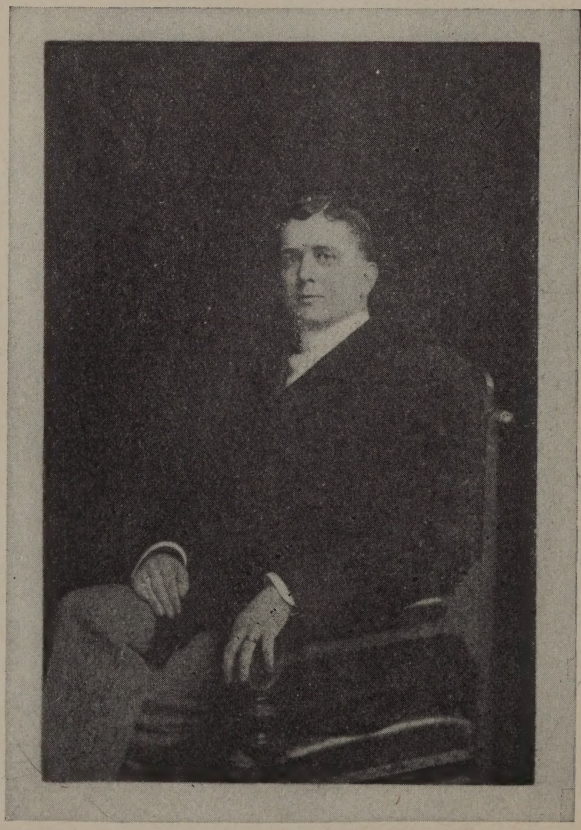
duty of paying a fair rent, or rent-charge, to the State, or are to be left under the obligation of paying such yearly charge, whether in perpetuity or for an unduly long term of years, to the British Treasury.

"I am not going to argue this matter. Nor have I the least desire to press it in any seem to me to lie in a wrong direction. But that is no reason why I should not do everything in my power to remove what seems to be a widespread, and possibly mischievous, error as to the frame-work of the scheme now before the country.

"Let the people be told the truth. Let us

have one thing or the other. If an arrangement based upon a 25 years' purchase—whether of "first-term," or of "second-term," rentals—is a thing to be denounced, let the scheme of the conference be openly and honestly found fault with, for having left it open to the government not only to construct its financial arrangements on such a basis, but to put forward those arrangements as within the lines of the conference scheme. If, on the other hand, that scheme is not to be found fault with, although it has been so framed as to leave such arrangements open to the government, then let the government not be found fault with if they take a course—a course surely by no means unnatural for a government to take—of exercising the freedom of choice which, as is stated by one of the most capable members of the conference, has been advisedly left open to them.

"The present government, especially the Irish section of it, is, I have little doubt, inspired by as friendly and statesmanlike sentiments toward Ireland as could possibly be entertained by a government not prepared to go the length of a thoroughgoing recognition of our national rights. It is to be hoped that the friendly government may find it consistent with State policy to abstain from taking advantage of such points as may have been left open to them to take advantage of in the scheme that is now being so enthusiastically extolled by the country. If, however, they choose to act in the matter as it is the common way of governments to act in all such cases, I venture to hope that there is honesty enough in the country to repress everything in the shape of hostile criticism of their action in doing so, and, to repress—for the sake of the tenants themselves—everything calculated to stand in the way of the tenants taking full advantage of all the good that may be in the government measure."



HON. VICTOR J. DOWLING

Rev. William Livingston, formerly pastor of St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, who succeeded the late Rev. James Nilan, as pastor of St. Peter's Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was born in Ireland forty-six years ago, and came to New York when he was fifteen years of age. His subsequent career affords an notable instance of success achieved through merit. He entered A. T. Stewart's store, at a salary of four dollars a week, but possessed of the high ambition to become a priest, he presently found the way to realize his purpose. He studied the classics at St. Francis Xavier's College, and graduated from that institution in 1883, being ordained as priest at Troy, Dec. 17, 1887. For his first year he was stationed at St. Stephen's in East 28th street, New York, and eleven years later he became Rev. Dr. McGlynn's successor at Newburgh. For seven years Father Livingston served as director of the seminary at Troy, and for a year as professor at Dunwoodie. Desiring a change to parish duty, the late Archbishop Corrigan made him chaplain at the Good Shepherd convent, where he was when Rev. Dr. McGlynn died, three years ago, when he was appointed Rev. Dr. McGlynn's successor. Since that time he has been very prominent as pastor, lecturer and poet. At an examination held in

New York the appointment of Father Livingston as successor to the late permanent rector of St. Peter's was directed by Archbishop Farley, and the new pastor entered on his duties in January of the present year.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature by Senator Dowling, demanding that the schools maintained by the New York Catholic Protectory be permitted to participate in the distribution of the New York City School Fund, and that such schools be placed under the supervision of the Board of Education. Thousands of children are educated in these schools, which are taught by the Christian Brothers and the New York branch of the Sisters of Charity. It is to be hoped that Senator Dowling's commendable activity will be rewarded by success in securing the desired legislation.

FATAL TORTURING OF PRIEST AND PRIVATE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In Boston recently certain persons whom Senator Lodge's Philippine Committee refused to hear were present at a meeting in "The Cradle of Liberty." They were Mrs. Ellen C. Richter, whose son was murdered in the Philippines, by an officer; Lieutenant Hall and Private Moore of the 20th Kansas, who served with Funston; Private Albert L. Cross of the 26th U. S. Volunteers, who helped administer the "water cure" to Father Augustine, and Daniel J. O'Connor of the gunboat Paragua, which brought the priest from his parish to the place of torture. To a representative of DONAHOE'S, O'Connor, Cross, and Mrs. Richter made the following statements, which are submitted to the reader's impartial judgment. The statements of O'Connor and Cross are corroborated by the records in the War Department; that of Mrs. Richter by Ellwood Bergey, a publicist of Philadelphia, who has carefully investigated the death of Richter.

The Kidnapping of Father Augustine.

BY DANIEL J. O'CONNOR (A WITNESS).

The War Department has endeavored to prevent the true facts about Father Augustine from reaching the American people. More, it has protected the perpetrators of this deed and professes today to be unable to punish them. When the revelations were first made, Secretary Root scouted the idea of such a thing occurring; said it was all a romance. Well, I was a witness to the truth of this romance, willing to testify to it; and refused a hearing! But a sense of conscience and a feeling of reverence for the Church I was reared in compel me to give the facts of this matter as I know them. I have given testimony on oath before a private committee of the United States Senate, my war record is on the files of the Department, and every detail of my story can be confirmed by men who were witnesses, like myself, to this shocking occurrence.

My connection with the case of Father Augustine is as follows: In November, 1900, I was serving as a machinist on board the gunboat Paragua, stationed at Iloilo. There was considerable talk about the insurrection, but in that immediate neighborhood there was no warfare and the country seemed fairly well-pacified. Several times I had attended Mass at the church at Molos, of which Father Augustine was pastor, and had been favorably impressed by him. He was a tall portly man of middle age of distinguished appearance, very influential with the natives, a scholar and a gentleman. He was of the best type of the native Filipino. Far from assiting the natives in

their revolt, I think he would have used his influence to persuade them to desist from a useless struggle. He had entertained visiting soldiers and officers courteously. But that did not save him from a horrible fate.

One day, I have forgotten the exact date, Lieutenant A. Althouse, United States Navy, commanding officer of the Paragua, gave orders to his engineer crew (I being one of them, as it was my duty to run the engines on the watch from twelve at night till four in the morning) to have fires and steam ready to get under way at a moment's notice as he was expecting a very important prisoner on board. He was particular to issue orders —in fact told some of the crew in person—to be careful not to mention that the gunboat was to leave the dock at midnight, and while on shore not to give any information as to when she was to sail for Banate, twenty miles' distant, nor to mention what should take place on this special trip, as he did not want, or a certain army officer did not want, some one, he said General Hughes, who was in command of the department, to know the full particulars of this trip. He further said that none of the men was to ask this prisoner any questions or to converse with him even if he should desire to talk. He said he was a friend of the insurrectos, unfriendly to us, and a very dangerous enemy. His language was such as to arouse to the highest pitch the enmity and evil feelings of the men. Later in the day Lieutenant Althouse ordered the fires banked, as he thought the whole thing had fallen through. Later still, I heard him tell Captain Brownell, of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, who was on board, that he would not receive this prisoner on board the ship, while he was in command, as a prisoner of war. About six o'clock in the evening, however, we again had orders to get up steam to be ready to get under way at a moment's notice. Officers in that latitude had a habit of changing their minds.

About eight, a closed carriage, carefully guarded, drove up to the gangway of the Paragua. One of the guards opened the carriage door and the important prisoner stepped to the ground and was hustled up the gang-plank to the deck. There stood Lieutenant Althouse, waiting to receive him. I was also on deck, standing right beside Althouse, and was a witness to what followed. It was quite light enough to distinguish features at that hour, and as the man, who wore the full khaki uniform of a sergeant in the United States Artillery, came up, I recognized him as the Padre Augustine I had seen often in the parish church of Molos. He confronted Althouse proudly. Throwing back his coat he displayed the upper part of a soutane piped with red, with a belt and rosary showing at his waist.

"What does this mean, Captain?" he exclaimed in Spanish. "Why is this uniform put on me and why am I dragged here by these men? I am no—"

"Shut up, you ——!" snapped Althouse.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the priest again. He was not in the least afraid. "I am not an insurrecto. I am a quiet and law-abiding priest, and these men have treated me like an animal. I appeal to you, an officer of the United States Army, for explanation and protection."

Althouse, for answer, called the guard and ordered him to be hurried to the forward hold, to be double-ironed and gagged, if it was necessary to resort to that, to keep him quiet until we got out of Iloilo. It was feared that some one might hear him and inform the people while we remained tied to the dock, and they might come to his rescue before we could get away. The guard had explicit orders not, under any circumstances, to allow this particular prisoner to make an outcry until we were well out of the river, and to

use all necessary violence to prevent an outcry. Padre Augustine was well-known and beloved about Iloilo and, if it had leaked out that he was held prisoner on board, there would have been trouble. I believe even the women would have come to his rescue.

But after his dignified appeal to Althouse, the Padre made no resistance. He was pushed and pulled down the companion-way and thrown into the forward hold, a vile den without any ventilation and half-filled with drunken sailors sleeping off a spree. This place was little larger than a couple of steamboat cabins; there was no way of airing it; it was horribly close and offensive and in such a climate was nearly unbearable when there was only one man in it. On this occasion there were at least half a dozen sailors, beastly drunk, huddled up in there. The men and guards treated the priest cruelly, because of the story that Althouse had told them about him being such a sly and cunning villain. The men seemed to know all about him and what his fate was to be. Before we got under way I tried to talk with him, first getting permission from one of the guards—the other was too drunk to know whether I talked or not. I ran risk of court martial for this, but I could not stomach seeing a priest suffer without making some effort to help him. I went up to him and said in Spanish: "Can I not get you a glass of water, Father?" He made no reply, only waved his hand and kept on saying his beads. Small wonder. He had been abused and insulted by an officer and he could expect no better treatment from one of the men wearing the same uniform.

At midnight we dropped down the bay out to sea. I was then on watch. When I went off, about four in the morning, I again went into the hold to try to talk to him. The irons had been removed from his hands and he was prostrate in prayer. As before, he made no answer, merely waved his hand and kept repeating prayers. One of the crew made an insulting remark about his creed. What he had endured that night God alone can know. When daylight had well set in we arrived at Banate and Althouse turned the prisoner over to Brownell. Brownell hurried him into a small boat and rowed within half a mile of the shore, as near as they could go, for the beach is very shelving around there. From where the boat stopped, the priest was made to wade to land. When he reached land he turned and looked back a moment and then was hustled out of sight. I never saw him again.

Meantime the story of the capture had gone the rounds. It was that eight or ten soldiers belonging to the scouts and detached from their commands, had gone to his house early in the afternoon, ostensibly to pay a friendly call. The servant admitted them and showed them into the parlor, where Father Augustine came to welcome them. When the servant had left the room, they forced the priest, at the point of the pistol, to don the uniform of a United States Artillery sergeant; then he was put in a closed carriage and driven about Iloilo until nightfall had well set in, so that he could be carried aboard the Paragua and the ten or twelve natives aboard—employed as servants—would fail to recognize him in this disguise; also any lounger on the water front, as he was said to be one of a well-known and wealthy Filipino family.

What happened afterwards I did not see, but the men on the Paragua said he was going to be killed, and later we heard all about the murder. If he was an insurrecto, as they pretended he was, why did they not try him properly and shoot him instead of taking him twenty miles up in the woods to kill him by slow torture? The truth is, the uniform of the United States was used as a cloak to a hellish plot. A priest, a man of peace,

a scholar, and a gentleman, was kidnapped, disguised in the uniform of a soldier by men wearing the same uniform, and carried off on a gunboat flying our flag—to be murdered! He was said to have information as to the location of hidden weapons and as to the movements of the rebel leader of the district. This was not the information the torturer kept him in agony two weeks to obtain. He was tortured until he told where his thirty thousand pesos were in keeping, and until he handed them over to the officer in charge. Then he was let die. What became of the money? No reply is forthcoming to that question. What more can be said?

The Murder of Father Augustine.

Compiled from the statements and affidavits of Albert L. Cross, private in 26th United States Volunteers:

During the month of November, 1900, I was stationed with my regiment, Company B, at the camp at Banate, Island of Panay, P. I.

Early in the month it was rumored that an important prisoner was on the point of falling into our hands, and that we should have him in a short time. One morning, very early, the Paragua came in sight, and a small boat containing several men put off from her. The exact date I do not remember. A number of us went down to the beach, being off duty at the time, to receive them; as they waded up to land we noticed with some surprise that they all wore the uniform of the United States service. With the faces of all but one I was familiar; they were Captain Brownell, and men of the company; the stranger was the important prisoner, Father Augustine, the parish priest of Molos. I did not know who he was, but one of the men with him told me, at the same time throwing me a bundle of vestments to carry up to the quarters. The priest was led up, closely guarded by us all, brought into the officers' house and locked up in a small room underneath theirs. He was alone in this room and kept alone. He looked white and worn, almost sick, like a man who had passed through a long sickness.

After he had been shut up for about a week it was known that we would give him the cure. He had been interrogated, it was said, time and again by the officers, and had revealed nothing, and now that method which seldom failed to bring about results was to be tried. Captain Brownell ordered another man, Sergeant Campbell, and myself to bring him up. We brought him up to Brownell's quarters, and prepared him for the questioning. We bound him, hand and foot, with a belt about his chest and one about his forehead, to the rungs of a ladder lying flat on the floor. We put a chair over his head and put on it a can with a small hole in the bottom, so situated that the water would run down into his mouth. His mouth was kept pried open. We let the water run down into him until he was pretty well filled up. He groaned and shrieked and tried to squirm away from the water, but he was tied down too well for that. After this had gone on for some time he became very much swelled, very sick, and vomited. He revealed nothing in regard to the insurrectos, but confessed he had thirty thousand pesos. Where these were he refused to tell. At last, seeing we could get no more out of him, we unbound him and carried him back to his prison. I was present at the administration of this discipline to a good many and I never saw any one suffer very much, nothing more than a slight suffocation and then vomiting afterwards. But this Father Augustine seemed harder hit than the others.

The next afternoon we took him up again and gave him a "dose." After a little while he repeated his confession about having the money, but refused to give it up because, he said, "it belonged to the Pope of Rome." Eventually, how-

ever, he made signs that Brownell, who was present on both occasions and superintended the carrying out of the thing, might take his papers. He did not last as long as the day before. He soon became sick, fainted, and we had a good deal of difficulty in reviving him. We had to untie him and knead the water out of him, as you work over a drowned man. Then we sent for the doctor and finally we got him back to life and carried him down to his pen. He was a strong-built man, much better developed physically, although in pretty poor condition, than the average Filipino and his struggles were harder and more violent. He was a very determined man, and said things only when agony made him. I don't think he knew what he was doing then. This second time he had the cure he was very sick and I thought his chances of lasting out pretty slim.

That same afternoon I heard someone at headquarters say, "We are going to give it to him again tonight." About ten o'clock that night I received an order from Captain Brownell, delivered by Sergeant Campbell, to go over to headquarters, that they were going to "dose the nigger again." I asked to be excused. I said I did not believe the priest was guilty, and that although I would of course obey orders I would rather that they should send someone else; I thought it would mean pretty near death to give it to him again. Campbell said if I felt so squeamish about it I need not come, and ordered Private Branch to go in my place. The next that happened I saw from the windows of the house which I was in, near the quarters, a squad of prisoners coming over. I did not look closely at them; I knew what had happened. I heard them dig a hole on the parade grounds and I knew that they buried the body there, where we used to play baseball. In the afternoon, at headquarters, the doctor, Woods, Campbell, and Brownell were talking the matter over, and I said that if the cure was given to him again it would kill him. That was the reason I asked to be excused.

I do not believe the priest had any of the information that they said he had. Brownell says he did it all on his own responsibility without telling General Hughes anything about it. But we all thought, and I gathered from scraps of conversation that it was about right, that Brownell was sent up to do what he did. Someone said: "There was something in private between the priest and the officers for which they wanted him out of the way. The priest had a lot of receipts for money and different papers which they got, and they did not want him to tell who took them." I guess that was about the size of it.

Father Augustine is buried on the parade at Banate, near headquarters, on the ground cleared of turf, where we used to play baseball.

The Mother's Story.

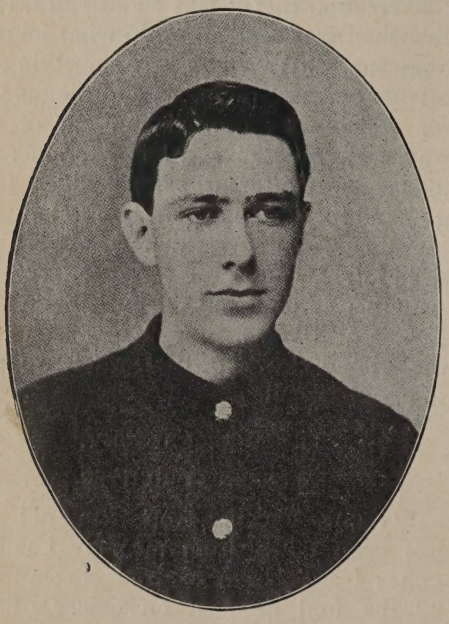
BY ELLEN C. RICHTER.

My only son, the prop of my old age, has been taken from me; my home is gone; I am driven to drudgery; all this by the foul deed of an officer of the American army. And the president himself, the commander-in-chief, almost laughed in my face, when I asked to be permitted at least to have my son's body for burial, that I might go to his grave.

When my boy was four years old his father died, leaving me alone to bring up and educate Edward and his two sisters, both younger than he, as best I could. From a child Edward was always kind to his sisters and I never saw him in an ugly passion. He was always anxious and eager to help his mother and any change he earned as a little lad he always gave willingly to me, because he knew I had to work hard to keep them tidy and clean. Out of every pay, since his enlistment in the army, he has sent most of it home. I

could tell you of many things he has done to help me; he would give either me or his sisters the last thing he had. When we were at supper together for the last time, as it proved to be, I broke down completely, and was crying when he left, for I felt that night I should never see him again.

He was always industrious. Almost as soon as he left school he went to work in



PRIVATE EDWARD C. RICHTER.

the Syracuse office of the Western Union Telegraph, and he remained there four years. The manager said: "He was a good boy. I recollect him well. There were no bad things about him." He always gave me a large part of his pay. When he was about nineteen or twenty he entered the Syracuse postoffice as a special delivery and registered letter carrier. General D. H. Bruce said of him when he left: "He left voluntarily. I did not know him personally, but old employees of the office tell me that he was reliable and efficient and possessed the confidence of his superiors." He was always kind and good. I never had a saucy word from him.

When the war with Spain broke out he was anxious to go. But he was too young, and he knew besides that I needed his help. Three years later, however, things looked so much brighter and he was now of legal age that he decided to enlist, and early in 1901 he joined Company I, 28th Infantry. He was sent to the Philippines, and finally stationed at Dasmarinas, Cavite Province, P. I. From there he wrote to me, telling me all about the country, how behind the times it was, and how slow the people were. His letters were filled with hope, and they betrayed no fear. The last I received was on the seventh of February, 1902. It was about as usual, but he was looking forward to the end of his enlistment and was bright and cheerful. That was on the seventh of February, 1902, and on this same seventh of February he was murdered at Dasmarinas. I never knew he was murdered till much later.

The next I heard was in a letter from Lieutenant Sinclair. It was about like this: "Madam:—It is my unpleasant duty to inform you of the death of your son, who died here February 9th, 1902, at 2.30 A.M. His death was caused by an excessive secretion of mucus and brondisils, technically known as apneumatosis. Yours, etc., W. S. Sinclair, 28th U. S. Infantry." This was the way his death was announced. A few days later I saw a clipping in "The New York World," from "The Manila American," somewhat like this:

February seventh was pay in Company I. The men had a good time, as soldiers will, and their fun landed several in the guardhouse. Richter was in the guardhouse awaiting trial on some petty army offense, and had taken no part in the fun. But when the guardhouse began to fill up, liquor of some sort found its way in, and it is said Richter became jovial. The men were noisy, and a few minutes after taps were sounded, a lieutenant went to the guardhouse and ordered the men to lie down and keep quiet. For the time being the order was obeyed, but almost as soon as he left the room several began talking in an ordinary tone of voice. The officer heard them, and recognized Rich-

ter's voice. He was angry and ordered the guard to bring the arch offender outside. He then ordered Sergeant McDermott to tie the prisoner's hands and legs to the ground. There was no rope handy and the lieutenant went to his own quarters to get it. At this time Richter started in to tell the officer what he thought of him, but he had not got very far before the officer ordered him gagged, and to make it more effective he ordered a club to be thrust into his mouth,wedging in the towel. When the poor wretch's voice had been silenced forever, as it proved, Sinclair ordered one of the guard to bring a big can of ice water out of the guard-room. This can contained five gallons of ice-water and its contents were emptied upon the face of the bound, gagged private. They were not doused or dashed on him. Oh, no. Such punishment would have been too light to mete out to a soldier with the audacity to talk after he had been commanded to remain silent. The water, the whole five gallons of it, as cold as the ice could make it, was taken from the recepticle, a dipper full at a time, and slowly dropped in a thin ragged stream on Richter's face. He struggled a good deal, but of course he was helpless, tied hand and foot and gagged. He twisted and squirmed and then lay still. The torture lasted two hours and a half. Then the cords which bound him were cut, and an attempt was made at resuscitation. No sign of life was apparent and the post surgeon was sent for. When he arrived he pronounced the man dead, and said he had been dead for some time. Last Sunday afternoon Richter's comrades tenderly bore the shell to God's Acre.

I compared Sinclair's note with this newspaper report and then I went to some of my friends. I had already found that apneumatosis meant simply suffocation, covering every form of death from hanging to drowning. We wrote to General Chaffee, asking for particulars, and as one result the War Department gave to the press this bulletin: "Case of Lieutenant Sinclair was investigated at the time. Officer tried and acquitted by the court." Later came another: "Facts; Richter drunk, very abusive, gagged by Sinclair. Died soon afterward." Meantime we had received a letter from a comrade in which he spoke of him as "his most beloved comrade" and as having "been killed by them." I know my boy did not drink and was not abusive in his language.

I wrote to the Department for further information, for a copy of the court martial proceedings, for my son's body for burial. All these were refused me. They talked as though I were not entitled to consideration. Then, with the assistance of a kind friend, Mr. Bergey, I was enabled to go to Washington. I called at the War Department, on senators, on the Judge Advocate General, and eventually on the President. The Department finally promised me my son's body and a copy of the proceedings. That was weeks ago I have not seen them yet. Judge Advocate General Davis expressed polite sympathy, said it was an unfortunate occurrence, and intimated that was a little beyond his province to look after each private soldier. Mr. Bergey was able to examine the records in the War Department, but was not permitted to make any copy of them. Finally I obtained an appointment for an interview with the President.

Mr. Roosevelt received us coldly. Never once during the whole hour did he express any sympathy with me. His whole attitude was that of defending Sinclair. He seemed to think the army was the officers, not the privates. He hardly spoke to me, but he answered my questions in addressing my companion. Finally he almost lost his temper, and as much as said it was no concern of his what became of a private soldier like Richter, who was a drunkard, a user of obscene language, and a general worthless rough. That was the answer of the President to a mother seeking justice for her boy who had gone to the front.

I cannot help feeling bitter, and I think I have cause for it. I know if there is a just God in Heaven His vengeance will light on the murderer and those who protect him. I am old, feeble and poor. Our home has been broken up and my girls and myself are separated. This is one of the rewards, I suppose, of those who send forth their offspring into battle for their country.

The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome. From the Italian of Father Bacci. New Edition by Rev. F. I. Antrobus. Herder, St. Louis. 1903. $3.75.

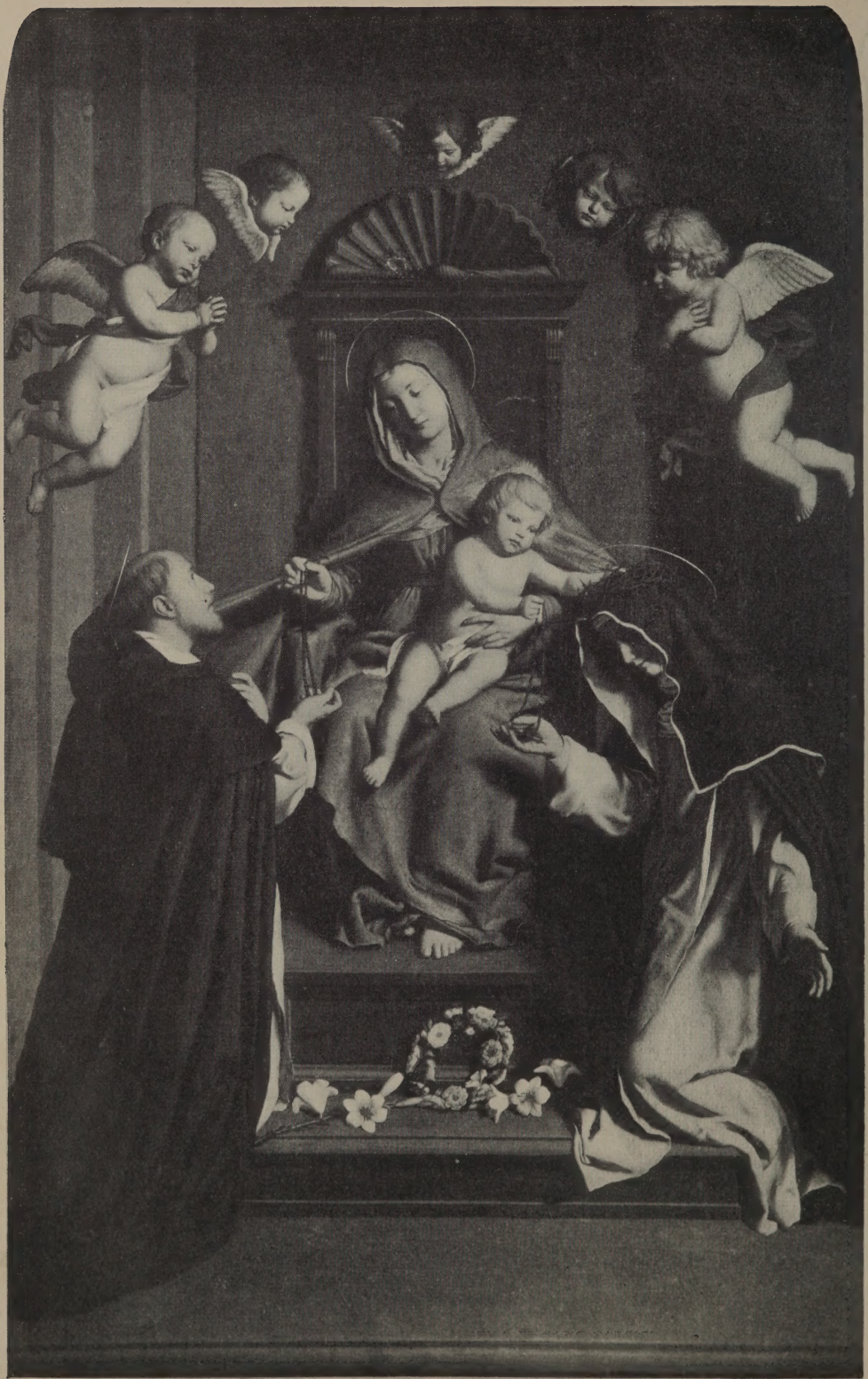
There is an inexpressible charm about the memory of St. Philip Neri. He was so gentle, so sympathetic, so long-suffering, so full of zeal for souls, and withal so fearless in fighting iniquity and so outspoken in defence of the wronged that he stands out among the great saints of God with an attractiveness all his own. St. Philip was given to the Church in days of dark and dreary tribulations. Unscrupulous ambition, vanity, pride of life, lust and injustice were rampant everywhere; unworthy men had, in some instances, forced their way into the sanctuary and had scandalized their flocks by their unrestrained lives and their unprincipled dealings. Even Rome itself did not escape the contagion and there was much to grieve over in the central shrine of Christendom, when St. Philip was born in the beautiful city of Florence. His early education was entrusted to the monks of San Marco, the monastery rendered world-famous by the energetic and fervid Savonarola. When eighteen years old Philip left Florence, going first to the kingdom of Naples and then to Rome, where his life's work was accomplished. Here, fifteen years after his arrival, he was ordained and here for forty-five years he labored incessantly as an apostle. The sphere of his activity was not the pulpit, but the confessional. To this asylum of the troubled and of the penitent heart he drew countless souls, from whom he lifted the burden of sorrow and the weight of guilt. As the flower seeks the light, as the river seeks the ocean, so did the sorrowing people of Rome seek St. Philip. More than any other saint, St. Philip teaches us that those who drift from faith and virtue are to be won by kindness and by love. People can neither be dragooned into repentance nor forced into sanctity. What a lovely picture Father Bacci gives us of this dear, saintly old man, his face wreathed with smiles, as he journeys through the streets of the Eternal City, the little children darting after him and tugging away at his habit, while their elders implore his blessing and prayers. These two sumptuous volumes tell in choicest English the charming life of this warm-hearted apostle. No library, lay or clerical, should be without them. Sanctity in the concrete is always attractive; in the present instance it is absolutely magnetic. The perusal of this life should give matter for serious reflection to all who have at heart the rescue of the sin-wrecked and the return of the wandering. The book would form an excellent Easter gift for priest, nun, or layman.

The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith. New York, Young & Co. 1902. $1.50.

Father Smith is a virile and interesting writer. Who can forget "His Honor the Mayor," "Solitary Island," "A Woman of Culture," and, above all, "Saranac," "Saranac," with its genuine pathos, its broad humor and its clever touches of life. In the "Art of Disappearing" his best powers appear in a strong light. It deals with the fascinating topic of disappearance. Is there an art of disappearing; that is, if for certain reasons a man should desire to escape from enemies or from unpleasant surroundings, can he do so without the slightest danger of discovery? Father Smith evidently thinks that such a feat is within the range of possibility and one of his characters unfolds to us the principle: "The person disappearing must cut himself off from his past as completely as if he had been secretly drowned in mid-ocean. He must escape, not only from his pursuers—that's easy—but from his friends—not so easy—and chiefly from himself—there's the rub. He must change his country, never meet friend or relative again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society; in fact, a new past, peopled with parents and relatives, a new habit of body and life, a new appearance; the color of hair, eyes, skin, must be changed; and he must eat and drink, walk, sleep, think, and speak differently." Most people will say that this is an impossible theory. How this can be accomplished successfully is made evident to us by Father Smith in a novel remarkable for clever construction, consistent details, sustained interest, vivid pictures of life and deep, moving pathos. Not only our own hemisphere, but the old world also, furnish scenes for the carrying out of this stirring drama. The under-currents of New York life, the bearings of many modern issues, the trend of popular thought are skilfully unveiled and philosophically discussed. The characters, especially that of Horace Endicott, are well drawn and natural; the humor is of the rich, racy, Celtic kind, which is never offensive, but always exhilarating; the pathos is dignified and moving. On the whole Father Smith has given us a book of which both he and we may well be proud, and which we trust will find its way into many a household in the land to please and to instruct the inmates.

Mr. Michael A. Toland, for many years connected with the Pilot in its business and literary departments, has become connected with the Catholic publishing house of Marlier & Co. Mr. Toland joined the Pilot staff 18 years ago under the direction of John Boyle O'Reilly, with whom he worked up to the latter's death. At Editor O'Reilly's request Mr. Toland took charge of the correspondent's column of the Pilot and conducted it for 15 years. In recent years, as advertising manager, he was in touch with all the leading business houses and agencies. Few men have so many acquaintances among societies and clergymen as Mr. Toland. He has been in close touch with the Irish movement, and in his new position intends to pay particular attention to its literary and political phases.

IN THANKFUL MOOD.



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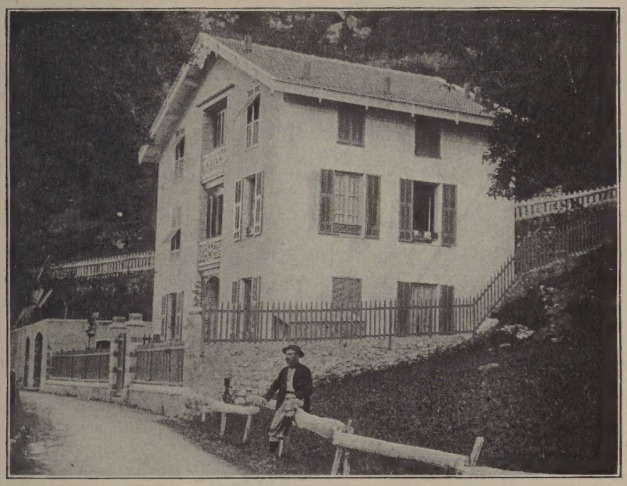
MADONNA OF THE ROSARY. STOLEN JULY, 1902.

See page 517.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. MAY, 1903. No. 5



CHALET F. COTTA, ST. MARTIN, VESUBIE.

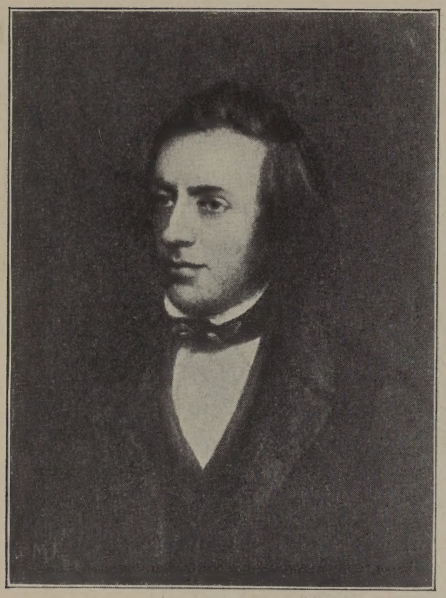
The house where Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with his family, spent his last two summers. Half a day's journey from Nice.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

No. 7. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

This tribute to the memory of the great Irishman whose long career has lately ended would not have been thrown into this particular form if the announcement of his death had not found me preparing to add to the present series an account of a gifted woman who was born exactly fifty years after Gavan Duffy, and who died ten years before him, leaving behind her one little book and a most amiable memory. As this is the first opportunity that presents itself, I will turn from the young Irishwoman whose name will be new to most of my readers when they hear it perhaps next month, and I will honor this series of sketches by devoting one of them to the venerable Irishman whom I can also claim as one of the "Poets I have known." The verse-making indeed of his early manhood is certainly not the portion of his life-work on which Duffy himself would rest his claim to remembrance; but I have no fear that any reader who is able to persevere to the end



CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, 1842.

of this paper will dispute the right of this stalwart politician and statesman to be ranked as a poet also.

The great life, which came to a beautiful and holy end on the 9th of February, 1903, began as far back as the year 1816, eighty-seven years ago. But even that wide span does not nearly embrace the "five generations" assigned to it by *The Freeman's Journal* in announcing that the Irish Parliamentary Party had unanimously passed a resolution that they had "heard with deep regret of the death of the veteran Irish patriot, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whose labours in the cause of Irish nationality, prolonged during more than five generations [perhaps a misprint for 'three'] have secured for his memory an enduring place in the grateful recollections of his countrymen."

He was born in the town of Monaghan, April 12, 1816—which was Good Friday that year—the fourth son of John Duffy and Anne Gavan of Latnamard, a village in the same county. Long afterwards he gave the name of the home of his mother's girlhood to the more stately home that he had won for himself in Australia, as the date of one of his letters to me shows. The house in which he was born was pointed out to me some years ago, on the right hand, half way down the street which leads you out to the present Catholic Cathedral, the most perfectly finished, I believe, of our many beautiful churches in Ireland—very different from the mean building which the Catholics of Monaghan were glad to have as a church when young Charles Gavan Duffy, as he mentions somewhere, used to serve Mass for the Rev. Dr. McMullen about the year 1825. As he never, throughout the changes of his long life, forgot he was an Irishman, he never forgot also that he was a Monaghan man. In 1882 he dedicated his admirable "Bird's Eye View of Irish History" "to the Right Rev. James

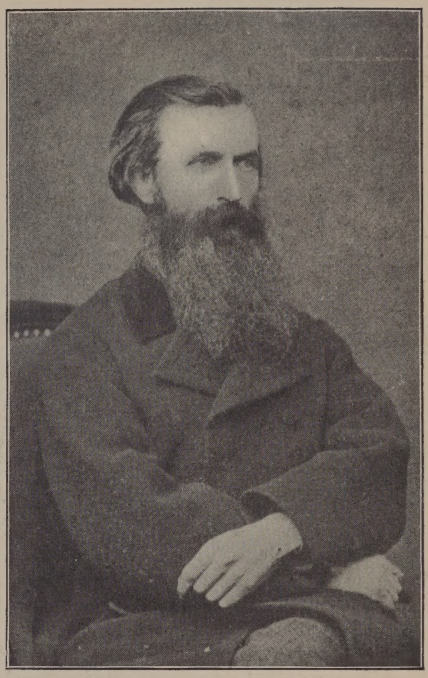
LORD O'HAGAN

Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher"—he adds here "Monaghan"—though it comes in awkwardly enough—"because your fruitful life and labors are devoted to the well-remembered places where I first studied Irish history and gathered the traditions and memories which interpret the past better than the historian." Monaghan in her turn has always been proud of her illustrious son, and on the 8th of March, 1903, she was well represented beside his grave.

He was only ten years old when his father died, and, like many another successful man, he owed most to a good mother, who, however, only lived to see the small beginnings of his public career.* What a strange career it was for a boy with so few social advantages! One is tempted to alter the tenses in a famous

*When an old man, he recalled with joy and gratitude that one of her last words on her death-bed was, "God bless my son Charles."

CANON THOMAS DOYLE.



JOHN O'LEARY.

The exiled Fenian of whom Charles Gavan Duffy says in "My Life in Two Hemispheres," "He was moderate in opinion, generally just to opponents, and entirely without passion or enthusiasm, except a devoted love of Ireland."

passage of *In Memoriam* (LXIV) and to speak of Gavan Duffy as a

> —"divinely gifted man
> Whose life in low estate began
> And on a simple village green;
>
> Who broke his birth's invidious bar
> And grasped the skirts of happy chance.
> Breasted the blows of circumstance
> And grappled with his evil star;
>
> Who made by force his merit known
> And lived to clutch the golden keys,
> To mould a mighty state's decrees
> And shape the whisper of the throne."

If Victoria be taken as the "mighty state" whose decrees Duffy helped to mould, we have on a sudden travelled very far from his schoolboy days at Monaghan. He had no college or university training, as John Mitchel casts up to him in the *Jail Journal* with less than his char-

acteristic generosity; but he was well-educated in a truer sense by the insatiable passion for careful, thoughtful reading which began with his childhood and pursued him into old age. Even in his youth he might have given the account of himself which appeared with his approval in *Who's Who?* towards the end of his life. "Recreations, not physical but always intellectual, study of books, art, and nature." He speaks somewhere of having

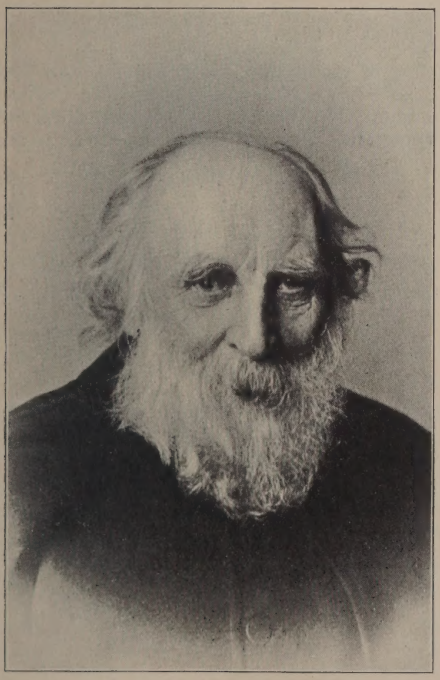
INTERIOR OF THE MONAGHAN CATHEDRAL.

often walked six or seven miles to borrow a good book when the resources of Monaghan were exhausted. And so he stored his retentive memory with all the knowledge he could gather from all the books that came within his reach.

He discovered his vocation soon. He was a born editor, a born educator of public opinion, a born leader of intelligent men, influencing them by the pen rather than by the voice. And from what depths of inferiority and despondence the Catholic body had then to be raised, especially in northern Ireland—the Black North, from which he took the usual signature of his poems in *The Nation*, "The Black Northern"—against what a crushing incubus of traditional ascendency the Ulster Catholics had to be roused and strengthened, we may partly guess from some remarks that Duffy makes incidentally in an account of his first meeting with the young Ulsterman who was to be the first Lord O'Hagan. He sent me these pages rather lately, of course for publication; but it chances that this is the first use I have made of them. The incident is condensed into a few lines in "My Life in Two Hemispheres," for which it was probably intended.

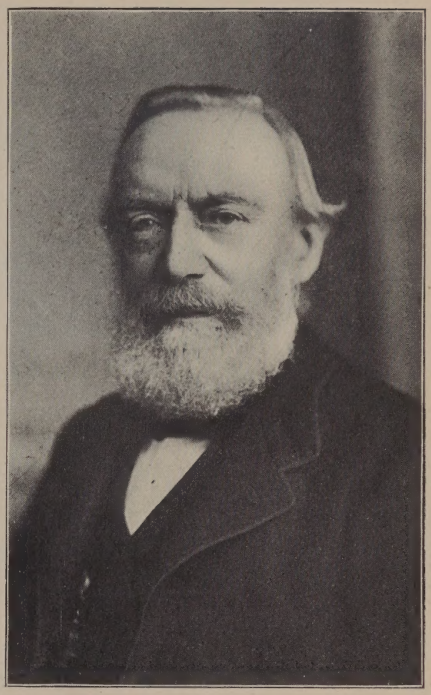
"I first met Mr. O'Hagan under circumstances which fixed the scene in my memory. In 1837 or 1838 I visited my native town of

Monaghan during the sitting of a circuit court. The bar did not then wear wig and gown on circuit, but the keen and cultivated faces of the men of brain distinguished them from the crowd as completely as if they were of another race. Robert Holmes, a comely, smiling old man, overflowing with banter, was the chief figure. Sir Thomas Staples, a placid, respectable commonplace official, with a certain air of authority, however, represented the crown. Mr. Tomb, a gaunt and ghastly sexagenarian, whom some irreverent junior described as "less like a tomb than a tenant come back from it," and Mr. Scriven, with a face of wrinkled parchment and a thin crop of white hair standing firmly on end like a porcupine's, suggested the impression that ugliness and intellect were brothers. It was to him that Chief Baron O'Grady, when insisting on his long experience, he said: "I am a pretty old practitioner now, my Lord," rejoined, "You are an *old* practitioner, Mr. Scriven, so far the court is with you." There were various other grave and reverend seniors whom I have forgotten, for my attention was engrossed by the bright,



MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

* The only survivor from the historic Nation, the only one living out of the thirty-six who formed the Council of the Irish Confederation.

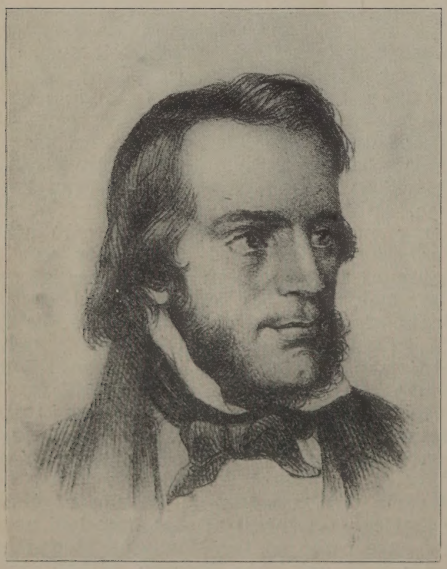


SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

sympathetic face of a junior whom I had never seen before. He looked about five or six and twenty, and his large, frank eyes, pale face and most tranquil expression were pleasant to look upon. When I learned that he was Thomas O'Hagan, editor of *The Northern Herald*, a young Catholic on his first circuit, in a district where there was not, I think, one of his race or creed practising at that time, my interest naturally was redoubled: I wonder now, more than I did then, at the maturity and dignity of the young man. I saw him forty years afterwards sitting as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords and in the fulness of success, and when his countenance bore the stamp of authority and public care, he did not look liker one's ideal of a peer and a gentleman than that day in the rustic Court House. Men of the present time will scarcely understand what a triumph it was to oppressed Catholics in Ulster, where the bench, bar, and jury box were recruited from the party of Protestant Ascendancy, to see one of their own creed in a position of quasi-authority. O'Connell at that time had never but once come so far North as Monaghan, and would not have done so without inordinate personal risk. The hope of finding in

VIEW OF NICE—BETWEEN THE OLIVES.

the impressive young advocate another O'Connell was a pleasant and natural thought under the circumstances. That evening I met him at dinner with the genial old parish priest of Monaghan, Dean Bellew. As Ulster Catholics, we had many wishes and aims in common, but we regarded them differently. From the outset he had a calm, patient,



THOMAS DAVIS.

ANNIE HUTTON. THE BETROTHED OF DAVIS

philosophic temper, and a sweetness of disposition which were a marvel to me. He met me frankly and cordially, and as I was a raw lad beginning the world of journalism, and only hoping in some distant future to become a barrister, there was a disparity in age and position which made his attention not only courteous but gracious. The acquaintance which began there ripened in time into friendship, which difference of opinion, of aims, and of duties never disturbed. In the sorest trials of a tumultuous life I found constant reason to echo the sentiment of the poet that "Earth hath no treasure like a prudent friend." And when I come to recall the influences which shaped my own character, there is but one man among the living or dead to whose example and counsel I owed so much as to the young advocate whom it was my good fortune to encounter that evening."

The other one was no doubt Thomas Davis. Seven or eight years later Duffy dedicated his first and best book, "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland," to Thomas O'Hagan "in earnest admiration of his heart, his intellect, and his principles"; and in 1866 he dedicated it to him anew, "as one-and-twenty years' additional experience of the world has not made me acquainted with any one more worthy to be loved and honored."

But how had the clever Monaghan lad emerged originally from his hiding-place? He himself tells us in his autobiography that, when he was about eighteen years old, Charles Hamilton Teeling, historian of the Irish Rebellion, and brother of one of the actors in it, Wolfe Tone's secretary, paid Monaghan a visit in the interest of a newspaper he had begun in Belfast with the help of his son-in-law, Thomas O'Hagan, of whom we have just heard. Young Duffy made himself useful to Mr. Teeling on this occasion, and he was soon trying his prentice hand as a contributor of scraps of prose and verse to "The Northern Herald," the journal in question. Soon after, he got a place, first as reporter and then as sub-editor, on the staff of *The Morning Register*, a Dublin daily newspaper; and after four years of hard and dull but useful work he returned to the North to edit *The Belfast Vindicator* which he soon made a power in the land. When he became not only editor but proprietor of it, he illustrated a remark of his own by which he explains the superiority of John Mitchel's work in his own newspapers over what he had done for *The Nation:* "Whoever has watched the development of character cannot have failed to note that individual responsibility alone brings out all a man's power."

Those two or three crowded years in Belfast were Duffy's best preparation for the great work of his life. It was there that he gained the experience and knowledge, especially of his own powers, that made him the founder of *The Nation.* No doubt Thomas Davis, with his earnest nature and his early death, was the soul of the enterprise and threw a halo round it; but it was Charles Gavan Duffy who created for him and many others the opportunity of giving of their very best to the cause of their country. As Martin MacDermott—who is, I think, the only survivor from the historic *Nation,* the only one living out of thirty-six who formed the Council of the Irish Confederation—says in "The New Spirit of the Nation": "He brought to the party the power of initiation and organization, without which, notwithstanding Davis' splendid talents, there never would have been a *Nation* newspaper or a Young Ireland party." Therefore, beside his own splendid personal achievement, he is entitled to what publishers call a royalty on all the work of the others who rallied round him. He was the youngest of the Triumvirate, the three D's—Charles Gavan Duffy, John Blake Dillon, Thomas Osborne Davis—only a year between them, and Davis the eldest was only twenty-eight years old.

But I must not forget that the word "poet" occurs in the title of this article. The young editor had already proved the journalistic value of verse in *The Belfast Vindicator,* into whose service he had drawn Clarence Mangan and other gifted men whose acquaintance he had formed when sub-editor of *The Morning Register.* He himself struck the keynote of the poetry of *The Nation.* Clarence Mangan had begun cleverly but not seriously enough in his "*Nation's* first number"; but the real charter-song of the brilliant young journal was Duffy's own "Fag an Bealach" which appeared in the third Number.

"Hope no more for Fatherland,
All its ranks are thinned or broken."
Long a base or coward band
Recreant words like these have spoken.
But *We* preach a land awoken;
Fatherland is true and tried,
As your fears are false and hollow,
Slaves and dastards, stand aside—
Knaves and traitors, Fag a ballagh!

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
Might is strong, but Right is stronger:
Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
Can enslave our land no longer
Than your own dissensions wrong her:
Be ye one in might and mind—
Quit the mire where cravens wallow—
And your foes shall flee like wind
From your fearless Fag a ballagh!

Thus the mighty multitude
Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
"We are fallen, but unsubdued;
Show us whence we hope may borrow,
And we'll fight your fight tomorrow.
Be but cautious, true and brave,
Where ye lead us we will follow;
Hill and valley, rock and wave,
Soon shall hear our Fag a ballagh!"

Fling our banner to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory;
Worth and wit, and might, and mind,
Poet young, and patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story.
Close your ranks—the moment's come—
Now, ye men of Ireland! follow;
Friends of freedom, charge them home—
Foes of freedom, Fag a ballagh!

That was Duffy's first poem in *The Nation.* Davis's first, there or anywhere, was the "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," drawn from a far deeper and intenser inspiration. But I do not claim for Gavan Duffy the ardent poetic nature of the wonderful young man whose best requiem, sung by Samuel Ferguson, ends with these lines:

Oh! brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
'Tis on *you* my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet:
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance, free and strong—
And if God grant this, then under God to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

That was written soon after Davis had suddenly closed his brilliant career of three short years, cut off in the full vigor of manhood by a few days' illness, in 1845. I think it was of him that his great colleague said in the preface to one of the volumes of the *Library of Ireland,* "It is not death alone, but time and death that canonize the patriot." But Davis was canonized immediately, passing away in the innocence of his first fervor, at the most auspicious moment, before the rift in the lute, before "the split of the split," before the Famine and O'Connell's death and Ballingarry. Who can conjecture what his place in Irish history would have been if "The Celt" had taken as long to reach Mount Jerome as "The Black Northern" took to reach Glasnevin?*

We have not yet accompanied Gavan Duffy far on the long road that has lately ended in Glasnevin. We are not attempt-

*By a curious chance a cousin of Gladstone's has just sent me from Switzerland a picture of Miss Annie Hutton, who was betrothed to poor Davis and survived him only a few years. Her grave is not near his but on the opposite side of Dublin, in the graveyard behind Drumcondra Hospital.

ing a sketch of his career, still less an appreciation of his work as a politician either at home in Ireland or afterwards in Australia. The title of our paper binds us to lay special emphasis on a part of his work on which he himself seemed to set little value, by discussing the question how far he who edited so admirably "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland" was himself a poet. *The Saturday Review* in a recent survey of American literature spoke of Thomas Bailey Aldrich as one "who is primarily a poet, but whose prose is touched with the distinction of perfect lucidity and taste." If the words "prose" and "poetry" changed places, this description might be applied to Gavan Duffy; and indeed I remember Dr. Russell of Maynooth passing substantially the same judgment one day that I claimed for the Founder of *The Nation* as large a share of the poetic faculty as any of his young men. I would not advance quite so high a claim now. I hold indeed that no man could write great prose or even very good, graceful, musical prose without being enough of a poet to be capable of producing very good verse also if he set his mind to it. Can much more than this be claimed for even the eloquent singer of the "Lays of Ancient Rome"?

This parallel occurred to me before I saw Macaulay's name introduced into the same context in the latest reference to the subject in "Today and Tomorrow in Ireland" by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, a grandson of William Smith O'Brien, and one of the most accomplished of the Irish writers contributing at present to English literature. "Most of us find it hard to criticise the work of such men as Duffy and Davis, whose poems were the delight of our childhood. But criticism shows them, I think, to be a kind of inspired journalism, at best poetry in the same class as Macaulay's 'Lays,' a good class it is in its way."

I should think so. I have always hated that style of criticism which blames a certain poem or story for not being something else that it never aimed at being. The point is, is it good in itself, in its own kind? Charles Gavan Duffy's poems are good in their kind, though one might not be disposed to rate them so highly as Mr. T. P. O'Connor did when he edited the fourth volume of "The Cabinet of Irish Literature," which has just reappeared under the very able and thorough editorship of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson. "Sir C. G. Duffy (says Mr. O'Connor) is a writer of vigorous prose and an effective orator; but it is on his poems that his reputation rests. Those poems are but few in number, but there is scarcely one among them that is not excellent." This indeed is true; but a genuine vocation, a strong poetic inspiration, would hardly have allowed him to forswear rhyming after the Young Ireland crisis and to carry out the doctrine which Gresset preached but did not practice.

> **Persuade que l'harmonie**
> **Ne verse ses heureux presens**
> **Que sur le matin de la vie,**
> **Et que sans un peu de folie**
> **On ne rime plus a trente ans.**

I know of no poem of Gavan Duffy's surely written after his thirtieth year. In Australia, I am informed, his Muse never attempted anything beyond a political squib or two to which he attached no importance. "The Black Northern" in his mature or more than mature years never dreamt of any achievement like the great *Song of Roland* of "Slievegullion." But Judge O'Hagan had naturally much more of the poetical temperament than his friend; and his friend, as I have already intimated, would be the most earnest in asserting this. The great kindness of Mr. Martin MacDermott in placing his correspondence in my hands enables me to prove this point in a very satisfactory manner. The following letter, written, I

think, in 1893, evidently regards "The New Spirit of the Nation" in the "New Irish Library," of which volume Mr. MacDermott had very fittingly been appointed the editor.

Villa Guillory, Nice,
May 22nd.

My dear MacDermott,

I have fortunately found your two MSS and send them in a registered parcel; also the "Ballad Poetry."

As to the list of poems, I have only suggested the omission of three—two of my own and Davis's "Sarsfield," which I think is altogether unworthy of him. The responsibility is, however, yours, and do not act on my hint if you disapprove of it. As to my own verses, I think the "Love Song" poor and artificial, and "Watch and Wait" stilted. In place of the two I would insert "Lorcan O Tuthal," which on your strong approval of it I revised carefully. If you think that in its new shape it will not do me discredit, let it pass.

I think your introduction ought not to be too long, and the present one would certainly be improved if you re-wrote and condensed it. The sketches, even Davis, are much too lengthy, and that of C. G. D. inordinately so. I am applauded more than I deserve and more than is legitimate in that connection. If I struck out a few sparks of poetry, it was by accident; and my substantial work in Ireland would be practically the same if I had never written a verse. I must have had some capacity for public work, as a dozen years later I landed on a continent where I knew nobody and won a good position there. My true record is that I brought the same faculties, such as they were, which enabled me to rule a state, to organize *The Nation* and the Young Ireland party.

I have not been greedy of praise. I did not put a verse of my own in the "Ballad Poetry," and in "Young Ireland" I never mentioned myself where it could be avoided. Not that I was indifferent to applause, but that the noble example of Davis taught me to keep the desire in check.

You defend me against some whipper-snapper who assailed the *Library of Ireland*. But it humiliates me to be defended against such antagonists. * * * A man's life is the only permissible answer to such imputations as this.

Always faithfully yours,
C. G. D.

Some of the suggestions made in this letter seem to have been attended to, and others neglected. I do not at present know where to find the "Address of St. Laurence O'Toole," to which its author gave the preference. I do not agree with his condemnation of "Watch and Wait."

(To be continued.)

MAY.

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

O, the thoughts that the Maytime brings us;
O, the beauty of sight and sound;
O, the blossom, and song, and blessings
Of Nature that then abound;
I see the bud on the cherry,
I hear the thrush in the tree,
And the bird-notes, clear and merry,
Wake feeling long stilled in me!

And I taste again of the rapture
That brightened full many a day,
In a land where the hawthorn, blooming,
Made fragrant the joyous May!
The dream and the land have vanished;
'Tis Mem'ry alone that lives,
And deep in the heart, home-banished,
Lies treasured the balm it gives!

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN THE MINING REGIONS.

BY REV. J. J. CURRAN.

The readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may be curious to know the prevailing conditions among the miners of Pennsylvania since the great strike of 1902. Few events in the history of our country brought more genuine happiness and needed relief to all classes of society than did the propitious termination of that prolonged and bitter struggle. The sentiment at the Wilkes-Barre convention last October was by no means unanimous as to the resumption of work under conditions laid down by the coal operators. Their blank refusal to reinstate every man in his former position was a mighty bitter pill to swallow, and were it not for the self-sacrificing spirit of our heroic miners, the pill would not go down. Hundreds of skilled workmen were denied the right to return to their old places, and sad to stay, are still barred out, and will be as long as the companies so decree. All the rest, filled with flattering expectancy, risked their fate and fortune on a favorable award to be rendered by the extraordinary Strike Commission appointed by the President of the United States. Thus complacently hopeful, the miners soon forgot the keen privations endured during their prolonged struggle, and set to work with renewed ambition and energy to make up for lost time. The scales of justice were to be reset while labor and capital were to walk for the future arm-in-arm on a broader plank. Hence, a feeling of buoyancy and self-satisfaction swept over the regions and fired the hearts of the people with a glow of security and hopefulness hitherto unknown among them. In fact, we all took on that sprightly feeling so characteristic of the little boy in his first trousers, and began at once the building of huge air-castles.

It was a reassuring sight indeed to watch the veteran miner, with pick and shovel and drill, bending his heavy steps at an early hour in the morning to the scene of his long deserted avocation. The sprightly driver boy too, with an air of triumph in every crack of the whip, assured us that the tide of fortune had turned. And the stunted little slate picker from whose dusty face shone out two glittering blue eyes, and a set of immaculate white teeth, foreshadowed the typical miner whose dreams of future greatness were to be realized in the favorable findings of the now world-famed seven arbitrators. The belching smoke stacks and hissing steam pipes; the rumbling sounds of ungreased car wheels, and the unceasing whirl of industrial machinery—all proclaimed the joyous tidings of the resumption of anthracite mining and the consequent wave of prosperity sweeping over the land. The first few pay days proved a veritable bonanza for the merchants and grocers of these regions. No miner was so mean as to emerge out of this deluge of circulated greenbacks without a full outfit of the very latest pattern. His wife and children fared equally as well; nor was there one of us who suffered damages from the golden flood which inundated our very homes.

But the fierce struggle of well nigh six months' duration did not make the mines less dangerous nor the miner more secure. Since the re-opening of the mines more than one hundred men have lost their lives in these hideous and unwholesome caverns. Four members of my own congregation have thus perished, and left behind them several orphan children to struggle helplessly with the world. An incident accompanying the death of one of these men is worthy of mention, as its uncommon pathos may edify the sympathizing readers of this paper. Edward Loftus, a skilled miner, and a splendid

specimen of middle-aged manhood, was caught by a belt of rock recently, in the old Black Diamond mine, and crushed to the earth without a moment's warning. His comrades hastening to the rescue succeeded in extricating the bruised form of the dying man. Still retaining consciousness, Mr. Loftus dictated a last, pathetic farewell, sending word to his wife and little ones at home that, though dying, he was happy, and wished them long lives in peace and prosperity in the service of God and country. This said, he reached his hand into his trousers pocket and drew forth his prayer beads and began the recitation of the rosary. Prostrate on the cold floor of the chamber of death, he breathed out his soul to God, amid the tears of his stout-hearted comrades who on bended knees prayed for the eternal repose of the departed miner. Father O'Byrne, the assistant priest, arrived too late to administer the sacraments. But happily, Edward Loftus had received Holy Communion that very morning at the 5 o'clock Mass in the Church of the Most Holy Saviour, where the devotions of the Forty Hours were in progress. May he rest in peace.

Thus our otherwise peaceful homes are often thrown into a shadow of disquieting gloom which spreads its sorrow over a sympathetic and warm-hearted community. These are some of the lights and shadows of the anthracite miners and their families since the close of last year's strike. And such will continue to be the alternating life of those (and their dependents), who, by fate or otherwise, must delve into the impenetrable darkness of those caverns to give light and warmth to their fellow men who know so little of the perils and hardships of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania.

Let us now turn our attention in brief but serious comment to the findings of the Commission. Aside from the surrender of the eight-hour day to the firemen, it is difficult to understand how the award can be construed as a victory for the miners.

True, they got a raise of ten per cent, but they did not secure the weighing of the coal. Their strongest and most urgent demand was payment by weight at the standard of 2,460 pounds to the ton, and not at the rate of 3,300 pounds as it obtains now where the coal is actually weighed. The concession of a nine-hour day to all men working by the day, is a step in the right direction; but a raise of at least five per cent should be added to this. The Board of Arbitration, or Conciliation, provided for, will fill a gap long needed, and prove a barrier against abuses on either side. It is a most deplorable state of affairs that the public has no means of redress against the most barefaced outrages committed upon it by trusts and combinations of capital in this country. Within two years the people in these sections, not directly employed in and about the coal mines, have had to pay fifty per cent more for the coal they burn, while the miners have within that time received only twenty per cent advance in their wages. Owing to these facts, I personally and conscientiously feel that the miners have not been justly dealt with, and that on account of the exorbitant prices of coal now prevailing in the markets, the coal barons have been enriched to the extent of millions, while the public lies helplessly at their feet.

Hence, it is my honest and sincere conviction that the coal miners have scored no victory; that the coal operators are better off now than ever; that the public is being unmercifully fleeced, and has not the courage to cry out against the plunderers. In the face of these conditions, therefore, it would not be surprising to hear that an outraged and indignant public was on the eve of the greatest strike that has yet been declared; demanding the worth of its money and the right to say to the plunderers—"So MUCH YOU MAY STEAL FROM ME, BUT NO MORE."

A MODERN MIDAS.

(From the German of Heinrich Seidel.)

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Part II.

THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL.

The world had gone well with Leberecht Hühnchen. He had given up his place at the machine shop for one on the railroad, which brought him a slight increase of wages. Then, quite unexpectedly, a small inheritance had been left him, which allowed him to accomplish a lifelong wish and have a little house of his own with a bit of ground about it. He came into my office one day late in March, and I saw at once that something was in the air. He walked up and down with a swaggering, masterful stride, his thumbs stuck in the pockets of his waistcoat. While I looked on wonderingly, he stopped before me, and with legs set aggressively apart, and eyes blazing into mine, asked triumphantly, "Do you notice anything peculiar about me?"

"Only that you appear to have had an unusually good breakfast."

"That isn't what I mean. Don't you find something opulent—purse-proud—arrogant? If a man saw me a hundred feet off would he not know that he was looking at a householder and a man of property?"

Of course I was properly astonished and demanded an explanation.

"You shall have it. Wonderful things have happened," he went on, stalking to a mirror and nodding to himself as if he were somebody else. "Is this the way an important personage should look, or is there still a certain roundness of paunch wanting? no matter, I will get it in time, and a fine gold chain to hang on that foundation."

"For Heaven's sake," I begged, "pity my curiosity and tell me what has happened!"

"Nothing much, only—I bought a house and garden in Steglitz yesterday. A delicious house, small but charming. You must not expect a villa; there are neither pillars, nor caryatides, nor ornamental terraces. I bought it from a shoemaker who is going to America. It smells a little strongly of leather and cobbler's wax, but that will go away when it is papered and painted. The garden is charming, at least it will be when I have planted and arranged it. At present there is nothing in it but a walnut and a pear tree. The shoemaker swears that it is a Bartlett. There is a young grape vine planted against the house, which the man declares under oath bore seven bunches last year, 'of a good, well-flavored kind.' You know these things increase rapidly. Imagine what the place will be when I get it under vegetables! Of course we will choose the best varieties; the situation is too fine for any others. What would you advise about a hotbed? Would it be too great an undertaking to raise melons?" He almost stammered with excitement.

"On the shady side I am going to set out ivy, and on the south roses. Then we must have beds, and borders, and paths, as you read of in poems where the author desires to paint a scene of idyllic contentment. There is a room up in the gable overlooking the garden, which would be just the thing for an old lady who paints flowers, or a youth who writes verses. We are going to let this, and it will make a welcome addition to our in-

come. We move the first of April, and Lore and the children are crazy with delight. It is such a novelty to them."

I joined heartily in my friend's enthusiasm, and promised to go soon myself to enjoy the idyl. So one Sunday at the end of April found me at Steglitz, greeted with rapturous joy by the entire family. As I had conjectured, it was a pitifully small house, but what the new owners had already done with it was wonderful. There was a small parlor on the ground floor, with a mite of a kitchen; and three rooms above—of which one was so tiny as to recall Hühnchen's old sleeping closet in Hanover, where he could not take off his boots without opening the door into the next room. It was to this he led me first, and looking about with naïve pride—"See, Best Friend!" he said, "All fruit ripens at last on the tree of fulfilment and falls lovingly into the hands that wait for it! My dearest wish, ever since our marriage, has been for a little den of my own,—and here it is."

I looked around the atom of a room. A small table stood under the window, covered with a green cloth which hung to the floor. Two chairs and a home-made bookcase were the only other bits of furniture, and indeed there was room for no more. On the wall above the book-case hung a photograph of a locomotive, pictures of his parents, and one or two of his friends,—"a Technical Museum, an Ancestral Gallery, and a Temple of Friendship," Hühnchen called it. With a look of infinite cunning he directed my attention to the green-covered table, upon which were some books and writing utensils. "This looks solid and fine enough?" he questioned. "It has a rich and splendid appearance, eh?"

I assented gravely.

"An invention of the Devil!" he cried triumphantly, lifting up the cloth and pointing. The table was a big wooden box, open at the side.

We went in detail through the rest of the house, and I found it more tasteful and neat than one could conceive with such battered old furniture. Then we explored the garden. It was hard to imagine how so much had been accomplished in so small a space. There was a field of potatoes full four yards square; every possible kind of kitchen vegetable, and sweet herb; and even a bed of beets, of the smallest variety.

"I tried above all not to crowd things too much," he explained; "you will see by this sketch how pretty it will be when we get it in proper order."

He drew a paper from his pocket and spread it on the grass before me. "The plan," he said, with an air of importance; "we are to prepare one each year in order to carry out the rotation of crops properly."

The beds were outlined in beautiful bright colors, and in fine round hand was written the kind of seed planted in each. Near the nut-tree—which was designated by a small green cross, was a tiny black square, with the inscription "Hanschen."

"What is that?" I asked.

He lowered his voice. "That is where Hanschen, our poor little canary, lies buried. He must have caught cold while we were moving; for he was taken sick very soon after. Lore insists that he used to cough, but that is a mistake. Just before the end, he began to twitter and sing very gently, as if he were dreaming. Then he suddenly fell from his perch and died. He must have had something like heart-failure. We laid him on pink wadding in a little paper box with snowdrops about him, and Lore played the Dead March while the children buried him here. This is his gravestone." We had reached the walnut tree, and he showed

me a small flat stone inscribed 'Hanschen.' A slip of dark ivy had been planted beside it.

We wandered over the rest of the estate. In the orchard were six gooseberry bushes, of six different varieties, currant bushes in like profusion, and twelve magnificent specimens of raspberries.

"Observe these two newly-planted trees with great respect," said Hühnchen, "They are a Gravestein and a Napoleon pear," and he spoke the names as if he were already rolling the delectable morsels under his tongue. When I had duly admired "The mountain," a construction formed of six rocks piled one above the other, and "The pond," a sunken barrel to catch rain water, I was brought to where a round metal vessel was placed over an arbor, which as yet consisted only of unpainted laths. "This is the reservoir for the waterworks," he explained. "The connection is not yet laid, but when you come to see us again, we will start the fountain in honor of the occasion. It will give the whole place a particularly festive appearance."

* * * * * *

I did not see Hühnchen again during the spring and summer. At the end of September the following letter reached me:

"Steglitz, September 28, 1881.

Herr and Frau Huhnchen have the honor of inviting you to their Vintage Festival, on Sunday, the second of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Program.

1. Greeting the Guests.
2. Exhibition of the Garden and Menagerie.
3. Inauguration of the Festival with a discharge of cannon.
4. Gathering the Nuts and Grapes.
5. Festival March of the Vintners.
6. Display of Fireworks.
7. Banquet.
8. Soiree of Music and Dancing."

That I accepted goes without saying. There was but one other guest; an old maid who rented the gable room, and lived there on the interest of a small fortune, and the memory of a rather riotous youth. She was a stiff and pretentious person, who appeared to be in ill-health, and ready to resent any lack of attention on the part of those about her. "She has seen better days," whispered Hühnchen to me after I had been presented. "She belongs to a rich family that became poor later on. She used to eat from silver spoons when she was young. She had five separate offers of marriage,—one from a Herr Baron—but she did not care to accept any of them. She has had a hard life, and it has made her a little bitter and sour; so we treat her with the greatest respect, as you may imagine."

He showed me over the garden, with becoming pride. The waterworks were completed and threw up a superb jet nearly three full feet high, which fell into a basin set around with dark stones. "It goes a little spasmodically," said Hühnchen, "for the reservoir is small and has to be filled every half-hour. But it has a grand, holiday effect." The vine had borne fifteen bunches of grapes this year, and the walnut one and twenty fine sound fruit. "There were really twenty-five," confided Hühnchen, "but three dropped earlier, and one disappeared mysteriously. But the same evening, when Lore had put the children to bed, and was saying good night, they burst out crying and sobbing and told her what had become of the missing nut. Little Fritz had been tempted by the imp of greediness and plucked it, and Freda had shared in the naughtiness from loyalty. They had gone to the garret with their booty and eaten it together."

We came next to the pear tree. "Here you behold a shameless fraud!" said Hühnchen; "The shoemaker has proved

himself a lying scoundrel. He swore these were Bartletts, and they are only bitter, hard, prickly pears. But the children are just as well pleased; they can have them to play with."

In the menagerie, the animal kingdom was represented by a black guinea pig, the birds by a young starling as yet without a tail, and the family of amphibians by a solitary tree-toad. Hühnchen led me to a shady corner, which was covered with a confusion of weeds, wild shrubs, dead leaves, and stalks from the vegetable garden. "This spot should be regarded with reverence," he said, "for here sleeps the future! Strength and sweetness, nourishment and savor lie buried here, to develop in later years into delicious vegetable and aromatic fruit, to delight and refresh us. This is the compost heap."

The children came from the house, each armed with a small basket and a pair of scissors, and we betook ourselves to the arbor, where a toy cannon of brass was waiting, already loaded. Hühnchen proudly lit a bit of tinder fastened to the end of a short stick, and the salute inaugurating the ceremonies was fired amid loud applause. It made a prim little report, and then the gathering of the grapes began. It was over in a minute, because of the furious zeal of the small vintners. And the nut-picking took hardly more time, under the same capable management. Then Hühnchen took a small tin fife from his pocket, placed himself at the head of his harvesters, and we all joined the procession, which wound in an out the diminutive garden paths to the tune of a heart-stirring march which he played with many false notes and a reckless disregard of time. When this was ended, and the harvest properly housed, the fireworks were prepared, and as soon as darkness became complete, we ushered them in with another salvo of artillery. The first piece was a magnificent cascade of sparks, in which at least twenty-five pfennigs worth of powder must have been exploded. But the greatest effect was produced by the second,—the illumination of the metal reservoir with Bengal lights,—which was hotly encored. In spite of the honor, it was impossible to gratify the unanimous demand however; the supply being exhausted.

"It isn't half so good without rockets," said Hühnchen, ruefully; "but they might endanger the neighborhood. And besides, I know how to make some that are absolutely harmless."

Then he put his fingers in his mouth, and so exactly imitated a hissing and soaring rocket, that we all clapped frantically, and sighed "A-a-a-ah!"—just as people do when the real ones burst, and let down their rain of stars. Of course when I say "we," it does not include the stiff old maid who had seen better days. She sat as solemn as a mummy, and looked impenetrably into space.

The banquet was a fitting close to the splendor of the festivities. Beside each plate was a daintily written card, with this inscription:

"Menu.

1. Eatables.

Peeled potatoes and herring; followed by bacon and onions.

(N. B.—Potatoes and onions of our own growing.)

Potatoe pancakes, with currant sauce. (A speciality of Frau Huhnchen.)

Butter, and old Berlin cheese.

Dessert: clusters of grapes, and walnuts. (Both of our own raising.)

2. Drinks.

Milk whey from Gilka; and beer from the world-renowned brauhouse of Herr Patzenhofer, in Berlin."

This sumptuous meal was enlivened by brilliant table talk on the part of the host, and singing, between the courses, of that fine old chant of Mathias Claudius,

"Pasteten hin, Pasteten her,
Was kummern uns Pasteten!"

With what fire did my friend roll out the last verse:

"Schonrothlich die Kartofflen sind
Und weiss wie Alabaster!
Sie dau'n sich lieblich und geschwind,
Und sind fur Mann, und Weib, und Kind,
Ein rechtes Magenpflaster!"

The old lady sat stiff as a poker, only lapsing from her reverie now and again to take a good drink of milk whey, "from Gilka." As I looked at her red nose, the only point of color in her long, ashen-white face, I could not help repeating with our worldly-wise Wilhelm Brusch:

"An adage old I'll whisper you,—
Who care doth take, takes whiskey, too."

So we came in good time to the fruit. And here I was witness of a piece of extravagance I would little have expected to find in this house. Hühnchen was the guilty party. As he took the last grape from the dish, he burst out: "How long and faithfully Nature worked during spring rains and summer suns to ripen these grapes! Months and months passed, bringing to them sweetness and savor, and now we have swallowed them all in a few mouthfuls. But does this not annoy me? No! It rather uplifts my soul, and fills my spirit with satisfaction. The earth is mine, and I command it. She should be glad that what her patience has wrought is good enough to give me a moment's pleasure!"

Then came the dancing. Frau Lore took her place at the piano and played an old-fashioned waltz that had been in the family for years. It was the only dance she knew. The old maid accepted my invitation and revolved with as much grace as a wooden ruler, while Hühnchen and his little daughter pirouetted wildly. As I seated my partner and took a chair near her, she grew more gracious, and when the two children under the excitement of the music capered madly about, she became confidential.

"These Hühnchens are good creatures," she said, "but when one has moved in the best society, like myself, their manners are deplorable. I've done my best to teach the children politeness and deportment, but—look at them now! hopping like country bumpkins! It is in the blood; they were born so. My sister, the wife of State Councillor Ritzebügel, has a daughter of the same age,—but what a difference! The child has the grace and breeding of a court lady. While she was yet in the cradle, she moved her hands with such elegance that no one could help remarking them. You would never find her running and jumping in this rude, vulgar fashion!"

At this juncture Hühnchen called me to look at the plan for laying out the next year's garden.

"Pardon me for interrupting your interesting conversation," he said. "But—the plan was only a ruse. You see the old lady is troubled with neuralgia. You may have noticed that she pressed her hand to her side once or twice tonight, as if she were suffering. There is nothing in the world so good for that kind of pain as a little alcohol; and she keeps a bottle in the wardrobe upstairs so that she can take a spoonful now and then. But she can't get at that now; and I have filled a small glass on the table near her. I knew she would not like to think you saw her drink it, so I called you away."

Then he slipped back and filled the glass a second time. When I looked a few moments later it was again empty. The bottle was not far away, and I noticed that Hühnchen went through the same manœuvre several times in the course of the evening. By and by, the invalid became quite lively. She gave us a number of selections on the piano, and sang "Ich Grolle Nicht" in a wheezy, thin little voice, so that the poor old instrument groaned most pitifully. This was too great a strain on her emotions, for soon after she became more melan-

choly than ever, and sobbed convulsively. She said that she ought never to sing that song, it brought up so many sad memories; and she sighed "O my lost youth!" until Frau Lore had to take her to her own room.

"She has lived through so many misfortunes!" said Hühnchen; and then, as if to himself, "The poor, unhappy, lonely old creature!"

* * * * * * *

So now the programme was ended, and it was time to take the train back to Berlin. I took myself away, and the vintage festival of my dear Leberecht Hühnchen was over.

AZRAEL.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

When he was born his father said: "Let him be called Azrael; for he has been indeed the Angel of death who has taken away my best beloved." Then the proud, unhappy man shut himself up with his grief, and time went by, until by brooding much on himself, and his own sorrows, the tender dew of pity and sympathy dried up in his heart.

The years also passed over little Azrael until he was six years old. An isolated babyhood grew into a lonely childhood. No companions were his. No one was even allowed to tell him he had had a mother.

"He will learn it in time," the strange man said, "but let him live as long as possible without knowing he has a heart to love and a soul to suffer."

And so the little boy wandered through his father's vast estate, lived in splendid rooms, and was taught with great care; but no one ever caressed him or said "I love you," and often, he knew not why, his little heart was sad. His chief joy was his violin, on which he could play with great skill and sometimes he sang; but not often.

One day he was walking through the great hall of his father's house when he saw an open door:—here was a room into which he had never before penetrated. Very softly he entered, making his way across the rich velvet-carpet, and past heavy tapestries, till he reached a corner of the room where some dazzling rays of light came through the half-closed blind, and here, just out of reach of the sun's rays, but illuminated by its soft reflection, was a full length portrait of a sweet and gracious figure, whose soft eyes looked down on the child, and the little boy looked and looked, and knew not that it was his mother.

How lonely she was! Her lips parted as if just about to speak, her slender girlish figure full of a tender appealing sweetness. Little Azrael stood very still, and as he gazed into the dark eyes, so like his own, a great joy welled up in his heart, and he said: "I will call her my own, my beautiful one."

So he took his little violin and played to her, as he never played before, and his father hearing him, sighed, and said; "Some day he will be famous, and he will suffer pain!"

After that the little boy was happy. His lessons over, he would steal away into the silent drawing room, and curling himself up on the rug in front of the dear picture, he would play, until the shadows on the lawn outside deepened, and twilight descended, and he could no longer see the soft eyes looking down on him.

There came a day when Azrael felt

ill; but he told no one, for he was a patient child who had never been questioned as to how he felt. Once more he came into the vast, silent room; and standing before the picture he began to play. The little hands that held the violin were hot and feverish, the great dark eyes were full of tears—suddenly the music halted and broke; the treasured violin fell almost noiselessly on the floor, and the child took a step forward with his arms outstretched.

"O my beautiful one!" he cried, "speak to me. I am so lonely. Speak to me, only once."

The dear face smiled on him, but no sound came to relieve his eager little heart—and then he cast himself upon the floor and wept. After that followed many days when he lay tossing on his little bed, and great doctors and skilled nurses bent over him; for too late the strange man found out that he loved his only child.

It was toward evening on the twenty-first day of his illness, and the golden sun was setting in the west, when two majestic angel forms met outside his door, and paused.

"I am Azrael the Angel of death," said one, "let me enter first, for I come to bear away the child who was named for me."

"Not so," said the other, "I am Gabriel, the Angel of Revelation—the all Father has bidden me come for him whom you seek."

So Azrael, the mighty one, spread his wings and flew away. The little child opened his eyes, and saw bending over him the great Archangel—tender, strong and beautiful. He looked into eyes full of divine compassion; and with a little sigh he yielded up his pure soul into the angelic keeping.

Then Gabriel folded the little one in his strong arms, and the child rested its head against his shoulder, for he knew neither fear nor sorrow now. Upward they flew—hundreds, thousands and millions of miles—on, on, through immeasurable space, till they came to the portals of the Eternal City—whose gates are as one pearl—standing ever open.

And the Angel put down the child, and hand in hand they entered, treading the streets of pure gold, and then the little child looked up in wonder and awe, for there, coming toward him, was his mother!

"O my beautiful one, it is you!" he cried, and then he held out his arms and ran to her; and the lovely shining figure stooped down and folded him in her arms, and—yes! it was no dream, he heard her cry: "My child, my little Azrael, how I have loved and prayed for you."

He lay safe and happy in her arms, drinking in all that tender mother love that is deathless and eternal. By and by she put him down very gently and led him through paths strewn with flowers, tlll they came to a beautiful, majestic figure, and the young mother said to her: "Mother of Christ, I have found my little child," and little Azrael looked up and met a gaze full of tender compassion; for this mother, also, had loved and lost and found, her son. Then they took him by each hand, and led him nearer and nearer to the light that is the glory of God, until they stood in front of the Mercy Seat; and on this throne sat One, who had said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

And when the eyes of the glorious Christ turned on him, the little child became as wise as he was innocent and pure, and he knew his mother, and that love is divine and eternal.

And so joy came to the little heart that on earth had been so starved, for he had found his "Beautiful One," and they were safe in the bosom of God.

"WHAT AN ARTICLE IN DONAHOE'S DID."

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

Author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief and Unbelief," etc.

In the Christmas number of DONAHOE'S for 1898, there appeared an article by a Nebraska priest entitled "Costly Indifference." The purport of the article was the need of better facilities for divine worship, particularly in the small towns and country-places of the Great West; and the opportunities presented for Catholics of means to aid in providing such places of worship for the many thousands of their scattered brethren who are slowly but surely being lost to the Church. It described conditions, which are as real today as they were five years ago; and pointed out problems whose solution is destined to make heavy demands upon the wisdom, zeal, self-sacrifice and vigilance of the Church in the United States.

It was one of those little messages, hot from the heart, which sometimes effect their purpose far better than more ambitious and elaborate productions. The result was beyond the priest's most sanguine expectations. Toward the close of the following month he was surprised by the receipt of the following letter:

January 25th, 1899.

Reverend Dear Father:—

I have just read with a great deal of interest your article in the December number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, entitled "Costly Indifference," and having spent several of my earlier years in Salt Lake City before a Catholic church was erected there; and, in fact, having assisted at the first Mass ever celebrated in that city, in 1866, I can and do very much appreciate the truth and force of all you say. It was astonishing how the Catholics then there came together, when hardly anyone knew that there was another Catholic in the city.

I am forcibly impressed with the sentences: "Perhaps in the days to come, wealthy Catholics may come to realize that they can build themselves enduring monuments, by providing from the abundance which the Lord has given them places of worship for such as have the misfortune to be placed in the unhappy circumstances to which I refer"; and "I do not know of any nobler way of giving to the Lord than that of raising an altar to His name, amongst those who stand in the direst need of the Church's ministration." You further state that you know of twenty localities in your diocese, where the erection of little churches would be productive of so much benefit and good.

My object in writing to you is to express the wish that those twenty localities may shortly be supplied with little churches, and as a starter *to offer to build one.*

I desire it as a memorial to my two darling children whom I lost with diphtheria within a week of one another ten years ago—today being the anniversary of the first one being attacked with that dread disease. I also desire that my name shall be unknown except to you.

I cannot help feeling that this pious thought emanated from the fond and loving hearts of my idolized little ones now in heaven; and that they prompted me to take up the December number of DONAHOE'S, which had been discarded for the waste-basket.

An application to the Tabernacle Society of this city will, I am sure, be the means of providing the little church with the necessary vestments, etc.

Very truly yours,

_____.

As a sequel to the above letter there stands in the town of Bruno, Nebraska, a beautiful little church, which is at once a source of pride to the town and a source of consolation and vast spiritual profit to the faithful, who are the beneficiaries of a good man's generosity.

The condition of that town at the time the church was built was the condition of hundreds of similar localities in the West. Catholic parents came thither and settled down, when the country was new and churches and priests were few and far be-

tween. In the course of time churches were erected here and there throughout the state, but this particular locality was neglected.

The West has grown so rapidly that it has been difficult for the Church to keep pace with its wondrous development. A town springs up in a few years. The people flock thither. There is no place of Catholic worship. There is none found with zeal and energy enough to inaugurate the building of a church; or it may be that the poverty of pioneer days renders them incapable of such an undertaking. The faithful gradually grow lukewarm. Owing to the distance from church they rarely hear Mass. They are so intent on acquiring the things of the world that they give but little attention to the things that are of God. The children are neglected. The fervor of faith dies out of their souls for lack of nourishment; and slowly but surely every vestige of Catholicity disappears from their lives. The only means of bringing them back to God is a Catholic Church and a Catholic priest to minister to their spiritual needs.

I have seen churches built in communities where it was thought there were very few Catholics; and have later been astonished to find so many ready to identify themselves with the Church of their fathers. This has been well exemplified in the case of the Bruno parish. Moved by the touching circumstances in which their church had its inception, the vast majority of those of Catholic extraction cheerfully came forward and did everything in their power to make their newly-organized congregation a success. Within less than a year from the date of the church's dedication they had begun the erection of a parochial residence, and today there is a resident priest whose labors are abundantly blessed, where five years ago the abomination of desolation reigned.

The people's appreciation of their benefactor's munificence may be gathered from the newspaper accounts of the church's dedication. The following is from the Lincoln "State Journal" of that date:

"Tuesday was a gala day in Bruno. Never before in the history of the town was there such an out-pouring of the people, as assembled on this occasion to witness the solemn ceremony of the church's dedication. Early in the morning people commenced to gather from all points of the compass, until fully two thousand people had congregated.

Catholic societies from the surrounding parishes came in delegations. At 9.30 A.M. the different societies commenced forming in procession, the members of the various orders wearing their badges and regalia. The procession was composed of those societies, the children of the public school, and all the prominent citizens of the town, headed by the Bruno band. The children of the Bruno school formed a guard of honor for the visiting clergy. The little girls, all dressed in white and bearing flowers, presented a very touching scene as they surrounded the altar railing.

The church, which was dedicated under the invocation of St. Anthony of Padua, is in every respect one of the prettiest frame churches in the diocese.

The principal benefactor of the church has been a gentleman living in the East, who, as a consequence of an article in the Christmas number of Donahoe's Magazine, conceived the idea of building it as a memorial to two of his children who fell victims to diphtheria some years ago.

The people of Bruno have evidently a tender place in their hearts, for the man whose undying affection for his departed little ones has led him to erect so useful and so touching a memorial."

Whilst this is not the first or greatest act of its kind on the part of a Catholic layman, it is at least deserving of more than passing mention. The spirit of self-sacrifice, faith and fatherly piety of such an act, will, for years to come, be an inspiration to the Catholics of this little western mission. It is an investment concerning which there will be no regrets, but, on the contrary, one productive of many consolations. It sets, at the same

time, an example which many of our wealthy Catholics might copy with much profit to themselves and much advantage to thousands of their neglected brethren.

I have often thought that if I were rich in the ordinary acceptation of the term I would do two things:—First I would build here and there in the neglected towns and villages of the Great West a little church; and secondly, I would contribute to the support of a band of priests, whose duty it would be to go from place to place and explain Catholic doctrines and practices to Catholic and Protestant alike. And in doing this it would not be so much a question of making converts as of saving those who were born, baptized and reared Catholics but who are being lost to the Church because they are not provided with such facilities for Catholic worship as are absolutely necessary for the preservation of the faith.

The last, however, to get credit in a matter of this kind is the magazine itself. Magazines are supposed to be incapable of acquiring merit. They go on unobtrusively fighting the battles of the Church, and often striving after high ideals and high standards in the midst of difficulties and discouragements, which sometimes try the souls of editors and managers. Here and there they are consoled by the knowledge that their work is bearing fruit; but that knowledge is tardily and sometimes grudgingly supplied. The fact nevertheless remains, that whether they receive credit or not, the mightiest agency for righteousness in the country today is the Catholic magazine and the Catholic periodical.

IN MARYLAND.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

There whispers ruin through the ancient hall
  Upon the hill; the tardy afternoon
Turns gray against each weather-beaten wall
  And taunts the spectre of the impatient moon.

And from the door some little darkies throng,
  And climb the broken gate to watch me pass;
To patch and rags the windows now belong
  And the trim paths are blotted in the grass.

But it is May again and on the tree
  Beside your porch the white magnolias gleam
Prepared to tell the stars your destiny
  And to the moon your story like a dream.

There while their dog is barking through the rails
  The children fetch me out a branch in flower
Half-timidly; and as the daylight fails
  I know the moon is robing for her hour.

So henceforth whether moss or snowdrift hold
  Forgetful sway there where you can come no more,
Friend—in my memory of days of old
  The blossoms shall be watching by your door.

"Sweet was the day I ween, when the long torture o'er,
They brought her tenderly unto the gray tomb's door."

THE BURIAL OF ST. CECILIA.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Sweet was the day I ween, when the long torture o'er,
They brought her tenderly unto the gray tomb's door.
Many there were before her, lying in the blood
That flowed for His dear sake in unregretted flood;
Many whose palms green yet as 'neath their parent sky,
Showed what a price Christ's own may pay to love and die.

To die! Ah no, that were not death which thus set free;
Her fearless soul long thirsting for eternity.
That were not fire that burned, or knife that cleft
Her virgin flesh of ev'ry human trait bereft,
But His great touch, adorning for its martyr place
The body whose stern pain should give His fold new grace.

Happy the strong man who in his arms did bear,
That slender form more staunch than his to do and dare,
Happy the maid who in awe-stricken wonder kissed
The hand that never kindly action feared or missed;
Happy the babe who in his trembling age might say:
"I saw Cecilia, and the place wherein she lay."

HAMPTON ROADS RENDEZVOUS

HISTORIC HAMPTON ROADS.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

No other place on the American Continent has been so emphatically and repeatedly written in history as Hampton Roads. At the opening of the seventeenth century here was laid the cornerstone of the United States. At the close of the nineteenth century into the Roads came ships and prisoners captured in the war with Spain. Occasionally history, making the best of a "one night's stand" as it were, raises an obscure place to enduring fame. But again and again it uses the grand stages that seem fitting backgrounds for great deeds, and this is true of Hampton Roads. The world has many fine harbors, but this is a series of harbors embraced in a greater harbor made by the waters of the James River and Chesapeake Bay as they join each other and rush out to the Atlantic Ocean.

As we leave the Atlantic and head towards Hampton Roads, we sight the light-houses of Capes Henry and Charles. Grim sentinels on forbidding, sand-blown ground are they, and yet at night their cheerful lights shine out to the mariners, and by day and night their weird "sirens" give warning cries. It was without any such warnings that the first English settlers came to bleak Cape Henry. They were sea-sick, heart-sick and home-sick, but they knelt on the sands and thanked God for bringing them to land after four months of living at sea. They planted a cross, which was sign of possession, and equivalent to the seal of the reigning sovereign were he there to personally pronounce the land his and secure against all later explorers. Upon the old light-house

WATER BATTERY, FORTRESS MONROE.

of Cape Henry is a bronze tablet surmounted by a cross, bearing this inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT
LANDED APRIL 26, 1607,
Capt. Gabriel Archer,
Hon. George S. Percy,
Christopher Newport,
Bartholomew Gosnold,
Edward Maria Wingfield,
With Twenty-five Others,
who
Calling the Place
"CAPE HENRY,"
Planted a Cross
April 29, 1607.

"DEI GRATIA VIRGINIA CONDITA,"

THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED BY THE
ASSOCIATION
FOR
PRESERVATION OF VIRGINIA
ANTIQUITIES
April 29, 1896.

The old light-house at Cape Henry, after giving 110 years of service, was superseded a short while ago by one with all modern appliances, but the Government will take necessary precaution for the preservation of the historic old light.

As we come in sight of Fortress Monroe and old Point Comfort we discern a curious pile in the waters in front of the fort. It looks like a ruined, gray stone castle dumped in the sea. Started about 1819 as an auxiliary to Fortess Monroe it has yet to be made useful. At the time it was built it was deemed necessary to protect the Roads from the enemy, as the guns on Fortress Monroe could not sweep over a range sufficient to keep the enemy at a safe distance. Stones were sunk for the artificial island on which the castle-like fort was started, and money, too, has been sunk until Congress has grown impatient, and after seventy-five years of indifference has declared itself for making the "rip-raps" pay for at least part of the funds sunk in it. It is proposed to finish the fort and man it with modern

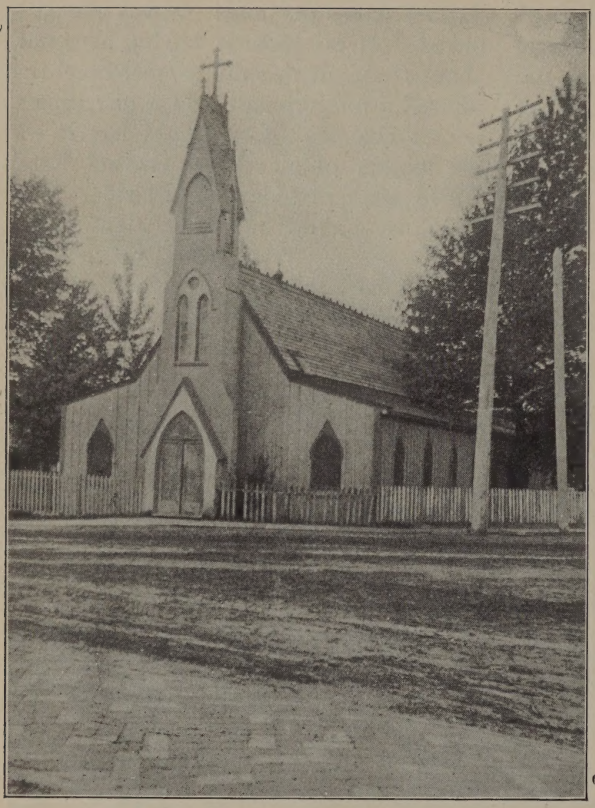
guns in keeping with the contemplated improvements at Fortress Monroe. The name "rip-raps" is said to come from the peculiar noise which the waters of the James make around the rocky pile as they rush on to the Atlantic.

At Old Point Comfort we land amidst "southern bustle,"—pleasant anticipation but no haste—unless it be that displayed by some vigorous New Yorker who, finding that he is the only one "rushing," flashed across the land! It was almost as old as Fortress Monroe, having been built about 1821. It was the pioneer hotel that offered a mild climate and a gay time to winter colonies. One might say it was the mother of all those famous hotels which we find today in Florida, South Carolina, Lakewood, and Atlantic City, N. J. But for years it had no rival, for years it bore the honors of the naval and military circles of Fortress Monroe, it

BARRACKS AND PARADE GROUND, FORTRESS MONROE.

sheepishly drops into a feeble imitation of the leisurely manners displayed by others who seem to know the easy-going ways of this hospitable land. This spring, as we come into Old Point wharf, we find that but one large hotel stands in front of the water, for the other, the world-famous Hygeia, has been torn down to make way for the improvements at Fortress Monroe. The old Hygeia! What memories clustered around it, and how many hearts felt sad when word that it was to be demolished was *the* winter resort of America. The society and climate of Old Point still continue to draw large parties of famous persons, for it is but six hours by rail, or a night's journey by elegant steamers from Washington.

Passing up the clean, wide main street of Old Point Comfort, turning towards the grim entrance to Fortress Monroe, we see, sitting like a lowly pilgrim by the wayside, the quaint, little Catholic Church of St. Mary's Star of the Sea. The cor-



ST MARY'S STAR OF THE SEA.

ner-stone of the first Catholic Church at Old Point Comfort was laid about forty-five years ago. Before that time the Catholics in that parish and the soldiers at the Fort attended Mass either at Norfolk or Portsmouth, across the "Roads."

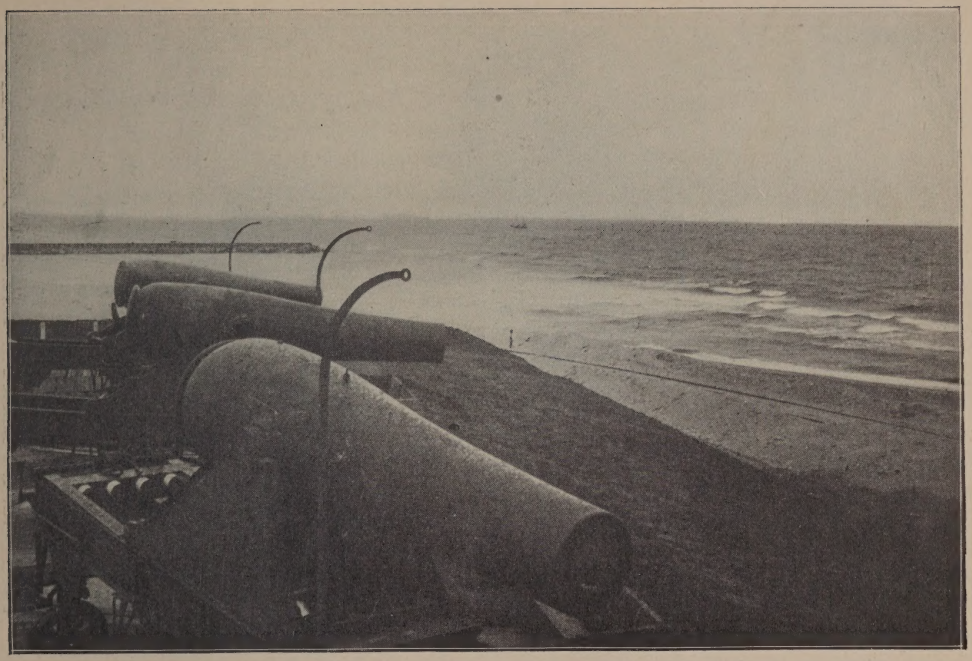
Passing from the holy quiet of the little church, we enter the sombre quiet of the fortress. If it be Sunday morning, and we are in time, we may listen to the band play hymns as the soldiers are drawn up for this Sunday service on the great, green parade ground. Under the giant live-oaks we sit and listen to that most touching service—a tribute to God and Country. When it is all over, and the uniformed men march off the field, faint notes of that hymn wafted to us over the sweet, flower-scented air, we stay for a moment thinking of all the warriors who have passed—

> "Over the fields of glory,
> Over the jasper sea."

The gloomy moat and frowning walls that girt the fort cannot dim, but rather accent, the flower-embowered residences and quarters within. If you have visited the place in spring, you know how it looks; if you have not, then may you have that pleasure before you die. All the sweet spring flowers are out, such flowers as come only with Southern springs, and as they vie with one another in sweet scents and bright colors we stand ready to defend the Government in its choice of yellow brick residences at this and other forts—they make such old-world backgrounds for such gardens as the officers and their families have from year to year planted and nurtured within the gray walls of the fort.

There are some forbidding residences within these walls, too, and no gay flowers bloom about their doorsteps. Here is the building in which Jefferson Davis was confined after the fall of Richmond. From here he escaped, some say disguised as a woman, but recently even Northern men have come to his defence and declare it was a large shawl—such as was worn by the gentlemen of that day, and which Mrs. Davis threw about her fleeing husband to protect him from the cold—that caused all these rumors of Davis fleeing under the protection of feminine apparel.

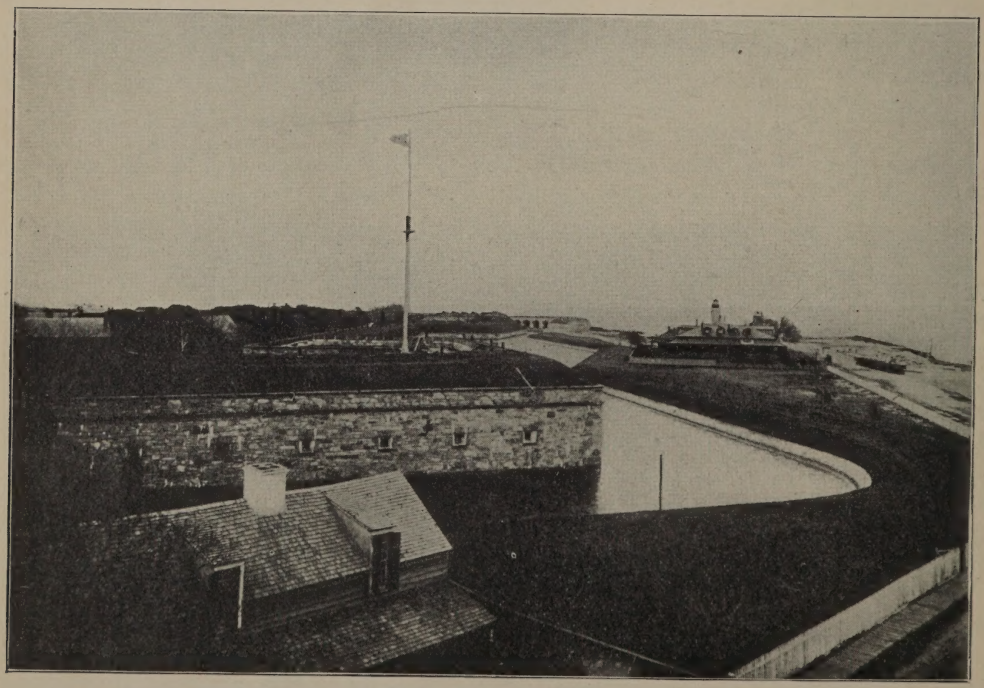
As we climb the water-batteries, beside the obsolete guns, soon to be replaced by the modern ones, we gaze up and down



CHESAPEAKE BAY, FROM FORT.

WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CONFINED.

ST. PAUL'S, NORFOLK, BUILT 1739.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE.

the historic "Roads" and far out to sea, drinking in scenes that have drawn thousands to this spot. The watery world about the fortress is thrillingly beautiful, with the ships of the "White Squadron" riding peacefully at anchor, and many lesser crafts darting around them like seagulls about a meal. From the great war vessels the men, and officers, too, look longingly towards the Fort and the hotel, yearning for a bit of the land gayety after their confinement to decks.

Standing here on the parapet we seem to be at the side of those sentinels who stood here on the night of March 8th, 1862. A terrible thing had happened that day. An iron-clad monster (the Merrimac) christened "The Virginia," had come into the Roads and worked havoc amongst the Union ships. When night came it slipped away but it seemed to say, "I will come again tomorrow!" So the sentries stood there and watched, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. Far off down the Roads they see two specks, they come nearer, between them they have another speck. It is the Monitor, come out of Yankeeland, none too soon, to cope with that death-dealing Merrimac. The next morning, those watching from the great fort witnessed the great battle between the "cheese box" and the "freight-shed," which resulted in the Merrimac, or "freight-shed" being obliged to retreat towards Norfolk after a two-hours' fight. This battle was of world-wide importance, for it brought about a revolution in naval warfare. The Monitor was the result of over twenty years' thought and labor on the part of John Erricsson, its inventor. The Merrimac had its birth in the scuttling of the wooden battleship, "Merrimac," by the Unionists, who wished to prevent it falling into the hands of the Confederates. But the Confederates thought this Charlestown (Mass.) product too good to be totally lost, so raised its hull, cut it down considerably, then topped it with a sloping roof of railroad iron, and with this queer combination prepared to startle the world. Since that March, 1862, great improvements have been wrought in iron-clad boats, but the fame of the Monitor and the Merrimac will endure so long as the sun, moon and stars shine down on Hampton Roads.

From Old Point runs a splendid trolley line along the shores of the Roads over to Newport News. This ride affords one a splendid idea of Hampton Roads and its clustering towns. At Hampton we see the magnificent grounds and buildings of the National Soldiers' Home and those of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural College. The latter is a well-equipped institution for the education of the Negro and Indian. On the site of Hampton was the largest Indian town visited by Captain Smith at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was known as "Kecoughtan," after the powerful tribe that lived there. It contained about 3,000 Indians with about 300 houses. It seems strange to come to this town and watch the Indian youths being drilled in civilization, to see them in uniform on the sunny parade ground saluting "The Star Spangled Banner," and to American music whirling off, straight and alert, from the campus to chapel. It is worth a journey of many hundred miles to hear the Negro and Indian men and maids sing in their great hall. The chorus is composed of upward of four hundred voices. The Indians' voices seem to ring shrilly when compared to the soft, melodious voices of the Negroes. Again, the Indian stands straight and grim, while the Negro sways with his melody as though enjoying every note of it. From the gay colony of Old Point many visitors ride over to Hampton to attend these exercises, and no doubt many

have paid high prices for seats at musicals which they did not enjoy one per cent as much as they did these Negro-Indian musicals at Hampton.

At Hampton, in February, 1634, Leonard Calvert stopped while on his way to found the colony of Maryland. He was not cordially received by the Virginians, and so did not waste time in turning his ships up Chesapeake Bay. In the spring of 1700, pirates were making war on all the vessels sailing for the new colony. An English man-o'-war, in front of Hampton, engaged in battle with one of these pirate vessels. Governor Nicholson was on board the English vessel at the time and helped vanquish the pirates. In the fall of 1718, word came that Captain Henry Maynard had won a victory over the notorious "Blackbeard" or Teach. The valiant Captain verified the rumor by sailing up from the coast of North Carolina to Hampton, with the gory head of "Blackbeard" hanging to his bowsprit for all the town to see.

In October, 1775, when Dunmore was obliged to abdicate Virginia, he bombarded the town of Hampton, and under cover of the firing sent men to burn it. The Virginia riflemen frustrated their plans, drove them back to the ships, and the next day, being reinforced by the Culpepper patriot regiment, literally picked men off the British ships, and caused the others to scuttle below for safety, much to the wrath of Governor Dunmore, deposed. The ships being deprived of active crews, the American soldiers had little difficulty in sinking five of the enemy's fleet, thus gaining a decided victory. Again in 1813, the British, under Admiral Cockburn, visited Hampton. This formidable fleet had been terrorizing all the towns from the head of Chesapeake Bay to the Atlantic, and when, two thousand strong, they came upon the garrison of five hundred men at Hampton, the town was obliged to surrender. The torch was applied and the town laid waste. St. John's Episcopal Church, built in 1656, was injured at the time, but it stands today, an object of interest to historical hunters. In its ancient burying-ground green ivy and old-fashioned flowers hide many an inscription from light of day. Tenderly brushing these tributes of Nature aside we read quaint inscriptions like this—

"In memory of Vice Admiral Nevill, of His Majesty's Fleet, who dyed in August, 1697."

Tradition states that before the Revolution the Royal Arms were carved on the steeple of old St. John's, but, shortly after the Declaration of Independence, lightning struck the steeple and hurled the hated insignia to the ground.

In July, 1861, General Magruder, C. S. A., burned Hampton to prevent its being utilized by the Unionists. But we leave Hampton of today secure in peace and prosperity and with education uplifting the descendants of the red men who first made homes here.

Hampton's neighbor on the south is Newport News. The orthography and derivation of its name are points over which historians dispute. On Captain Smith's map of Virginia it is called "Point Hope," probably because from this point the colonists were wont to look for ships from England. When those who watched for ships that were expected to bring help to the starving colonists at Jamestown spied the sails of Captain Newport's vessel coming towards the bluffs at this point of the James River it is believed they changed the name to "Newport News." This sounds logical, but it may be only a pun on the title of the place derived from another source; for instance, some state that it was a port called after Sir William Newce, or Neuse, the navigator. Again, there is the credit-

able story that one Daniel Gookin, of Port Newce, County Cork, Ireland, was, in 1620, commissioned by the crown to carry emigrants and cattle from the old country to the colony of Virginia. These emigrants came from different parts of the country, but they all set sail from Gookin's home port, "Port Newce." Our country fairly bristles with names derived from places in the old land, and what wonder that the first place these pilgrims sighted should be christened after the last one they saw beyond the Atlantic.

Daniel Gookin returned to the old country where he died. He left in Virginia a son, Daniel, who, in 1644, left the colony and settled at Boston. His tomb at Cambridge, Mass., bears the inscription:—

"Here lyeth interred
ye body of
Major Daniel Gookin,
aged 75,
who departed this life
ye 19th March, 1686."

In the early days of Virginia vessels bound up the James always stopped at Newport News to take on water from the famous springs there. This was the simple beginning of this greatest shipbuilding town on the Western Hemisphere. Nature gave it a deep harbor which costs not one penny to be kept clear, and it will be small wonder if in a decade from now it is the greatest shipbuilding town, not only on the Western Hemisphere, but on the globe. Since the war of 1898 Congress has seen the fallacy of its parsimonious appropriations for shipbuilding, and to Newport News has come the bulk of contracts, bringing phenomenal prosperity to the town. Within the past five years new hotels, mansions, and rows and rows of cottages have sprung up on the bluffs; all as a result of the money shipbuilding has put in the place. As not even a special magazine article could do justice to this great industry of Newport News, we bid those who take pride in our country's navy as well as her industries, to visit this "Golden Gate of the East," and there see the greatest shipyard on this hemisphere, with the largest dry dock and the greatest expanse of water for launching in the world, to say nothing of its wonderful derrick, which is capable of lifting one hundred and fifty tons by aid of electricity and one pair of human hands.

On the opposite side of Hampton Roads from the sister cities of Old Point Comfort, Hampton and Newport News, we find those of Norfolk, Portsmouth and Berkeley. As the former will in all probability be consolidated some day, so will the latter. Like Newport News, Norfolk's fame rested greatly on a picturesque past until about two decades ago, when it awoke and roused itself to do justice to the great natural resources at its command. The generation following the pampered, easy-going race of "slavery days" are making a new South. They have deep feelings for the institutions their ancestors lived amongst, but they have no time to talk about them—the past is past, a dry, withered empty pod—the present is here, growing, blossoming, indicating an abundant harvest, and these young men are making the most of it. They look around them and see today a city that capitalists have called "The New York of the South," but it has greater resources than New York if it will but use them. It is the front door of the most richly-endowed section on the earth, with a road-way to the world of commerce that calls for scarcely any alteration or repairs. It can float the largest vessel ever built and yet give abundant room to the numerous mosquito fleets coming and going with the products of the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, such as

oysters, fish, and game, world-famous; lumber from the rich districts of Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas; coal from West Virginia, and last but not least, peanuts—for Norfolk is the greatest peanut market on the face of the earth.

It is a relief to turn from the present and the possible Norfolk back to the past, and nowhere can we do this better than in the green churchyard of old St. Paul's, which, like Trinity Church in New York, forms an oasis in the bustle of city streets.

Norfolk was first settled in 1705, granted a royal charter in 1736, and incorporated a city in 1845. St. Paul's Church was built in 1739. In its vestry is preserved the chair in which John Hancock sat at the Continental Congress. Partially hidden by the luxuriant ivy which covers its walls is a cannon-ball lodged there during the Revolution, a parting shot from ex-Governor Dunmore, who even wished the death of the women and children who sought shelter in the church during the bombardment of the town. On this occasion Norfolk was laid in ashes, its warehouses, containing pitch, pine and turpentine, aiding the destruction materially and lighting to daylight brightness the waters of the entire Roads. After driving Dunmore from these waters the inhabitants enjoyed comparative peace till 1779, when Norfolk was again attacked by the British. The patriots held the military stores at Gosport—at Portsmouth, where the U. S. Navy Yard now stands, and this they kept till the coming of detachments of Cornwallis' army, which, with the aid of the traitor Arnold, took possession of all valuable property at Portsmouth and neighboring towns. Arnold had his headquarters in a stone building which still stands, corner of High and Crawford streets, Portsmouth.

Norfolk, in olden times, was known as "the game-cock" town, because of the sporting propensities of its citizens. It has sent many famous sons out into the world, however, amongst them Chancellor Wythe and Commodores Barron and Warrington. The house in which the British Consul lived at the time of the Chesapeake-Leopard affair, in which Barron figured so conspicuously, was at 118 Main street, Norfolk. At this place Tom Moore also lived during his visit to Norfolk, and here he wrote the "Legend of the Dismal Swamp," while its atmosphere still possessed him.

Portsmouth is reached by ferry from Norfolk. Here we visit the historic Navy Yard. When the Unionists fired the yard, April 21, 1861, the conflagration lit up Hampton Roads, the York and James Rivers, the Chesapeake, and even the black gloom of the Dismal Swamp. Seven million dollars went up in flames, but the Confederates managed to profit by the ruins, for it was after this fire they raised the Merrimac and converted it into the ironclad monster.

At the close of the war with Spain, many trophies were brought to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, among them the famous "Reina Mercedes." Shortly after her arrival we visited the yard and boarded the gutted, battered vessel. It must have been a beautiful ship before it met more than its match in Cuba's waters. The officers in charge presented us with small souvenirs of the occasion, and upon the writer's desk, doing duty as a paper weight, is a big, rusty bolt which once helped hold the Spanish ship together. With memories of our past victories upon the waters and vivid pictures of the great shipbuilding going on at Hampton Roads before us, we close this southern sketch.

SPRING IN IRELAND.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

When back to Ireland comes the spring
  The gorsy bonfires blaze,
The sedges wide their banners fling
  Along the meadow ways,
In dainty robes of purpled hue
  The modest violets rise,
And overhead the sky is blue
  As are my Norah's eyes.

The rivers seek with laugh and song
  And find at last the sea,
The brown bees over the heather throng,
  The daisies star the lea;
And only Norah's slender neck
  Seen through her nut-brown hair
Can match the scented snows that deck
  The hawthorns everywhere.

No bird that ever spread its wings
  Can mate the skylark's lay
When o'er an Irish bog it sings
  At dawning of the day;
Yet Norah's voice so clear and true,
  Sounds sweeter far to me
Than skylark's in the azure blue,
  Or blackbird's in the tree.

At break of day the east is bright
  With clouds of ruddy dye,
And tints of rose and gold and white
  At sunset fill the sky.
For me the hours that lie between
  Away like moments glide
When all the world is gold and green
  And Norah's by my side.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

Liberty of conscience is the right that the soul possesses to direct its religious life according to the high authority of God, and of His Church, independently of every intervention on the part of the civil power. This right is exercised, in foro externo, by the triple homage of faith in the revealed truths, of hope in the joys of the future life, and of love or charity which dominates the sovereign good. When those acts do not exhibit themselves exteriorly, the relations of the soul with God are free from all human control, and consequently from all restriction and constraint.

Liberty of conscience thus understood is unlimited and absolute. It is otherwise when the religious life exhibits itself by exterior acts, when, for example, Christian faith and hope assert themselves by words or writings, by monuments, or by the pomp of public worship; or yet when the love of God becomes incarnate in works of charity, in the institutions consecrated to prayer or penance, or in a hierarchy of men devoted to the propagation of all that is morally beautiful and good. "Religious authority," says that illustrious Catholic orator Chesnelong, "has for its mission to govern souls. But the domain of souls is essentially the domain of liberty; but when the soul is mistress of herself, when she endures not the slavery brought on her by her weakness or her passions, she is of such a noble and proud race, that she must surrender herself freely to him that would govern her."

The authority, by which the human soul has a right to direct her religious life, must then be a free power addressing itself to free souls. But the political power is by its very nature, force, and consequently co-active. Religious faith simply obliges us to believe in the revealed truths, to love God above all, and to submit our will to Him, whilst the civil law constrains us to endure taxation, or even military service, when necessary. The soul then cannot be completely in the exercise of her religious life, except she be completely independent of the civil power.

Now I will try to show that the Catholic Church in her career of nigh twenty centuries has always been a persistent and unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience. The Church in establishing herself within the limits of the Roman Empire affirmed at the same time complete independence of conscience in matters pertaining to religion, with regard to the temporal power, and her own sovereign independence in the government of souls. This distinction between the two powers, the spiritual and temporal, a distinction hitherto unheard of by the pagans, was the special cause why she met with such dire opposition on the part of the Roman emperors.

When the Gospel was ushered into the world there was but one authority, that of the Cæsars, which joined to its title of August, that of Sovereign Pontiff. The Church had no lesser pretensions than to raise up beside the temporal power another completely independent of it in matters spiritual. Thus were seen for the first time two sovereign authorities reigning over the same territory and the same subjects, the one charged with conducting souls to their immortal destiny, in directing them in the intimate life of their thoughts, their affections, and their wills; the other charged with their material interests, maintaining by force respect for the law and security for all; the first ab-

solutely independent, by the nature of its mission, of all temporal power while it remained within its own domain; the second sovereign in the sphere of the interests of the present life, but subordinate to the spiritual power where it came in contact with things pertaining to the sacred interests of the soul.

Liberty of conscience, that is to say the right of the soul to regulate her religious life, independently of external political pressure, was established by the Church when she promulgated that surprising novelty of two separate kingdoms here below, as implicitly designated by the words of Christ, "Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.' The first affirmation of it took place when the first Pope confronted the first persecutor, with that sublime dictum, "non possumus—we cannot pass over in silence what we have seen and heard, we cannot disobey God to obey man." We may remark, parenthetically, that this was the principle which impelled our forefathers to reject the heretical tenets of England. It was also the principle which in recent years caused the German Catholics to oppose such a stern front to Bismarck's May Laws.

If we examine the earliest records of Church history, we see how unflinchingly and how gloriously it was acted upon by the primitive Christians. There is a page of history belonging to those heroic days which reflects thoroughly the spirit with which the votaries of Christ were filled, I mean the letter of St. Maurice and his companions of the Theban legion to the Emperor Maximin. It is as follows: "August Emperor, we are your soldiers, but we freely confess also that we are the servants of God. To you we owe military service, but to Him we owe the innocence of our souls. We have received from you a soldier's pay, but we have received from Him the gift of an immortal life. We cannot obey you at the expense of denying our Creator. If you require nothing of us contrary to His Law we will serve you faithfully as we have done up to the present. But if it be otherwise we will yield obedience rather to Him than to you." It seems impossible to assert in language more heroic than has been asserted in that letter, liberty of conscience, and the incompetence of the state in matters pertaining to religion. During three long and painful centuries, the Church presents to the world a spectacle of heroic independence. We behold it in the Catacombs, the arenas and the prisons, under the wands of the lictors, the teeth of the wild beasts, and on the funeral piles. The executioners grow not weary in the performance of their barbarous task; the Christians calmly die, and by so doing give birth to other and more numerous votaries of the Saviour. "Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum." Such were the words of Tertullian in the third century, verified then, and verified in all ages down to the present, wherever persecution wreaked its terrors and its vengeance on the Church. One of the last of the pagan emperors, imagining that if his predecessors failed in annihilating Christianity it was because they did not immolate Christians in sufficiently large numbers, determined to consign to destruction all the votaries of Christ that could be found within the limits of his jurisdiction. Rome and the provinces were inundated with the blood of martyrs, and Diocletian, vainly imagining that he had at last met with complete success, caused medals to be struck commemorating his achievements. Nay, he even required his followers to erect a column on which was engraved the following inscription, destined, he absurdly imagined, to immortalize his triumph: "Diocletianus Augustus, nomine Christiano ubique terrarum deleto." But scarcely was the column erect-

ed when the pagan persecutions ceased forever, and paganism itself became a mere historic memory.

I have shown what a staunch defender of liberty of conscience the Church was during the gloomy days of the pagan persecutions, that is, during the first three centuries of her existence. Now I will try to show that in her subsequent relations with the Christian Cæsars she was an equally ardent and unflinching upholder of the same principle.

When Constantine, of immortal memory, united himself with the Church, he was well aware that he united himself with a queen, and not with a slave, with one who reserved to herself the absolute right of regulating her faith, her discipline and her life. At first he seemed to have a full and adequate conception of this, in the midst of the discussions of the Council of Nice, but, by an unjustifiable contradiction from which his most worthy successors did not always escape with impunity, he allowed the departments of the public service to be administered after the style and spirit of pagans, though legislation was supposed to be conducted according to the tenets of Christianity.

Liberty of conscience was of all the ideas of the new faith the most incomprehensible to the old Roman mind, accustomed as it was to consider the State as the source of all rights. Hence arose those conflicts without number, which were the cause of such poignant grief to the Church. She nobly resisted Constantine, when, towards the end of his life, he tried to impose on her the heresiarch Arius. Less than ten years afterwards she broke off all relations with his sons because they had become the official abettors of Arianism. The martyrs during three centuries vindicated the independence of the human soul in its dealings with God. After the days of Constantine that high mission passed from them to the bishops. Then appeared on the horizon such glorious intellectual athletes as St. Athanasius, Osius of Cordova, St. Hilary, St. Basil. During well-nigh half a century, St. Athanasius, the valiant patriarch of Alexandria, was, as it were, the sentry officially appointed to defend the faith against the attacks of the secular power. With what powerful and convincing eloquence, with what noble fearlessness does he defend the sacred rights of conscience, expose the tyranny of the emperors, and withstand their mighty prefects as well as their diminutive and insignificant councils, that condemn and depose him! "Ask us," he says to the emperor, "what can contribute to the temporal good, and you will not find subjects more faithful than we. But touch not our faith; it is by it that we are the children of that free woman of whom St. Paul speaks, that is to say of the Church, the spouse of Christ. We will not revolt, but we will protest after the manner of the glorious martyrs in the days of Nero and Diocletian. We will resist and we will always be able to say, 'The word of God is not to be enchained.' We are ready to endure everything but the enslavement of our souls in the order of faith." (Historia Arianorum apud Athanasium No. 43.)

Five times banished by the cruel emperor and as many times recalled by the love and enthusiasm of his people, the incomparable patriarch, it may be aptly said, is a most striking symbol of the Church on earth." Each time that St. Athanasius returned to his see," says Villemain, "the people indulged in such festivities as the Roman empire had not beheld since the days of its ancient triumphs."

Osius of Cordova in writing to the Emperor Constance thus clearly points out the distinction existing between the two powers, and the incongruousness of

political authority where it intrudes in matters religious. "Pretend not," he says, "to give us orders in matters pertaining to religion. God gave you the empire, to us He confided the Church; and as he who seeks to wrest from you your authority opposes the Divine will, so also do you render yourself guilty if you intrude on things spiritual. Is it not written, 'Render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to God what belongs to God?'" (Historia Arianorum, apud Athanasium, No. 44.)

The great bishop of Poitiers, St. Hilary, reminds the same emperor, with all the independence of the early martyrs, that it was not to Cæsar, but to the Apostles, that Christ said "Go, teach all nations, he that will believe will be saved, and he that will not believe will be condemned." "It is to the councils lawfully and freely assembled," he says, "and not to the prefects, that it belongs to determine what we must believe."

When the great St. Basil, bishop of Cæsarea, was threatened, by the prefect Modestus, with the anger of the Emperor Valens, if he did not renounce the Nicean creed, he answered him in the following noble and glowing terms: "I honor the dignity of the Emperor, but know well that I deem not his faith of more importance than that of one of his subjects. It belongs not to him, but to the councils, to determine matters of faith." (Histoire de L'Eglise, par Blanc. t. 2, p. 121.)

The Pope, St. Gelasius, is not less clear and forcible in his letter to the Emperor Anastasius the First, the open protector of the Eutychian heresy. "The world," says he, "is governed by two powers, that of the pontiffs, and that of the kings. If in all that concerns the public order, the bishops obey your laws, recognizing thus the authority you hold by the will of heaven, then you should obey them in whatever concerns faith and the venerable mysteries, of which they are dispensers."

In the sixth century, when the Emperor Justinian wishes to obtain from the Pope Vigilius a hasty condemnation of the "Three Chapters," the Church dauntlessly reminds him, through the wrath of her chief pastor, of his incompetence in matters pertaining to religion. "Know," says the Pontiff, "that in keeping Vigilius captive you do not keep Simon Peter captive; and that the fear of man will not cause me to be wanting in my duty as Pontiff." Two centuries later, under the iconoclastic emperors Leo the Isaurian, and Constantine Copronymous, the martyrs of liberty of conscience show themselves to be as numerous and heroic as their predecessors in the days of Nero and Diocletian. Whilst the martyrs by the shedding of their blood affirm the independence of their faith, St. John Damascene and the patriarch of Constantinople, St. Germanus, remind their persecutors, in a style worthy of the first Apostles, that if they have as sovereigns the right to regulate with regard to temporal matters, they have, by no means, the right to preside as judges, over the faith of their subjects.

During the first eight centuries of the Church's career, we have seen her to be the unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience. If we follow her down the stream of time we will find her guarding with equal zeal that prerogative, and also proclaiming in unmistakable terms the incompetence of the State in matters religious. This latter doctrine she adhered to and insisted on even when the relations between herself and the State were of the most intimate kind. During the war with the Saxons, when Charlemagne pretended to make them embrace the tenets of Christianity more quickly by the sword than the missionaries could by preaching to them the gospel, it was thus that Al-

cuin, a pupil of the learned Colgus, and an honored graduate of Clonmacnoise, unfolded to him the doctrine of the matter. "Faith is an act of the will and not an act of constraint. We attract man to the faith, but we cannot force him to it. You will urge him along towards accepting baptism, but you will never cause him to make one step forward towards embracing Christianity. That was not the manner of acting followed by Christ and the Apostles." This shows the antiquity of the doctrine of the Church with regard to the manner of making converts. The same doctrine prevails with us yet, no matter what certain heretical maligners may say to the contrary.

According to the most reliable historians the question of Investitures, and the contests of the clergy with the empire, during the arduous and glorious pontificates of Gregory VII., Urban II., Calixtus II., Innocent III., and Gregory IX., were but an absolutely necessary re-vindication of the spiritual power against the encroachments of the secular authorities. The temporal princes, and especially the emperors of Germany, the cradle-land of Protestantism, disposed of bishoprics and abbeys as if they were absolute masters of them, by placing their own favorites at their heads in open defiance of the laws of the Church. It was then they sowed the seeds of the Reformation, which in the days of Luther bore such abundant and pestiferous fruit in that country.

Now I shall come to another part of my argument,—religious persecution. It is claimed by Protestants of every shade of religious belief, and of no particular belief (all of whom have drawn their inspiration from D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation," and from Fox's mendacious "Book of Martyrs"), that one of the cardinal principles of the Catholic Church is the right of punishing non-believers in her creed, "with penalties, imprisonment, tortures, and death," as a certain Anglican pseudo-bishop, with more rhetoric than veracity, puts it. I shall try to show that such was never a doctrine of the Catholic Church. Pope Leo the Great, who flourished in the fourth century, writing about the Manichean heretics who, as he said, "laid all modesty aside, prohibiting the matrimonial connection and subverting all laws, human and divine," subjoins that "Ecclesiastical severity was content even in this case with the sacerdotal judgment, and avoided all sanguinary punishments." (Epistola and Turib.) In the same century, two Spanish bishops, Ithacius and Idacius, having participated somewhat in the capital punishment of certain Priscillian heretics, both St. Ambrose and St. Martin refused to hold communion with them, even to gratify the emperor whose clemency they were then soliciting in behalf of certain of their clients. Long before their time Tertullian had taught that "It does not belong to religion to force religion," and a considerable time after, when St. Austin and his companions, the envoys of St. Gregory the Great, had converted King Athelbert to the Christian faith, they particularly instructed him not to use forcible means to induce any of his subjects to become Christians. (Bede, Hist. Eccles, C. 26.)

I shall now give the opinions of some of our best theologians on compulsory conversion to the Catholic faith. "The Gentiles, the Jews, and those who have never received the Faith, are by no means to be compelled to believe in it, because belief is an act of the will." (S. Thomas, II. q 2q, quost X art VIII, Summa Theolog.) That seems to dispose very clearly and forcibly of the assumption that our Church holds as a cardinal principle the forcible conversion to her tenets of heretics and others outside her fold. "It is the common opinion that infidels, whether

subjects or not, cannot be compelled to receive the faith, even should they have sufficient knowledge of it." (Suarez Tract de fide. Disp. 17, sect. 3, n. 4.) We see that the opinion of Suarez with regard to the matter is equally strong with that of St. Thomas.

Even the Reverend Edmund J. O'Reilly, S.J., the theological corypheus of the modern Irish church, says: "Catholics and the Catholic Church are not disposed to preach a crusade against Protestants settled in any country, even when they would prevail in the attempt." (Theological Essays, page 270.) It can be easily seen from this quotation that his opinion accords with those of the aforementioned theologians. It also expresses the present disposition of the Church in dealing with modern heretics, like the English and others, though they are far from admitting it.

But what need of my giving any further authorities on this head, since our canon law, as it stood in ancient times and as it still stands, renders irregular all those who have actively concurred in the death or mutilation of any human being, whether Catholic or heretic, Jew or pagan, even in a just war, or by exercising the art of surgery, or by judicial proceedings. This irregularity means that such persons cannot be promoted to Holy Orders, or exercise the orders they have already received. Nay, when an ecclesiastical judge has, after due examination, pronounced guilty any person accused of obstinate heresy, he is required by the Church to expressly declare in her name that her power extends no further than such decision. And in case the obstinate and unfortunate heretic is liable by the laws of the land to suffer death, or any other excessively severe punishment, he is obliged to use his good offices towards obtaining his pardon. Even the council of Constance, in condemning John Huss of heresy, declared that its power extended no further (Labbe's Councils t. XII, p. 129). That fact alone should silence forever those who are continually accusing the Church of being imbued with a spirit of persecution.

Those charges of persecution so frequently brought against the Church, and for which the Church is in nowise responsible, now claim consideration. First comes the Inquisition, the Spanish Inquisition, the bugbear of all Protestants, no matter whether they read Fox's "Book of Martyrs" or not. I wish to remark that this Spanish Inquisition, the terrors of which have been depicted in such lurid terms, was never half so bad as the English inquisition established in Ireland by apostate Elizabeth, and maintained by her profligate successors, who called themselves "defenders of the faith"; though if we judge them by the standard of the ten commandments we must say that their faith was of a very scant kind. But to return to our subject. Sixtus the Fourth, yielding to the importunities of Queen Isabella, consented to the establishment of the Inquisition, as he was advised that it was necessary for the preservation of order in the kingdom. But in 1481, the year following its introduction, when the Jews complained to him of its severity, the same Pontiff issued a bull against the Inquisition, in which, Prescott informs us, "he rebuked their intemperate zeal and even threatened them with deprivation." He even wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella that "mercy towards the guilty was more pleasing to God, than the severity which they were using."

When the Pope could not eradicate the evil, he encouraged the sufferers to flee to Rome, where they found an asylum, and where he took them under his special protection. It would seem that that fact alone should set at rest forever the charge of intolerance brought against the Church

on account of the Spanish Inquisition, over which the Pope exercised no control, because when once it received his approbation the Spaniards conducted it to suit themselves.

Next come Mary Tudor and the Smithfield fires. Though this calumny has been refuted thousands of times, yet, I am sure, it will be repeated again and again as long as there is a Protestant living who draws his inspiration from Fox, Hume and D'Aubigne. Let us hear the learned Milner on the subject: "If Queen Mary was a persecutor by burning people to death in the Smithfield fires, it was not in virtue of the tenets of her religion that she persecuted. The instruction which the Pope sent her for her conduct on the throne does not breathe a word recommending persecution, nor is there, as Burnet remarks, one word in favor of persecution in the synod which the Pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, held at that time. This representative of his Holiness even opposed the persecution project, as did King Phillip's chaplain also, who preached against it, and defied its advocates to produce in its favor an authority from Scripture.

Then there is the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. That was for political and not religious purposes, as is well-known by every student of reliable history.

A glance at the kind of liberty of conscience accorded to Catholics by Protestants, whenever they had an opportunity to assert themselves, reveals a different condition of affairs. The learned Bergier defies Protestants to mention even one town in which their forefathers, when they became masters, tolerated a single Catholic. Rousseau, who was educated a Protestant, says that the Reformation was intolerant from its cradle and that its authors were universal persecutors. (Lettres de la Mont.) That assertion seems to be sweeping enough. Yet in their false histories those Protestants are continually representing us as enacting the rôle of persecutors. The Huguenot Minister, Jurien, acknowledges that the authorities of Geneva, the Republics, England, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, etc., all employed the power of the state to abolish "Popery," and establish in its stead the Reformation. To go to the fountain head. Luther, the father of Protestantism, finding his new religion which he had submitted to the Pope condemned by him, immediately sounded the trumpet of persecution and murder against the Pontiff and all his supporters. Hear his words: "If we send thieves to the gallows, and robbers to the block, why do we not fall on those monsters of perdition, the popes, cardinals and bishops, with all our force, and not give up until we have bathed our hands in their blood." (Ad Silvest Perier.) That is one more ebullition of the kind of Christian sentiments with which Luther was imbued. St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, says: "For the law is fulfilled in one sentence: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In that case, Luther was often delinquent in the fulfilment of the law, because in his writings he so frequently exhibits such a complete lack of charity towards the Church to which he was far from being an honor while he was a member of its fold.

It is said by the most reliable historians that the infamous Baron D'Adrets reveled in torturing and murdering the Catholics within his reach, and that on one occasion he caused his son to literally wash his hands in their blood. This is but one of the many instances that could be given of the inhuman cruelty wreaked by the Huguenots on the devoted Catholics of France. If there was such an event as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenots could only blame them-

selves for it. If we pass over to Scotland we find Knox rivaling Luther in barbarous ferocity of sentiment toward the Catholics. In all his public utterances he maintained, "It is not birth, but God's election, which confers a right to the throne, and to the magistracy," and that, "no promise, or oath to an enemy of the truth, that is to a Catholic, is binding," and that "every such enemy in a high station is to be deposed." The dire cruelties inflicted by the primitive Protestants on the devoted Catholics of Scotland could be dwelt upon at length, did space permit.

I feel that I cannot complete this part of my argument without making some reference, however brief, to England. Milner says: "I have elsewhere shown from authentic sources, that above two hundred Catholics were hanged, drawn, and quartered during Elizabeth's reign, for the mere profession or exercise of the religion of their ancestors for almost one thousand years. Of this number fifteen were condemned to death for denying the queen's spiritual supremacy, one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of their priestly functions, and the rest for being reconciled to the Catholic Church, for hearing Mass, or for aiding or abetting Catholic priests." That alone is enough to brand her name with infamy forever, but it is not the hundredth part of what could be said about her barbarous cruelties.

I have shown that the Catholic Church was always an unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience, and that she never persecuted any man on account of his religious belief; I have shown also by a few examples drawn from many of the same kind how intolerant the Protestants were in that respect, and I shall now try to show that those who are commonly designated as schismatics and heretics did not ameliorate their condition very much by withdrawing their allegiance from the Pope.

After their rise in 866, the Greek schismatics transferred in reality, to the emperors of Constantinople, the allegiance they had previously given to the Roman pontiffs. The lapse of ages has but rendered their chains heavier. This is amply proved even by a few facts of not very remote occurrence. In 1833 all the bishops of the little kingdom of Greece signed the following declaration: "The national church, although it recognizes no other spiritual chief than Jesus Christ, recognizes at the same time, as far as its government is concerned, the King of Greece as its supreme head." They add, it is true, that their highest ecclesiastical authority consists of a permanent synod of bishops and archbishops, yet they do not tell us that all the members of that assembly are really nominated by the King, and that a delegate of the King, by right, forms part of it, and that every decision arrived at in his absence, and which bears not his signature, is null.

In 1848, the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, in concert with their brother of Constantinople, issued an address to the members of their communion. In it we find the following: "In extraordinary difficulties we write to the Patriarch of Constantinople because that city is the seat of the empire, and because its Patriarch has precedency in the synods. If our fraternal concurrence settles the question the difficulty is finished, otherwise we refer the matter to the government according to the custom established by law." (Tondine, Le Pape de Rome, et les Pape de L'Eglise Orthodoxe, page 235.) According to that pronunciamento the supreme power rests with the Sultan, as head of the government, for deciding religious questions about which the four great patriarchs cannot agree. We must not be surprised then, that a

few years ago the Sultan, by virtue of his own authority, separated the Bulgarian church from the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The Russian church, while trying at present to absorb the Greek schismatic church, has always considered the spiritual supremacy of the Czar as one of its fundamental tenets. Catherine the Second, towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, openly declared, without any opposition from the orthodox clergy, as they call themselves, but with little reason, that sovereigns are invested by God with supreme authority in the church. I am sure it would be difficult to find a Cracovian who would admit that God ever invested with any kind of authority, "Catherine the Wicked," one of whose most glaring and nefarious crimes was to cause the downfall of Poland. Paul I. openly proclaims himself head of the Russian church, and asserts that his divinely constituted authority extends to all things ecclesiastical within the empire. Furthermore he states that all the clergy must yield to him explicit obedience. Those Russians do not seem to have much liberty of conscience. The Czar is their spiritual chief. He decides all ecclesiastical questions, and the members of his communion must abide by his decisions, either willingly or unwillingly. Such seems to be the legitimate consequence of schism.

What is the liberty of conscience supposed to be enjoyed by Protestants? They replaced the authority of the Pope, which they wished to annihilate, by what? By the civil authority in general. In Germany by the princes of the empire, in Switzerland by the councils of the cantons and the Grand Council of Berne, and in England, Denmark, and Sweden, by kings and parliaments. Heresy would have none of the beneficent guardianship of the Church. It looked upon the sovereign pontiff as a foreign potentate, usurping the domain of souls. But by withdrawing itself from the legitimate authority it had necessarily to seek elsewhere for support to save itself from approaching and inevitable ruin. It made itself the slave of kings; it sought to profit by political revolutions; it lavished caresses on the great; it cringed; and alas! it still cringes to all those powers that are the real masters of its existence. From the beginning it had for its high priest a debauched king, who for expedition in ridding himself of his wives far outstripped the South Dakota divorce law. For popess they had a queen "who had all the vices without any of the virtues of her sex" and who, as far as horrifying crimes are concerned is considered fit to rank in juxtaposition to Isabel of old.

Before taking leave of my subject I feel it incumbent on me to refer, though briefly, to the church of England, which even at present is as undefined and undefinable an association as ever it was. To quote from Dollinger while he was in the path of grace, "The laws of the kingdom which, under the three Tudors, Henry, Edward and Elizabeth, proclaimed the royal supremacy over the Anglican church, still exist in all their vigor. The king, or the reigning queen, is in possession of the supreme ecclesiastical power but must recognize two diametrically opposite churches, the Presbyterian in Scotland, and the Anglican in England." The old adage, "consistency thou art a jewel," does not seem to apply to them. Furthermore, we can state that outside the ministers and parliament it is the Privy Council, since 1833, that has been exercising supremacy over religion and the church; parliament made it the supreme court of appeal in all ecclesiastical discussions pertaining to doctrine or discipline. By a strange contradiction common enough in English history, laymen form the majority of it even when it is not entirely

composed of them. Many of its members do not even belong to the Episcopal church!

An appropriate conclusion to this article, methinks, is the following extract from Newman, while he was yet a non-Catholic. Speaking of the English church he says: "Its life is an act of parliament. It will be able to resist its enemies while the state gives the word, it would be unable when the state forbids it. Elizabeth boasted that she tuned her pulpits, Charles forbade discussions on predestination, George on the Holy Trinity. Victoria allowed differences on holy baptism. As the nation changes its political views, the causes which carried the Reform Bill and Free Trade may make short work with orthodoxy."

THIS EASTER MORN IN IRELAND.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

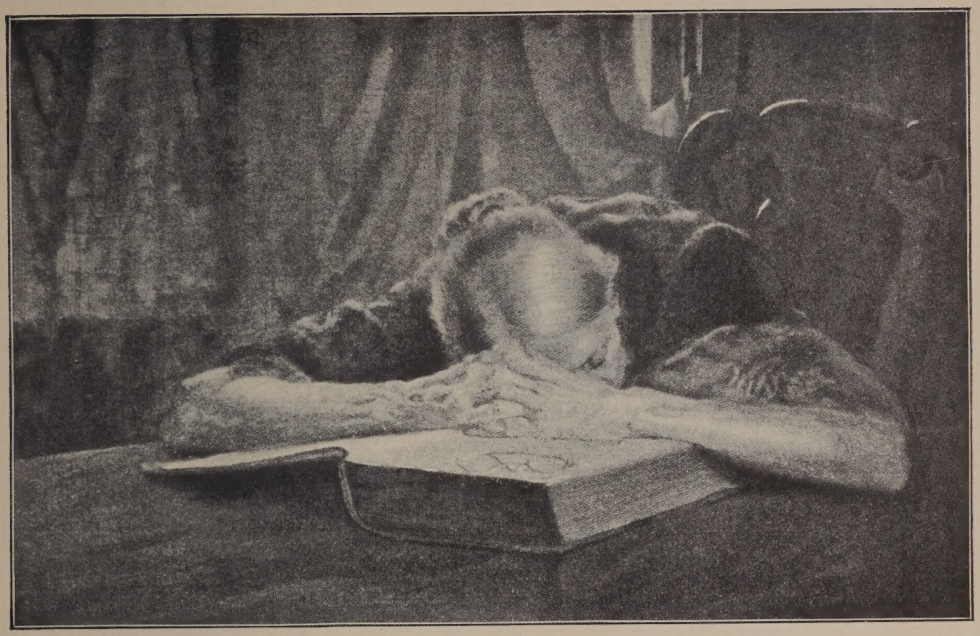
This Easter morn in Ireland,
Old Brannie barks, the roosters crow,
To hail the first faint yellow glow.
The lark springs from his sleep-sweet nest,
The blackbird preens his song-filled breast,
And, one below and one above,
They lilt aloud their lay of love;
And Brian and Barney, Mick and Ned
Rush, tumbling, from the outshot bed;
They crow and clap with impish glee
To see the sun dance on Croavree,
This Easter morn in Ireland!

This Easter morn in Ireland,
The tables groan with hearty cheer
They have not known for one long year—
With spuds, and eggs, and tea, and fish,

And buttered bread—all man could wish!
Oh, glad the eye and glib the tongue
Of smiling eld, and laughing young,
That draw their stools and chairs around,
Or gaily squat upon the ground;
But passing great is little Mick—
The stacks before him vanish quick
This Easter morn in Ireland!

This Easter morn in Ireland,
With jest and joke and chat and chaff
Bright repartee and heart loud laugh,
Across the moor to early Mass
In pairs and bands the neighbors pass.
There, plotting low an evening stroll,
Trip Patrick Kane and Rosie Cole;
'Mid spellbound group, with many a saw,
Big Eamon Bán lays down the law.
All hearts go gayly, feet go light;
The world is good and life is bright
This Easter morn in Ireland!

This Easter morn in Ireland,
The linnet, robin, wren and thrush
Make musical each budding bush;
The hills are lit with whiter glow,
With softer song the streamlets flow.
All bliss is there, all cares forgot,
Sweet joys abound and pain is not.
Upon the gay and gladsome sight
The sun smiles down with new delight;
Earth seems a bridal robe to wear.
Ah, would, my heart, I, too, were there
This Easter morn in Ireland!



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

AFTER PARTING.

The wind blows cold down the dark lane tonight
  And, here, alone, I wonder that my heart
  Should beat so wildly, for, when I did part
With him, my poor, old trembling heart felt light
And gladly hopeful. Am I thinking right?
  O will he like the noisy, troubled mart,
  And will the city's red crimes, glaring, smart
His white, white soul, so lily-like and bright?
O God! I wonder, when the shadows fall,
  Will he forget to breathe the prayer I taught
  His childish lips long, long ago, when naught
But joy was mine? Nay, he will surely call
  Thee, Lord, to father him, when sin befraught,
And I will mother him with prayers—my all!

II.

THE CONSOLING CHRIST.

Before Thee, here, he kneels, O Master great,
At Thy bright altar's foot, heartsore, alone;
O stifle, Thou, his sigh—his piercing moan!
Dost hear him plead at Thy sweet, pearly gate
Of Grace, through which Thy servants pass elate
To paradisial fields, while he is blown
About Sin's angry sea—his young heart grown
To crime? I wonder, is it now too late?
Too late! Ah no! Upon the altar fair,
Christ waits, fore'er, with anxious, tear-stained face,
Forgiving, kind, to welcome and embrace
His erring children; and white lilies rare
Sprout in the gardens of their soul,—in place
Of Sin's red weeds,—nurtured by faith and prayer.

THE TROUBLES OF FINLAND.

BY PETER MACQUEEN.

ON ARRIVAL OF BOAT FROM STOCKHOLM AT HELSINGFORS.

Finland is a desolate and water-logged land. Three-quarters of its surface is destitute of population, possessing no natural wealth except its forests, and no natural advantages except its waterfalls. The severity of the struggle which the Finn has had to endure has made him one of the sturdiest specimens of humanity.

Under hard conditions the character of Finland is good, and its moral progress is very striking. The border of Finland is a distance of two hours' ride by train from St. Petersburg, Russia. Finland's misfortune is its proximity to St. Petersburg. If it were on the Swedish side of the Gulf of Bothnia, Russia would not be so determined to make it an integral part of the empire of the Czar. When "Peter the Great" wished to break away from the barbarism that bound him to the East, and found a European monarchy, he drove back the Finns and the Swedes, and founded his capital in the frozen marshes of the River Neva, that he might have, as he said, a window out of which to watch Europe. Since his day Russia has more and more absorbed the government of Finland; and under the present Czar, Nicholas II., is attempting to completely supersede the ancient charters of the Finns.

ENGLISH SPORTSMAN GOING OFF FOR A FISHING AND HUNTING EXCURSION.

In the summer Finland offers a beautiful land for the traveler and tourist. The aspect of the coast as we approached was that of a line of rugged cliffs skirted with many rocky islands. Its area of 135,000 square miles is one-third occupied by lakes and marshes; and many English gentlemen have hunting and shooting lodges there. In the southern part of Finland there is a hot, dry summer for five months in the year, and the farms in this part yield good returns from

cattle breeding and dairy produce. During the summer of 1901, when I visited Finland, the farmers were exporting to England four hundred tons of butter a week. Most of the dairy trade is with England. Ten thousand vessels every year carry away from Finland a million and a quarter tons of merchandise. Their exports are mainly forest products, consisting of planks, deals, firewood and tar. The Wiborg province is celebrated for its well cared for, as is the whole country. Finland is very cosmopolitan, having its notices in the cities written in six different languages. Swedish is used very commonly in the cities among the people above the status of the peasant. But every one can read and write. Out of less than two and one-half millions there are more than half a million at school.

In 1890 there were two thousand university students, including women; 4,023

TYPICAL FINNS AT ABO

marble quarries. There are 23 pulp manufactories which turn out annually $6,000,000 worth of pulp.

There is a great difference between Finland and Russia in the landscape. While Russia is a land of plains with great rivers, Finland is a land of rocks and hills and lakes and brooks. The little wooden houses of the peasants are very neat and pretty, often being painted red. They are kept in good repair and

in the lycees; private schools educate 7,785; primary schools contain 413,867; popular schools 98,922.

The entire national debt of Finland, about $23,000,000, was contracted to build state railways, of which there are 1,094 miles in the country. The Russian tariffs are so easy upon the people of Finland that Germany and England have a better market there than Russia itself. Smuggling across the eastern frontier in-

to St. Petersburg is very common. This seems to explain the new movement of Russia to consolidate Finland with the empire. This much must be said for Russia, that Finland has heretofore borne virtually no burden of the national defence. The high tariff country has protected the low tariff country. The Finn has thriven under a very low scale of customs duties, while his Russian neighbor and competitor has had to meet the

A FINNISH FAMILY OUT FOR A PICNIC UPON ASCENSION DAY.

demands of a high one. Living is cheap in Finland; that is one of the reasons why so many Russians spend half the summer and half their incomes there. All Finnish produce enters the Russian market, under a differential duty, which practically amounts to a bounty. Moreover, Russia really believes herself vulnerable to a foreign foe coming by way of Finland. In her view national security means military unification.

Thus much for the Russian side; now let us look at the Finnish contention. The fundamental law of Finland says, "A fundamental law can be instituted, modified, explained, or abolished, only on the representation of the Emperor and Grand Duke, and with the consent of all the Orders." That is clear, and it is final, so far as any law or treaty can be. Therefore, when Russia insists upon modifying, abolishing, or introducing fundamental conditions of Finnish national life without the consent of the Finnish Diet, she is acting illegally and unconstitutionally.

The history of the present trouble in Finland dates from 1809, when Russia finally secured the country. The Finns are a branch of the Ugrian race, kindred to the Magyars of Hungary, and different from both Swedes and Russians. At the present time eighty-four per cent of the people are of the ancient stock, the rest being Lapps, Russians, Germans and

THE CAPITOL OF FINLAND AT HELSINGFORS.

FINNISH FARM HOUSE NEAR HELSINGFORS.

PIER AT HANGO

Gypsies. In olden times the Finns formed a great independent empire, but in the twelfth century, they were conquered and converted to Christianity by the Swedes. During the union with Sweden the Swedish language and civilization took deep root among them, and when Russia finally conquered the country she was met with great opposition and aversion by the people. The Swedish was the official language down to 1863. Russia, until recently, has governed the country with much prudence, granting it many privileges, and her attempts at eliminating the Swedish elements by supporting and developing the original Finnish language has been a fine diplomatic success.

The state church is Lutheran; and the government up to the reign of the present Emperor has been almost independent of the rest of Russia, being administered in accordance with the Finnish constitution of 1772. All the Czars, including the present Emperor, have sworn to maintain the constitution of 1772. Nicholas II. is called the Oath Breaker, because that during his reign the control of Finland has passed away in a great measure from the hands of the congress at Helsingfors, to those of the cabinet at St. Petersburg. The legislature of Finland consists of congressmen elected by the people, and senators who were formerly elected by the congressmen, but are now named by the Czar. The Governor of Finland is also selected by the Emperor, a condition of affairs which irritates the people, especially at Helsingfors, and the other coast towns. The Finns show their dislike of the Russians too strongly, and this aggravates the condition of things. When I was at Hango, I got into conversation with a Finnish gentleman of high standing. As he was showing me the ships in the harbor, two Russian gendarmes ap-

peared. My companion became greatly excited, and exclaimed in English: "These are the men we hate. Our ships could all receive a subsidy if we allowed the Russian officials to examine them, but we prefer to exclude the Russians and give up the bounty. Thank God, there is one place they dare not go in this country. They dare not board our merchant vessels." When I told him I understood that no radical change had yet been made in the government of Finland, he said: "No, it is not what has been done, but what may be done that we fear."

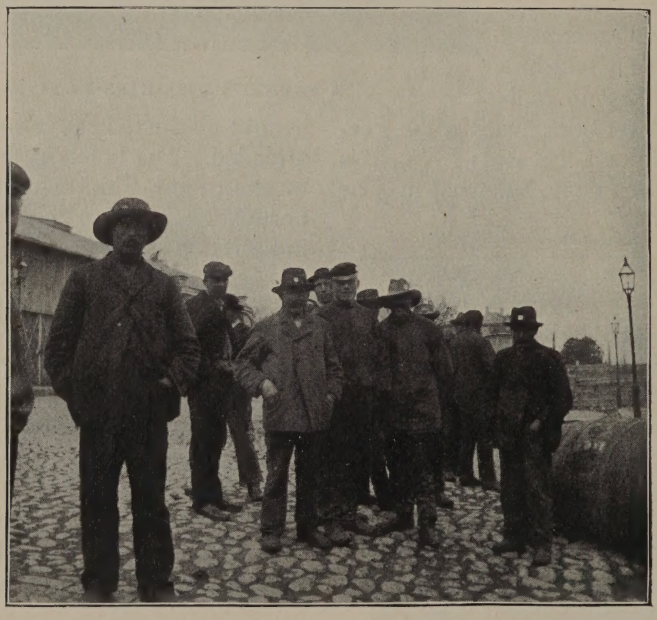
A FARMER'S DAUGHTER IN FINLAND.

TYPICAL CITY STREET IN FINLAND.

Since that time Russia has tried to Russianize the Finnish army. When radical changes were announced the women of Helsingfors wore black, the symbol of mourning. But the personal protest went much farther. When General Bobrikoff, the Russian governor-general who was sent to carry out the new regime, took his walks abroad, every Finn who saw him coming crossed to the other side of the street. When he patronized a concert for some charitable purpose, the Finns bought all the tickets, but not one of them attended. The hotels refused apartments to one of the Finnish senators who supported the Russian proposals. By the indiscretion of a porter he secured rooms at one of the principal hotels, and refused to leave. Therefore the hotel was boycotted and temporarily ruined. The Russian authorities, intending to make the Russian language compulsory in all government departments, invited several young Finns to St. Petersburg to learn Russian under very advantageous conditions. When the language ordinance was published and these Finns saw why they were asked to learn Russian, they

FINE FINLAND HORSES. GREAT BREED IS THE FINLAND HORSE AND PONY

immediately resigned. The Russians took charge of the postal system of Finland and abolished the Finnish stamps. Thereupon the Finns issued a "mourning stamp," all black except the red arms of Finland and the name of the country in Finnish and Swedish, and stuck it beside the Russian stamps on their letters. The Russians retorted by strictly forbidding its sale and destroying all letters which bore it. Late in February, 1903, Governor Bobrikoff was given unlimited power by the Czar for completing a Finnish battalion, the Finns having refused military service in the Russian army.



FINNS FROM THE QUARRIES.

It will thus be seen that there has been bad procedure on both sides. Russian administrators in Finland have shown a want of tact, and have needlessly outraged the national sentiments of a proud and stubborn race. The Finns have shown themselves so careless of Russian feelings and needs, and so hostile, as to put weapons in the hands of those who declare themselves to be actual avowed enemies of Russia.

Under these circumstances no true friend of Finland will seek to embitter her relations with Russia. It is evident that Russia considers the Russifying of Finland as necessary to her political well-being. She is doing no more in the premises than England has done in Egypt, France in Madagascar, or Germany in Venezuela.

On top of all her political unhappiness a famine is threatening Finland with starvation. In parts of the country the cattle are threatened with extinction, and the people are making heroic sacrifices. The sympathy of the world is directed toward this brave race, and the United States, with its customary liberality, is preparing to send relief to the sufferers. More than 100,000 Finns have settled in America, and they are making a quiet, orderly, industrious portion of our population.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER XI.

DOUBTS AND THE BISHOP.

Every night for two weeks a light had burned late in the study of the rectory; so late that several times, Kate, waking when the cracked church bell struck two and seeing a light shining through the frosted glass transom of her door, had been convinced that there were burglars below, pillaging the house. With her heart quaking she had stolen bare-footed to her brother's door, and when she found the room empty and the bed untouched she had returned to her own room to slip into a wrapper and a pair of worsted slippers and then descended on Walford, her past terror firing her indignation.

But each time he met her outbursts with such a dazed, weary expression on his face that he did not seem to hear her. She ordered him peremptorily to bed.

"In a moment," he said, "in a moment," but he did not look up from his books.

Kate ventured further into the room. Her hair was wound around small rolls of paper, and she made an ugly figure in her shapeless gown.

"You are killing yourself, Charles," she protested. "Surely you do not have to study so hard, the people you preach to are so stupid."

"It is not a sermon," he said, glancing up at last and smiling involuntarily at the curl papers. "It's only something that I want settled in my own mind."

"And can't you settle it in the daytime?"

"I hope all day that some sort of a solution will come, and then at night I am weak enough to look for one."

"Can't you wait until tomorrow?"

"I am afraid it will be no clearer in the morning."

"But will you—will you go to bed now?"

"After a little," and there was a suspicion of impatience in his tone.

"Is the question so important?"

"Yes, it is very important to me."

"But does it have to be decided at once?"

"I have lived so long in a state of indecision."

"Oh, no, you have not, Charles. I never knew you to be undecided before. I've always been the undecided member of the family—I've always compared my mind to a feather bed, it's so soft I like it made up for me."

Walford smiled again, abstractedly.

"It would be a relief," he said.

"Then let me help you."

"I don't believe you could."

"Then, if it is a church matter, write to the Bishop. You must go to bed now. She relentlessly shut the books upon the table. Her commanding tone seemed to amuse him.

"Perhaps I will—after a little," he said. And she, thinking she had conquered, gathered up her trailing gown and retired to sleep soundly the rest of the night. But a few of the humble suburban parishioners, when they arrived in town in the early morning hours, bringing with them their truck for the market, had seen the light still burning in the rectory window, and shaking their heads dubiously at this incomprehensible labor for knowledge, they had told their customers that "The young minister never closed an eye, he was sobent upon his books and his Bible."

This report excited the suspicions of the trustees. They believed Walford guilty of holding secret midnight meetings with the miners. As soon as Kate heard this rumor she came to her brother and remonstrated.

"Now, Charles, I hope you are satisfied, and I trust you will go to bed at a decent hour. You are killing yourself by inches. Why, if I sat up with my doubts I wouldn't close an eye until doomsday."

They were in the study and Walford was putting on his overcoat preparatory to going out. He looked down on Kate with a troubled expression in his eyes.

"Are you in earnest, Kate?" he asked.

"Always," laughed Kate, turning to Jennings, who was present. "My faith always flickered, and since I have seen the people of this parish I begin to think the Romanists are more consistent."

"That's true," said Jennings. "I believe history proves that it is the only church that will stand." He made this remark with easy carelessness, expecting a fusilade in return, but Walford, with a sorrowful glance at Kate, turned suddenly away.

"I think argument is a mistake," he said.

"Good Lord, Walford! I begin to think with Miss Kate that you are ill. Argument has been the breath of your nostrils. Are we to agree at last?"

Walford's eyes smiled.

"On what?"

"On the power of Catholicism."

"We can't very well deny that."

"And you are not going to try?"

"Why should I? The greater the strength of the opponent the greater the glory of victory. I must be going—I have reason to believe that there is a free fight going on at the clubhouse, and I think I am needed to preserve peace. Wait until I return."

"That depends," said Jennings with a doubtful look at Kate, who sank down in an armchair by the window and picked up a bit of embroidery, to be worked on at intervals as a signal to Jennings that she was too busy to talk. "I think I'll stay," he added, and he seated himself in Walford's revolving chair in front of the belittered desk.

For fully fifteen minutes after Walford left them there was silence in the study. Jennings' roving eyes were attracted by the books which lay on the desk within easy reach. At first he turned the pages idly, wondering what Kate's mood might be, when suddenly the title of one of the volumes gave him an idea and he began to read eagerly, examining every book with a critical, keen care; and then, as his bare thought grew to be a conviction, for the first time in many years he tried to disbelieve his own judgment.

"I wonder," he said at last, aloud, "why a man with an intelligent conscience seeks excuses or reasons in books?"

Kate was used to Jennings' sudden, irrelevant observations.

"Isn't a reason an excuse?" she asked, relieved to have him break the unusual silence.

"Not at all, Miss Kate; your excuse of being a woman accounts for your reasoning. I have been sitting here for the last ten minutes surprising myself. I thought I had passed beyond that youthful sensation."

"Indeed?" she said, indifferently.

"I find," he continued, "that I still have some old-fashioned prejudices with regard to the permanence of marriage. I find also that I have unconsciously allowed myself to rely upon the absolute steadfastness of another human being. I believe—I believe," he repeated, medita-

tively, "that I could actually be hurt, physically, mentally, morally hurt—I can't decide which—by having that person fail to fit into my ideas."

"Don't go on," she implored, thinking he was altogether personal and that this was but a prelude to his usual weekly proposal. "Fitting your ideas is too arduous an undertaking for anyone."

"I was not asking for sympathy," he said, leaning easily back in his chair. "To tell the truth, for once I forgot all about you."

Kate's inconsistent nature led her to like him best in his indifferent moods.

"How could you?" she said with a mock flirtatious air.

"It was difficult, but for once my efforts were successful. Have you heard how Ralph Somers is today?"

She laughed outright at his rapid change of question.

"I have not heard that he was any worse."

"Hasn't Walford been there today?"

"Not that I know of." She turned and searched his face, and then after a moment she added hesitatingly, "Have—have they quarrelled, do you think?"

"Who?" It was Jennings' turn to be bewildered now.

"Ralph or Frances. I can't believe it, but Charles doesn't go there as often lately."

"Why?"

"Oh, he is busy. I guess that's it. He has been very busy." She relapsed again into her old careless attitude.

"Does he say so?"

"Why, of course he says so."

"To you?"

"To Frances, to Ralph, to me, to anyone who happens to be around."

"Do you think he is?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity — thirst for information, anything you choose to call it. Get Walford to take a trip; he needs it; and get him to go to bed early tonight. There's nothing like sleep to preserve sanity. I'm troubled with insomnia—"

"That accounts for many things," said Kate solemnly.

"Yes, that accounts for many things." He got up and reached for his hat, which he had dropped in a chair on entering. "I have just remembered that I have a half-finished article which I promised by this evening's post. I must finish it. Tell Walford I could not wait. I leave my advice for him. He will find it more useful than my company."

He bade her good-by and left her wondering. She had never seen him in such an abstracted mood before. She went to the table and turned over the books to see which had claimed his interest.

"Wickliffe, Luther, Melanchthon," she read the names indifferently. "Why, those are only sermons," she said, "I didn't know he cared for sermons."

That evening, before Kate had time to repeat Jennings' advice, Walford announced his intention of leaving home.

"I don't believe I'm quite normal, and I have had a surprising invitation that I think it would be wise to accept."

Kate was eager to hear all about it, and demanded to see the invitation at once. It proved to be a very cordial letter from the Bishop, effusive in its hospitable tone. The postscript hinted at a call to a larger and more influential parish. This letter, coming from one who had formerly seemed indifferent to his presence, was a surprise to Walford, but the reason for its being sent was not far to seek. The Bishop had been holding a prolonged church conference, and during some of the recesses he had overheard a number of his colleagues of the cloth discussing, with the most vital

interest, certain ethical articles on labor which had of late been appearing in the religious reviews under the signature of C. P. Walford, and the worthy Bishop, who enjoyed the reputation of being a patron as well as a discoverer of talent, when he heard these complimentary comments, carefully suppressed his astonishment.

"Of course I know Walford," he said in his deep, rich voice which partook of eloquence always. "A most promising young man. He was with me for four years. I expect him to visit me in a day or two." It was then that he went home and dispatched the invitation.

Walford remained a week as a guest in the Bishop's house, and during that time he was treated with a graciousness which he found difficult to understand when he compared it to the former scant courtesy he had received as a resident under the Episcopal roof. His opinions met with a respectful consideration, his plans were listened to tolerantly. A larger parish was offered him, and when he refused it, on the plea that he was not willing to give up his present work for any worldly advancement, the refusal seemed to add to the Bishop's anxiety to promote him.

"You would have more time for your literary labors," said his host.

It was then, for the first time, that Walford guessed the true reason for the change in the great man's attitude.

"I don't believe they are worth considering," he said, honestly humble. And then while the Bishop, with generous unction, proceeded to make some flattering remarks, Walford found himself listening indifferently. He was studying the wizen face of the man who had taken his place at the Bishop's right hand, and he was wondering if he had ever been as cringing and self-effacing as the Rev. Mr. White.

The Rev. Mr. White was a small man, frail and thin, but he always seemed to be trying to fit into a smaller place than he already occupied. He had a pale yellow complexion and watery blue eyes; even his voice was apologetic, and his conversation was difficult to follow as his sentences rarely connected with anything that went before or came afterwards. This evening they were at dinner when the little man looked up from his plate, and said with startling suddenness, "I had to marry a divorced couple today." He blurted the words out as if they were a forced confession.

The Bishop, who was carving, turned his head resignedly.

"I am sorry to hear it," he said, with forced, impatient politeness.

"Sad case," continued Mr. White, reminiscently. "Woman innocent, husband a rogue, good man befriends her. What can one expect?"

Walford laid down his knife and fork. "Had the woman any children?" he asked.

"No children. Lucky for the man. Divorces seem to be on the increase. Women used to stay by their husbands—expect too much nowadays."

"Divorce is a crying evil," said the Bishop calmly, pouring sauce over his meat, "a most pernicious institution."

"You think it should be forbidden by the state?" asked Walford, fixing his eyes upon his host.

"I do not go quite as far as that," said the Bishop, uncertainly.

"But you agree that there ought to be some definite law? You think it should be forbidden by the church?"

"I did not say that. The church does not approve—but at times she has to make concessions. Even Moses yielded, 'because of the hardness of their hearts,' you know."

"You think, then, that if the happiness of the individual is at stake—"

"Usually there are two people whose happiness is at stake. Matrimony is one of the trials of life that we cannot enter into alone." The Bishop smiled. He was anxious to change the subject of conversation, and he felt that happiness was a safe abstraction. Vivid memories of Walford's power of cross-examination returned to him and did not tend to reassure him. He looked at Mr. White, sitting so inertly in his chair, and wondered why he did not say something to relieve the strain.

"Then you think that a man has a right to consider his own individual happiness?" was Walford's next question.

"To be sure—to be sure," said the Bishop, still smiling, and feeling that he was getting beyond dangerous subjects. "It is not culpable to think of happiness, and if we did not desire it for ourselves there would be no progress in the world."

"And progress means?"

"Destroying old boundaries," broke in Mr. White, forgetting his diffidence.

"And we do not limit ourselves within new ones?" said Walford, still questioning the Bishop.

"I do not think I quite understand," replied the Bishop, his equanimity a trifle disturbed.

"I mean that since we are not limited in our pursuit of happiness, re-marriage for a divorcee is admissible."

"In some cases, yes," admitted the Bishop, "that is my opinion. But in all cases I would do my utmost to dissuade the parties from entering into a second marriage."

"But you do not think it wrong?"

"I do not think it praiseworthy." The Bishop was plainly annoyed.

Walford turned to Mr. White. "What were the facts in the case today?"

"Usual ones," replied Mr. White with unexpected briskness, wiping his buttery lips, and then he continued with a brevity and directness unusual to him, "The woman pretty, destitute; past husband worthless; present husband in love and able to support her. First reasons were enough for any man, last reason enough for any woman."

"Perhaps," said Walford reflectively, "children might have made a still stronger reason."

"How so?" queried the Bishop.

"The woman might have had sons who required an education and a father's influence."

"Yes," agreed the Bishop, hesitatingly. "Such a consideration might have entered in."

He was interrupted by the butler who was standing nervously by, waiting for an opportunity to announce the arrival of a religious delegation.

"Ten gentlemen in the parlor," he said in an undertone. The Bishop rose, his self-respect restored; he was his pompous self again, and excusing himself he hurried out of the room, leaving Walford and Mr. White to finish their dessert in silence.

That night, long after the lights in the Bishop's house had been extinguished, Walford sat before the fire in the long, ghostly, guest chamber. The hospitality of the high, white bed was disregarded; the heavy logs on the andirons branched into flame, then withered away to soft grey embers; and still he sat there trying to view himself clearly, cruelly, if need be. He confessed to himself that he had tried to avoid all introspection of late. The consciousness that he was far away from home made him aware of his anxiety to return. Return to what? To that which he had sought to escape? One face haunted him; the remembrance of one af-

ternoon in the Somers' attic floated across all his thoughts. One sentence was ringing in his ears,—"I have so wished that I could help you in your work." He understood what she had meant, and yet the words were dear to him. If it had only been true in another sense. If that voice had only reflected a different shade of tenderness, had it only been more personal in its sympathy, and less apostolic, it would have been as balm to him now. He knew now that he had been deceiving himself too long. He realized that he was in love with Frances Hampden. The truth thrust itself upon him,—and he believed, now, that he had always loved her. Looking back, her image seemed to have stood guard over his heart all these years, shutting out all other women, rendering him indifferent to their lesser worth and charm. He would go home tomorrow and tell her of this wonderful truth which had come to him unbidden. The Bishop had agreed that a man had a right to seek his own happiness, and such was his state of mind that it did not impress him as strange that the Bishop's opinion should have weight with him. And there was so much more than mere happiness involved! He would go home and tell her that she was the only one in the world that could help him in his life-work. Was not a man justified in seeking all the aid he could to carry on his struggle for the cause of righteousness? Her sympathy was so sweet it made him strong, her understanding was so real it brought him rest, and intellectually she was an inspiration, for she believed in his powers of mind and soul. He felt that much. Had she not tried to lead him Romewards because she said "the Church needed strong thinkers, earnest men?" Yes, he would go to her and make her listen. Tommy needed him. Tommy loved him. Tommy's cause was the strongest argument he could bring. Frances might be persuaded for the boy's sake, and after she had given herself to him—afterwards she would love him for the sake of the love with which he would surround and shelter her—a love that would make her forget the years that had gone before and their usurious interest of pain.

CHAPTER XII.

A HOME COMING.

Walford reached home in the early afternoon of the following day. Though it was only three o'clock the twilight seemed to have already fallen; a cold, east wind massed the clouds into heavy layers of darkness and the rain was hurled sidewards like driving spray. Kate met him with open arms, but recoiled when she saw how wet he was.

"I am delighted to see you, Charles," she said, "and I have an almost uncontrollable impulse to fling myself in your arms, but it's an impulse I must resist as long as I have on my best dress, which spots with painful ease."

Walford stooped and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"I have half a mind to spoil your dress, since I dwindle before your vanity."

"It's poverty, not vanity. We are too poor to disregard our outer raiment," and laughing she led him into the study, where a fire was burning. He saw that his favorite chair was drawn up in front of the blaze, his old embroidered slippers were lying warming on the hearth rug. He thought that the small room had never seemed so cosy before. The love of a home was as strong in him as it is in the hearts of all lonely men. He felt that these little unusual efforts for his comfort showed a new development in Kate's character. Hitherto her love for him had been as heedless as a child's.

Before he had gone away from home a

feeling of dread came over him every time he entered the study door, a legacy from those nights of struggle and indecision, those weary nights spent in confronting the question, the question which the confessed consciousness of his love now made simple. The bishop's calm acceptance of divorce had strangely razed the barriers, which his own rigid conscience had rendered so impregnable, and now that those barriers lay in ruins around him the strength of his passion made him forget that the bishop's ways and words had never influenced him before. His soul seemed suddenly set at liberty. He looked around the familiar room, at the books which had only added to his doubts, and he wondered if his exhilaration could last.

"What's the news?" asked Kate, standing shivering before the fire, for the few moments spent in the cold hall-way had chilled her thin blood. "Tell me what the bishop wanted—I know he wanted something."

Walford took off his overcoat and hung it on the back of the chair to dry.

"The Bishop offered me a larger parish," he said quietly as he sank into the soft cushioned chair and held out his wet shoes towards the fire.

"Thank the gods," said Kate with dramatic piety and falling upon the hearth rug. "I am actually weak with delight at the thought of leaving this dead and alive town. I never suspected the bishop of good intentions."

Walford smiled and laid his hand tenderly upon her hair.

"Of what did you suspect him?"

"Oh, of anything—everything. Where is the parish? When do we go?"

"I have made up my mind not to go at all," he said gravely. "I think I am needed here."

Kate assumed an air of hopeless resignation. "Oh, Charles! Charles! I might have known you wouldn't go—I might have known you would act the supernatural rôle to the end of the chapter. I don't believe the people here like you. I think they have shown you that; and the men at the mines, whom you seem to find so fascinating, are too dirty to have any sentiments. Why are you going to stay?"

"Because I think I am needed," he said again.

"Dear me! you are decided. When you shut your lips like that I wouldn't attempt to argue the point, and I can't say I'm disappointed, for I did not expect your trip to result in anything but evil. I thought the Bishop was contemplating sending you on a distant mission—Jennings and I discussed the matter. He said he would like to travel in foreign parts—he wants to look up the anthropoid ape, some of his more distant ancestors, he says."

"But what had that to do with it?"

Kate looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He seemed to think it had a good deal. If you were to be sent to be eaten as a toothsome missionary, he wanted to go along."

"I see, such unusual devotion can only be accounted for in one way."

"Of course," she said, nodding her head. "If he were only more indifferent I might—"

"Might what?"

"Oh, do the conventional thing."

"What do you mean by the conventional thing?" He spoke teasingly, but there was a certain earnestness in his tone as well.

"Why, get married," she answered promptly. "I believe everyone can do that."

"You think so?" he said reflectively, fixing his eyes intently upon her.

"Of course, everyone has a chance."

"A chance—yes," he said musingly. "Have you seen Ralph since I left?"

Kate leaned her head on the arm of his chair.

"Why, yes, I forgot to tell you. There's a note lying on the table for you, from Frances."

"A note?" Walford rose and his knees brushed roughly against Kate's shoulder as he hastened to the table. "Where is it?" he asked, nervously turning over the heap of papers and circulars which had gathered during his absence.

"Oh, it's there somewhere," she replied carelessly. "I knew it was not important so I opened it."

"Not of importance! You opened it?" The words came with a certain tragic distinctness. Kate turned her head and looked wonderingly at her brother. She was not naturally suspicious, neither was her mind quick to grasp conclusions, but his tone arrested her attention.

"I didn't think you would care," she said, half apologetically. "There is the note under the ink stand. It is not important—Tommy is sick. That boy is always falling down stairs or catching cold or something. Frances wanted you to come and sit with Ralph for a while yesterday afternoon."

Walford did not hear her; he had picked up the note and was reading it, lingering over every word. He had seen the handwriting often before, when Frances was acting as Ralph's amanuensis, but these were the first personal words she had ever sent to him. The note read:

"Poor Tommy, with his usual precipitancy, decided to go wading in snow water-puddles and he is quite sick this afternoon. I cannot be with both my invalids at once and Ralph is nervous and lonely. If you have the time to spare will you look in on him for a little while this afternoon?"

That was all. Walford folded the note carefully and put it in his pocket. "What did you do about it?" he asked.

"I telephoned Mr. Jennings to go at once, and then I went myself to see if I could be of any assistance. Tommy had a high fever and was in bed. His mother seemed worried."

"Have you been there today?" Walford was putting on his wet overcoat.

"No, I meant to go this afternoon, but this rain is frightful. Are you going?"

"I thought I might be of some assistance. Have they had the doctor?"

"Dr. Aberly was there. I thought he looked serious. There is danger of pneumonia I believe."

Walford turned pale in the ruddy firelight.

"So bad as that? Then she needs some one. If I'm not back in time for tea don't wait for me. Ralph may detain me." He went quickly out of the door, but she did not notice his unusual haste. Had she not fled to Frances' assistance with the same prompt generous impulsiveness yesterday afternoon? For in the intimate months of their acquaintance she had grown to feel a sense of motherly protection for Frances. The older woman seemed so frail, so pitifully weak, compared with her part in a life-tragedy, that she roused in Kate that spirit of chivalry which is stronger in the hearts of some women than it is in the souls of many men.

Kate was glad that Walford had gone; she had meant to urge him to go, but the thought of the new parish had made her forget.

When Walford reached the Somers house, he did not stop to ring the bell, but opening the door went upstairs to Ralph's room, as was his habit. In answer to his knock a weary voice called, "Come in," and entering, he found Ralph lying motionless among his pillows, looking as if he was exhausted from much suffering.

"Ah, Walford," he said, his face brightening. "So you have come back at

last? One week more and I should have been dead outright." Walford sat down in his accustomed chair by the bed and laid his hand affectionately upon his friend's heavy hair.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," he said cheerily. "You have to help me write my book you know."

"I'll never be able to do that," returned the other, in a tone which proved how hopefully he had regarded the plan of his friend. "It's no use, Walford, I've just got to go on to the end a useless bit of flesh with only enough life in me to make me conscious of suffering. I did think I might do something in the literary line, so many strange, and sometimes poetic, fancies come to me as I lie here all day long, but I don't believe it is worth while. Why should I try to impress my pitiful personality on the world? Nothing seems worth while."

"Don't say that," said Walford, smoothing the invalid's hair with an awkward attempt at tenderness. "Everything is worth while if we only wait long enough to see the wherefores. Some of the greatest works have been accomplished by men whose minds grew strong because of the weakness of their bodies."

"Don't begin to preach," interrupted Ralph, fretfully. "I'm not resigned to my condition, and don't suppose I ever shall be. I think if I had not had fire and damnation preached to me when I was a boy I would have taken an over-dose of laudanum long ago."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't; you are too sane for that."

"Sane, what do you mean by sane? Are you speaking from a moral or a worldly point of view? What have I to live for?"

"A man always has a chance for soul development," Walford said slowly. "None of us live as units in the world, our lives unconsciously influence one another"; and then, no sooner were the words spoken, than part of his old doubt returned to him. He was about to seek his own individual happiness. He had not dwelt upon the influence of his action. Now his passion stifled the thought.

"Whom have I to influence?" asked Ralph, as if the suggestion roused him to new interest.

"There is Tommy—"

"Tommy, the incorrigible. Did you know that he has been quite sick since you left us?"

"Yes, Kate told me; I came as soon as I heard. How is he today?"

"Worse I believe, Dr. Aberly was in here a moment ago. He looked so serious that I asked him no questions. I have been lying here thinking that, perhaps, it would be better if Tommy pegged out. I believe I would like to feel that he was waiting for me on the other side."

Walford recoiled at this exhibition of selfishness.

"Think of Frances," he said, unconsciously using the name that seemed to him most natural, "Tommy is the only joy she has on earth. I hope he isn't as ill as that."

"I'm afraid he is," said Ralph, holding up one gaunt hand in front of him as if to test its strength. "The doctor said last night it was pneumonia and a bad case. I have been lying here thinking that I don't believe I would grieve much for the boy. It isn't because I don't care for him, you understand, but because—partly because, my grip on this world is lessening, and partly because I'm afraid Tom wouldn't afford his mother much satisfaction later on. He has the quick temper and impulsiveness of the Hampdens. They say that a first child usually inherits his father's traits. In my opinion, then, he had better be dead."

"I'm not such a believer in heredity as that," said Walford. "I think environment and training count so much more."

"Well Tommy needs a strong hand to guide him," said Ralph. "My influence does not amount to much. Tommy has a poor opinion of a man who cannot even eat his meals, unassisted. He is like some women, he would appreciate a man who could and would beat him."

"Beat him," repeated Walford. "I don't agree with you; you can't guide a boy that way. Tommy is remarkably tender-hearted, his bringing up would be simple."

"Well, I'll hand him over to you," said Ralph, smiling faintly. "You know, of course, what little property I have will be Tommy's when I'm gone. I have appointed you his guardian."

"I appreciate the trust," Walford said, and his voice trembled a little. The thought that he was now drawn to Frances by a closer tie stirred him more than Ralph's confidence had done.

"It's a trust that few men would care for," Ralph went on. "Paul may make things unpleasant, he always manages to do that. Frances usually wilts before him, for he has a commanding, quarrelsome way when he does not get what he wants. She gave him her money, her life, her love, I suppose. I never knew her to stand out before him but once, and that once was the only time I would have given him his way."

"You mean?"

"The divorce. The last time he was here he wanted her to apply for it. It would have made things easier for him."

"He seems to have found them easy enough," said Walford, without bitterness in his tone.

"It's men like him that find life easy," continued Ralph. "They squeeze all they can out of the world. They never seem to come to grief, while you, men like you, meet opposition at every turn."

"I don't know about every turn."

"But I know, I have talked to Jennings and I have talked to your sister. They have told me of the attitude of your parishioners and a d—d discouraging attitude it is. They don't like your ritualistic notions, and you are losing your hold on the trustees by chumming with the miners. Valkirk now calls you a labor agitator. You would better go slow. I don't know how much influence you have at the mines, but I doubt whether you'll be able to improve the condition of those poor devils out there."

"I had hoped," said Walford slowly, "to get at the miners through their children. Very few of the men or women come to our church, and though I have spent days among them, they seem to suspect my intentions."

"Of what?"

"God knows, I don't seem to make much impression. I suppose they know I am well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed, and they misinterpret my meaning."

"How?"

"Well, they think I can't enter into their feelings, and my creed seems to them vague; that is one reason why I wanted to introduce pictures and lights into the church; there are some people you can only reach through objective teaching."

"People who want a religion that can speak to them in symbols all drift Romewards. There it is bred in the bone, you can't get away from it—it rises up and meets you at every turn. While it talks about a man's soul it never forgets that his soul is encased in a body. Sometimes, Walford, I think it is the only religion that understands the dual nature of man, and that it is the only real lasting social force in the world."

Walford regarded his friend for a few moments in silence.

(To be continued.)

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XVII.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST (CONCLUDED).

III.

Now let us see what antiquity has to say on this question. We find in examining the opinions of the early churchmen that converts were not admitted to a knowledge of the principal mysteries of Christianity until after they had been baptized. This was especially true of the Eucharist. We have the distinction made on this account between the Mass of the catechumens and the Mass of the faithful. The Mass of the catechumens was a certain part to which they were admitted, and the Mass of the faithful was that portion from which the catechumens were excluded. Consequently they, and still less the heathens, knew nothing of what was practiced in the church during the solemnization of the mysteries. This is evident from innumerable passages, especially where the Fathers speak of the Eucharist. Nothing is more common than to find such expressions as these: "What I am now saying or writing is for the initiated,"—"the faithful know what I mean." "If," says one of them, "you ask a catechumen does he believe in Jesus Christ, he makes the sign of the cross as a token of his belief in Christ's incarnation and death for us; but if you ask him, have you eaten the flesh of Christ and drunk His blood, he knows not what you mean." St. Epiphanius speaks in this extraordinary manner: "What were the words which our Saviour used at His last supper? He took into His hand a certain thing and He said it is so and so." Thus he avoids making use of the words which would expose the belief of the Christians. Origen, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and a host of others affirm that they are traitors to their religion who would reveal these mysteries. The consequence was, as Tertullian observes, that the heathens knew nothing whatever of what was done in the Church. These authorities sufficiently prove that this discipline did exist and was not of a later period, as some would have it appear, but had been received, as early writers tell us, from the time of the Apostles. We have a remarkable illustration of this discipline in St. John Chrysostom. In a letter to Pope Julius he describes a tumult in a church of Constantinople in which he says: "They spilled the blood of Christ." He speaks plainly because writing a private letter to one of the initiated. Not so Palladius when relating the same circumstance, for he says they spilled "the symbols known to the initiated"; he was writing the life of the saint, which was to go abroad to the world, and was careful consequently to avoid communicating the mysteries to the uninitiated.

The same feeling is expressed by St. Athanasius, the Popes and the Councils of the early Church. This practice throws a veil over what is said during the first centuries, about the Eucharist. It is only by accident that we are able to discover what the doctrine of these ages was. The calumnies invented by the enemies of Christianity are helpful. Tertullian, the oldest Father of the Latin Church, says that one of the most common calumnies against the Christians was that in their assemblies they murdered a child and dipping bread in the blood partook of it. St. Justin, Martyr, tells us that when he was a heathen he had constantly heard this of the Christians. Ori-

gen likewise mentions it, as do most writers who had refuted the accusations of the Jews and heathens against the Christians. Now I ask in what way could this calumny have arisen,—if they simply partook of bread and wine? Did it imply that the body and blood of the Saviour were said to be partaken of on these occasions? Let us suppose that the belief of the ancient Christians had been that of Protestants; could not they refute the accusations by saying, "We do no such thing as you imagine. We do not more than partake of a little bread and wine in commemoration of our Lord's passion. Come and see for yourselves?" Would not this have settled the question? Instead, however, they meet the charge first by not answering it at all, because by so doing they would have been obliged to lay open their doctrines and expose them to the ridicule, outrage, and blasphemy of the heathens; and secondly, by removing this veil of mystery from the doctrine of the Eucharist. St. John thought it better to explain to the educated Pagans and Jews of his day the real belief of the Christians, in this regard. Read carefully his explanation. Remember that he wished to present this dogma of faith in the most pleasing manner, to remove all prejudice, and to conciliate the minds of his hearers. He says: "Our prayers being finished, we embrace one another with the kiss of peace. Then to him who presides over his brethren is presented bread and wine tempered with water; having received which, he gives glory to the Father of all things, in the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost and returns thanks in many prayers, that he has been deemed worthy of these gifts. This food we call the Eucharist, of which they alone are allowed to partake who believe the doctrine taught by us, and have been regenerated by water for the remission of sin, and who live as Christ ordained. Nor do we take these gifts as *common bread and common drink;* but as Jesus Christ our Saviour made man by the Word of God, took flesh and blood for our salvation, in the same manner we have been taught that the food which has been blessed by the prayer of the words which He spoke, and by which our blood and flesh in the change are nourished, *in the flesh and the blood of that Jesus incarnate.*" He tells us in the most succinct manner possible that the Eucharist is the Body and Blood of Christ.

We have two other classes of writers who have come down to us: those whose duty t was to expound for the first time to the newly-baptized what they had to believe on this subject; in other words the catechists,—and those who addressed audiences made up entirely of the initiated; in other words, the preachers.

The most remarkable of these instructions are those of St. Cyril of Jerusalem. In one of them he warns his hearers to be careful not to communicate what he teaches them to pagans, unless they are under instruction. He thus addresses them: "The bread and wine which before the invocation of the adorable Trinity were nothing but bread and wine, became after this invocation 'the Body and Blood of Christ.' The Eucharistic bread, after the invocation of the holy Spirit *is no longer common bread, but the body of Christ.*" This is our doctrine most simply expressed. In another place he says: "The doctrine of the blessed Paul alone is sufficient to give certain proofs of the truth of the divine mysteries; and you being deemed worthy of them are become one body and one blood with Christ." Here is his conclusion after reading St. Paul: "As then Christ speaking of the bread declared and said, 'this is my body,' who shall doubt it? And so speaking of the wine, He positively assured us and said, 'this is my blood,' who shall

doubt it and say that it is not His blood?" Again: "Jesus Christ in Cana of Galilee once changed water into wine by His will only; and shall we think Him less worthy of credit when He changes wine into blood? Invited to an earthly marriage He wrought this miracle; and shall we hesitate to confess that He has given to His children, His body to eat and His blood to drink? Wherefore with all confidence let us take the Body and Blood of Christ. For in the type of bread His Body is given to you, and in the type of wine His Blood is given; that so being made partakers of the Body and Blood of Christ, you may become one body and one blood with Him. Thus the Body and Blood of Christ being distributed to our members we carry Christ with us; and thus, as St. Peter says, we are made partakers of the divine nature."

In another place he even expresses himself in stronger terms: "For as the bread is the nourishment which is proper to the body, so the Word is the nourishment which is proper to the soul. Wherefore I conjure you, my brethren, not to consider them any more as common bread and wine since they are the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ according to His words; and although your sense might suggest that to you, let your faith confirm you. Judge not of the thing by your taste, but by faith assure yourself without the least doubt that you are honored with the Body and Blood of Christ. This knowing, and of this being assured, that what appears to be bread is not bread, though it is taken for bread by the taste, but is the Body of Christ; and that which appears to be wine is not wine, though the taste will have it so, but is the Blood of Christ."

Here you have the dogma of Transubstantiation laid down in the plainest possible terms. St. Gregory of Nyssa teaches the same doctrine. In one of his catechumenical instructions he says: "When this salutary medicine is within you, it repels, by its contrary quality, the poison we had received. But what is this powerful medicine? No other than the Body which was shown to be more powerful than death, and was the beginning of our life; and which could not otherwise enter into our bodies than by eating and drinking. Now we must consider how it can be that one body which is daily distributed to so many thousands throughout the whole world can be entire in each receiver and itself remain whole." This is the very objection made to the Catholic doctrine today. Now carefully read his answer: "The Body of Christ, by the institution of the Word of God, was transmuted into a divine dignity; and so I now believe that the bread sanctified by the Word of God is transmuted into the Body of the Word of God. This bread, as the Apostle says, is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer, not that as food it passes into the body, but that it is instantly changed into the Body of Christ agreeably to what He said: "This is my body," and therefore does the divine Word unite itself with the weak nature of man, that by partaking of the divinity our humanity may be exalted. By the dispensation of His grace He enters by His flesh into the breasts of the faithful commixed and contempered by being united to that which is immortal, so that man may partake of incorruption." On another occasion he says: "It is by virtue of the benediction that the nature of the visible species is changed into His Body. The bread also is first common bread; but when it has been sanctified it is called and made the Body of Christ."

The distinguished St. John Chrysostom is very clear and convincing on this doctrine. The great difficulty is to make a choice of extracts. "Let us then," he says, "possess Him entire. For His Body lies now before us, not to touch only, but

to be eaten, and to satiate us, and if they who touched His garment drew so much virtue from it, how much more shall we draw who possess Him whole? Believe, therefore, that the supper at which He sat is now celebrated; for there is no difference between the two. This is not performed by a man, and that by Christ. Both are by Him. When, therefore, thou seest the priest presenting the Body to thee, think not that it is his hand, but the hand of Christ that is stretched towards thee." Again: "Let us believe God in everything and not gainsay Him, although what is said may seem contrary to our reason and our sight. Let His word overpower both. His word cannot deceive; but our sense is very easily deceived. That never failed; this often. Since then His word says: 'This is my Body,' let us assent and believe and view it with the eyes of our understanding." In another place, "Who," he asks us, "will give us of his flesh that we may be filled? (Job XXXI, 31.) This Christ has done, not only allowing Himself to be seen, but to be touched and to be eaten, that all may be filled with a love of Him. Parents give their children to be nourished to others; 'not so I,' says Christ; 'but I nourish you with my flesh, and I place myself before you. I took flesh and blood and again I deliver to you that flesh and blood by which I became so related.' And again: "What sayest thou, O blessed Paul? Willing to impress awe on the hearer, and making mention of the tremendous mysteries, thou callest them the cup of benediction (I. Cor. X. 16), that terrible and tremendous cup. That which is in the cup is that which flowed from the side and we partake of it. It is not of the altar, but of Christ Himself we partake. Let us therefore approach Him with all reverence and purity; and when thou beholdest the Body lying before thee say to thyself: By this Body I am no longer earth and ashes. This is that very Body which bled, which was pierced with a lance. He that was present at the last supper is the same that is now present and consecrates our feast. For it is not man who makes the things lying on the altar become the Body and Blood of Christ; but that Christ who was crucified for us. The priest stands performing his office and pronouncing these words; but the power and grace are the power and grace of God. He says: 'This is my body,' and these words affect the change of the things offered." One more short passage and I am done. He says: "Wonderful! The table is spread with mysteries; the Lamb of God is slain for thee; and the spiritual Blood flows from the sacred table. The spiritual fire comes down from heaven: the Blood in the chalice is drawn from the spotless side for thy purification. Thinketh thou that thou seest wine? that these things pass off as other foods do? Far be it from thee to think so. But as wax brought near the fire loses its former substance,—which no longer remains—so do thou thus conclude that the bread and wine are consumed by the substance of the Body. Wherefore approaching them think not that you receive the divine Body from a man, but fire from the hand of the seraphim."

These are but a few examples selected out of a great library of the Fathers, expressly instructing the faithful, without reserve. From the earliest time, in spite of the secret arcana, we find texts without end, expressing the same belief. In the following centuries the authorities are without number. I will simply select one or two that seem to me unanswerable. St. Augustine again and again speaks most strongly of this doctrine: "When committing to us His Body, He said: This is my Body. Christ was held in His own hands: He bore that Body in His hands."

Then he explains, "because when He gave His own Body and Blood, He took into His hands what the faithful know; and He bore Himself in a certain manner when He said: This is my Body." Again: "We receive with a faithful heart and mouth the mediator of God and Man,—the Man Christ Jesus, who has given us His Body to eat and His Blood to drink; although it may appear more horrible to eat the flesh of a man than to destroy it, and to drink human blood than to spill it."

To this we may add the testimony of the Oriental Church. St. Isaac of the Fifth Century, in glowing terms says: "I saw the Vessel mingled, and for wine, *full of blood; and the Body* instead of bread, *placed on the table.* I saw the Blood and shuddered. I saw the Body and was awed with fear. *Faith whispered to me, eat and be silent; drink, child, and inquire not.* She showed me the Body slain, of which, placing a portion on my lips, she said gently: Reflect what thou eatest. She held out to me a reed, directing me to write. I took the reed; I wrote; I pronounced. *This is the Body of my God.* Taking then the cup, I drank. And what I had said of the Body that I now say of the cup: *This is the Blood of my Saviour.*"

I might continue these beautiful quotations indefinitely, but time and space will not permit.

V.

I have presented a very limited view of the argument from Tradition which fully vindicates "Our True Position." However, there are two more branches of this evidence that, in justice to ourselves, I must not overlook. The first consists of the liturgies of the ancient Latin, Greek and Oriental Churches; in every one of which the Real Presence is most clearly recorded. They all speak of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ being truly present on our altars; and, what is still more important, they pray to God that the bread and wine may be changed into the Body and Blood of our blessed Saviour. The second class of documents are the liturgies of many sects separated from our communion for upwards of a thousand years. They all agree on this one point, and their confessions of Faith and the writings of their Doctors all leave no doubt on this question.

Well, dear Protestant friends, ask the Egyptian Copt who sits amid the faded glories of buried dynasties, what dogma he clung to with the most affection, as his support during the centuries of persecution he has endured, and he will tell you—the sweet, consoling mystery of the Real Presence. Ask the Greek, like Jeremiah among the ruins of his former Empire, to what doctrine he clings as his comfort in his degradation, and he will reply that from his belief in this mystery so clearly attested to in the confessions of faith subscribed to by his Patriarchs and Archbishops he has derived his greatest consolation and relief. Ask the Nestorian of far-off India, separated since the fifth century from the communion of our Church, what made his forefathers welcome with delight the first European missionaries who visited them in their unknown retirement, and he will tell you that it was their sweet consolation to find Christians from Europe celebrating the same sacrifice with the same belief as themselves. Ask the swarthy Monophysite of Abyssinia, what is the first mystery among the shrivelled remains of Christianity in his darkened land, and he replies that the first and noblest of his sacraments is that of the Body and Blood of his Lord. In a word, travel over the whole of Asia and Africa, ask all the scattered tribes of the desert, all the fierce

hordes of the mountains, or the better instructed inhabitants of the cities, what are the points on which all agree, and they will tell you that it is on the Sacrament of the Altar. Now can this dogma of faith come from any source but the fountain head of Christianity? When we find this column of faith standing almost alone amidst the ruins and fragments of Christianity must we not conclude that it formed a substantial and most valued ornament of the holy fabric which is emblematic of that pillar of truth on which the Apostle of the Gentiles orders us to lean?

And now, dear Protestant friends, you have seen how this most adorable sacrament contains the real Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is therein present so as to be the real food of the soul; and consequently the source and means of conveying to it that grace whereof He is the author. This explains the reason why we erect beautiful churches as our forefathers did, and lavish on them all the riches of the earth, because we believe them to be the tabernacles wherein the "Emmanuel" really dwells. This is why our worship is conducted with such pomp and solemnity. This is why our churches, the world over, are open all day, and why men and women and children enter at all hours to whisper a prayer or to prostrate themselves in adoration before the throne of God's mercy. This is why the Catholic priesthood is clothed with the power of blessing and of offering the adorable mysteries of the altar. The very celibacy of the Catholic clergy is but a practical expression of that sentiment which the Church entertains of the purity, conduct, and thought, wherewith the Altar should be approached. Thus we see that the sacrament of the Eucharist forms the very soul and essence of religion among Catholics.

The Church of Christ holds a middle state between the past and the future. The former, which was the shadow, threw much light on our present dispensation. It has passed away. But our state too, must in its turn reflect some of the brightness of our future destiny. It has brought us face to face with God in the sacrament of His love through which we are bound together in a bond of inseparable union. "Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you."

Any one who studies the sad condition of religion in this glorious country of ours will agree that it is not what it should be, or that it does not represent the proper state of Christ's Church on earth. There was a time when unity of belief united all Christians, and so it should be once more. Individual investigation, if sincerely and prayerfully pursued, will lead back to the centre of unity. If any little light has been shed upon the minds of any of my readers, I entreat that it be not cast away, but followed with diligence and gratitude till full satisfaction shall have been received.

And now, dear Protestant friends, my task of explaining the Sacrament of Love is finished. I have simply scattered a little seed, on good ground, I trust, and I pray it may bring forth fruit a hundredfold. I am but a humble champion of the faith; but a burning lamp will shine as bright in the hands of a child as if uplifted by a giant's arm. I have simply endeavored to hold before you the light of Catholic truth, and to Him that kindled it be all glory. It is God alone that gives the increase. Hear, O eternal Father, the last prayer of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ! "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us." (St. John XVII, 20, 21.)

REV ALBERT REINHART, O. P.

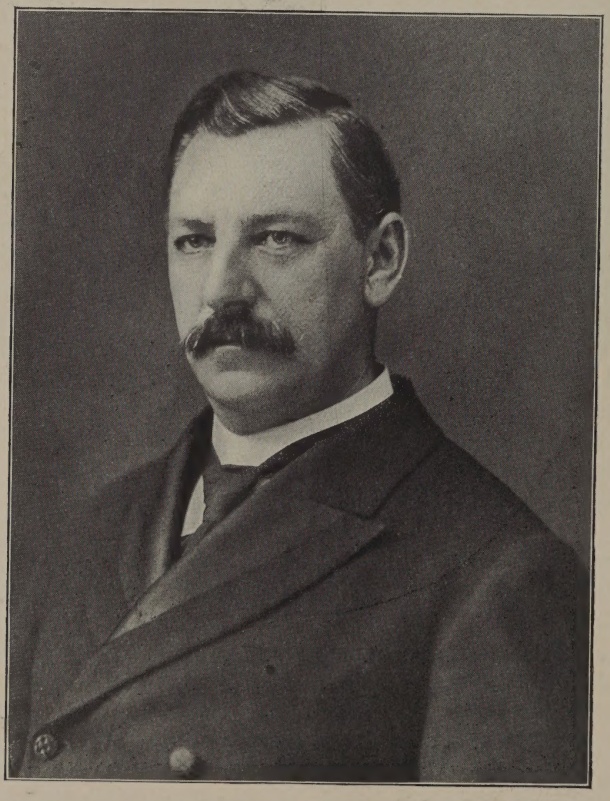
PEOPLE IN PRINT

Marked executive ability and scholarly attainments of a high order are combined in Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P., Editor of the Rosary Magazine. Father Reinhart was born in Cincinnati, August 15, 1860, and received his early education from the Brothers of Mary. At the age of fourteen he entered St. Xavier's College, conducted by the Jesuits, and graduated from there, an A.B. in 1881, taking the honor medal of his class and also carrying off the eloquence medal of the college. In 1883 his *Alma Mater* conferred on him the degree of M.A., and in the same year he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of Cincinnati. He entered at once on the practice of law at the Cincinnati bar, and his intellectual equipment and oratorical gifts soon placed him in the front rank of practitioners. The young lawyer had before him a future promising worldly success, but after a few years he renounced all, and, obedient to the call to the higher life, he entered the Dominican Order. On completing the regular course of studies he was ordained to the priesthood in 1897.

Father Reinhart is a finished orator. He is a master of perfect English, gifted with a musical voice and a flow of natural eloquence that give to his lectures a rare attraction. An abiding piety and deep religious fervor

inform his sermons, and his oratory is always subservient to the lesson he wishes to inculcate. Though disclaiming the title of poet, Father Reinhart has written some verses of excellent quality and delicate imagery. His signature is missed of late, doubtless owing to the fact that he finds the strenuous life of a magazine editor scarcely conducive to poetic inspiration.

As Editor of the Rosary, which position he has ably filled since July, 1898, Father Reinhart finds ample scope for his intellectual and executive talent, and the present prosperity and high literary standing of the periodical are evidences of the vim with which he entered into the work, and of the success that has crowned his efforts.



JUDGE LEONARD A. GIEGERICH.

A notable example of the Catholic layman actively identified with Catholic interests and organizations is afforded by Judge Leonard A. Giegerich, the present President of the Catholic Club, New York.

For years he was the financial secretary and treasurer of the Stephen Literary Union connected with the La Salle Institute, and for upwards of fifteen years the President of the St. Aloysius, afterwards the St. Augustine, Sodality of the St. Maria Magdalen Parish, 17th Street, New York City. He is now a member of the Xavier Alumni Sodality, the Catholic Club, Manhattan Council of the Knights of Columbus, St. Nicholas Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Fidelia Gesang Verein, Columbus Dramatic and Singing Society, Palestrina Verein and Cæcilien Verein.

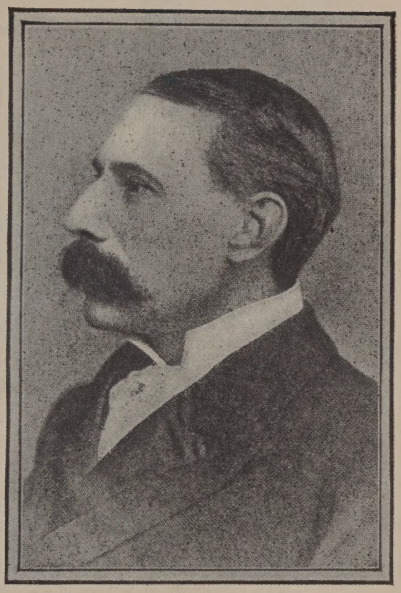
Judge Giegerich's public career is one marked by rapid advancement, the reward of brilliant attainments and well-directed energy. He was born, May 20, 1855, and was educated in the village school of Woodstock, Conn., public school, St. Nicholas parochial school, and La Salle Institute in New York. On completing his law studies, he was admitted to the bar in 1877, and ten years later was elected a member of the Assembly. In July of 1887 he was appointed, by President

Cleveland, Collector of Internal Revenue, for the Third New York district. In March, 1890, Governor Hill appointed him to fill a vacancy on the City Court Bench, and in the following November he was elected Clerk of New York County, which office he resigned November, 1891, to accept an appointment by Governor Hill to the Court of Common Pleas Bench, in place of Judge Allen, deceased. On nomination of both the Republican and Democratic parties Judge Giegerich was elected, in 1892, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for the full term of fourteen years. In 1894 he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, in which he served as a member of the Charities Committee and the Committee on Legislative Organization. By the Constitution of 1894 he was transferred to the Supreme Court.

Judge Giegerich was married in 1887, and has two sons, both of whom attend the College of St. Francis Xavier.

Dr. Edward Elgar's sacred cantata, "The Dream of Gerontius," has been greeted in this country by most enthusiastic praise. One critic says of it that it is "of such splendid beauty that one will not go far astray in putting it among the very great achievements in modern music. Certainly, as regards the land of its birth, it can be considered as nothing less than epoch-making." And the musical critic of the New York Sun, declares, in even more glowing terms, that 'no other English master has given us such a glorious work of this type. Not since Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' has England been the birthplace of such a sacred musical drama.' "

The New York Times says of the first performance of this oratorio in New York: "The occasion was recognized as a remarkable one, full of significance. For it was the first real disclosure that we have had of the true stature and power of a man who has suddenly risen by virtue of this very work to a commanding position as one of the foremost



EDWARD ELGAR.

composers of the day. The cantata is a complete departure from the spirit and methods that have prevailed in the music of that country (England) for generations; it denotes, that is to say, a complete liberation from the Handel-Mendelssohn tradition."

Doctor Elgar received his early musical education from his father, an organist. In 1901 the gifted young composer received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge. He was hardly known three years ago when this cantata was produced at the Birmingham festival. Richter conducted the work, and expressed his joy in it in characteristic terms. It was performed in 1902 at the Lower Rhenish festival, and the Germans chorused their approval of the hitherto unknown Englishman.

ELSIE DEWOLFE IN "CYNTHIA"

A BUNCH OF AMERICAN COMEDIES.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The American dramatist can hardly complain of the indifference of managers after the opportunity given him this winter. No less than five of his comedies received presentation in the best theatres. However, to keep him from undue exaltation, the usual mortification was provided: his opportunity came in Lent, when good people avoid the play, and audiences are not only small, but also indifferent to their entertainment, glad to get anything. And it must be said with regret, that the dramatists did more honor to Lent than to the play, for their dramatic fare was as slender as the canons could desire.

Perhaps Americans can write comedy, at least as well as their neighbors; but the fact must be accepted that so far they have abstained from the luxury. We all know that they are too sincere to put up good imitations of comedy. A few attempts of that sort failed amid the laughter of the onlookers. It would be well if there were in existence two or three good American comedies to prove native capacity. There are none. At intervals we see revived such comedies as *London Assurance* and *The School for Scandal;* even Robertson bobs up now and then in his *Caste* and *Ours.* But who ever heard of the revival of an American comedy? It is more difficult to write comedy than tragedy. Its principles go as deep as those of tragedy, its expression

is as complex, and so much more delicate that the lines must be vivid to make a respectable impression on the times.

In no department of playwriting must genius have its way more absolutely, and be utterly unhampered in theme, character and incident. *Our* geniuses must follow the way of the star, to whom the comedy is fitted precisely as the tailor fits his coat to him. The dramatist is consequently limited in the selection or the development of his theme, which must suit the temperament of the special actor, though utterly unsuited to the temperament of the playwright. The characterization must suffer, because all the other parts must be subordinate both in strength and quantity to the part played by the star. Perhaps the incidents suffer most of all. The theme and the plot, in their natural and logical development, may demand several incidents in which the star would not appear to advantage, or would suffer from comparison with subordinates; then these incidents must be replaced by tricks and artifices so theatrical as to throw the genius and the comedy out of joint. The critics know the results. Superficiality is written all over the comedy. The construction is loose, the play of character is weak, only the star shines, and the yawns of the audience are as many as the laughs.

ELSIE DeWOLFE IN "CYNTHIA."

The comedy dies. It is never heard of again after the money is made. No other actor can play it but the man for whom it was written. Only the elder Sothern could made a success of *Lord Dundreary*. Jefferson has *Rip Van Winkle* all to himself. *David Harum* will die with Crane. It would appear then that the managers are more to blame than the playwrights. At all events, while we have comedies ev-

"THE TAMING OF HELEN."

ery season, American comedy does not exist anywhere.

Augustus Thomas wrote a comedy entitled *The Earl of Pawtucket* for an English actor named Lawrence D'Orsay. The actor scored an immediate success by his portrayal of an English nobleman, but the comedy added nothing to the fame or the merit of the well-known dramatist. The critics who have acquaintance with Mr. D'Orsay in private life declare that in this play he does not act at all, but simply plays his own every-day self; and that Mr. Thomas did not create a character, but simply wrote a play around the personality of the star. Whether this be true or no, an evening with the actor convinces at least two-thirds of his audience that they would like to spend the rest of their days in his vicinity. Nothing more charmingly, gracefully funny has been seen on the stage since Dundreary. It has this superiority to the older character: intelligence, refinement, seriousness. The earl of Pawtucket is not a fool, but an English gentleman of good sense and good breeding, and he carries himself through difficult scenes with perfect composure, with no attempt to be funny. The whole English-speaking world will yearn to see Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay.

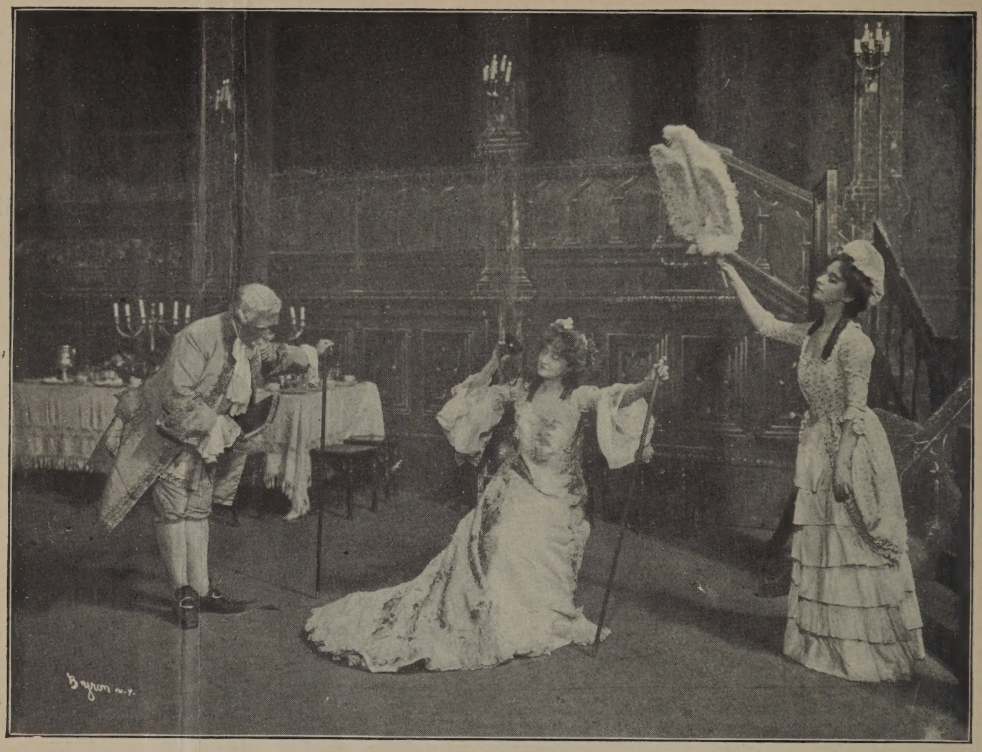
If the dramatist, who is very clever and experienced, had only taken a higher flight! The theme is old and simple: Lord Cardington finds it necessary to absent himself from England for the sake of a friend, and at the suggestion of a Mr. Montgomery Putnam adopts the latter's name during his tour. In the course of his travels he puts up at the Waldorf-Astoria, and runs into a batch of Putnam relatives: the divorced wife, sister, niece,

brother-in-law, friends, and legal adviser of Mr. Putnam. Only two of these persons have ever seen Putnam. The dramatist is therefore able to carry the action of the play quite comfortably from breakfast at ten to a late hour of the afternoon, in which time Lord Cardington is held up by the lawyers of the divorced Mrs. Putnam for alimony, and gets into as many gentlemanly scrapes as might be permitted within the sacred precincts of the Waldorf-Astoria. The theme is harmless and serves as well as any other to introduce the star.

There is no characterization, which is the more surprising, that it is the strong feature of Mr. Thomas' work. The English lord is the whole show, to use an adequate expression. The seventeen other characters in the cast are mere feeders to him: bright enough in spots as automatons will be, but quite as purposeless as automatons; a stiff senator of the modern school, a positive old maid, two or three business men with peculiarities, two nice American girls, and a group of intelligent waiters; all differentiated by costume and speech of course, but taken together, the entire seventeen hardly equal the buttons on Mr. D'Orsay's coat. They are all forgotten when the play is over, just as the comedy will be forgotten when the star has worn it for a few seasons. There are no incidents worth mentioning; people breakfast in the palm-room, visit in Lord Cardington's suite, and disentangle things in the Turkish room before dinner. It is enough, however, to have seen his Lordship drink coffee, pay another man's alimony and read telegrams. Alas, for Augustus Thomas!

GRACE GEORGE IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

The appearance of Henry Miller in a comedy from the amateur pen of Richard Harding Davis helped the impression that the cloak-and-sword drama has disappeared for a time from the stage. For some years this actor has been killing his man nightly, in costumes of all the centuries from Henry VIII. down. The critics welcomed his return to American clothes, and told him his acting had improved immensely in five years; after which compliment they cheerfully ate his play, ravenously, too, and paid no compliments to its author. It is not expected that the inexperienced Davis would turn out a play as good as the worst from Mr. Thomas. It is none the less interesting to note how much alike are the two playwrights in their failings. They illustrate the conditions and faults of the dramatic times, each in his own way. As the reviewer in *The Times* cleverly and aptly described it, *The Taming of Helen* is a comedy of modern life "in a Door, a Marble Stairway, and a Hansom." In other words, the scenic features of each act are



"PRETTY PEGGY," ACT II

of more importance than the ideas which give the comedy life and movement.

The theme is as simple as a Waterbury watch, and has suffered as much winding. Philip Carroll is an American playwright trying to place his drama in London, and at the same time engaged in the task of taming his Helen. Being a very nice girl, deeply in love with her hero, it is not very apparent that she needs any taming, except to carry the play along. At the close of the first act Philip has shown her and a willing but vulgar manager through the Door. Meanwhile he goes into society, and at a function one evening learns from a clever actress, who is to play the leading part in his play, that the play has been accepted; in his wild joy he kisses the kind actress, and at that moment his darling Helen, more than half way through the taming process, comes down the Marble Stair! Her jealousy blinds her to everything; she determines to sail away to far-off shores on the very night her lover's play is to be produced; she calls at the theatre to say farewell and lets the cat out of the bag. While the play is careering on to success it becomes necessary to pursue her to the station and bring her back; this task is accomplished by the actress who was partly to blame for the tangle; and a Hansom returns the girl to her tamer and finishes the play.

The theme has a foolish sound in the telling, but it plays vivaciously with a group of well-dressed and capable actors. They play themselves mostly, because the characterization is weak, and the incidents puerile. Mr. Miller has the center of the stage and fills it acceptably. But the wonder is with life so full of variety, with themes by the thousand that stir the laugh and start the tear at all hours of the day, with incidents all gilt with marvel filling the journals, that a theme so trite and trifling must be served to capable actors and intelligent audiences. The lines are bright of course, the scenes are full

of bustle, the Door, the Marble Stair, and the Hansom give the actors employment; but the fact remains that these inanimate things are of more importance than the play!

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, from the emotional point of view at least, succeeds better in the play presented by Miss Elsie de Wolfe under the title of *Cynthia*. It is both pretty and interesting, peopled by genteely emotional characters, and set in lovely interiors, rose-colored, cosy, inviting; so that an evening with Cynthia and her household seems less like the play than a visit to dear and interesting friends. The lady herself is the American wife of an English gentleman, who depends entirely on his papa for subsistence. She is quite a fool, her husband is more so, and his father for a short time plays the same rôle. Cynthia's folly consists in silly extravagance. She spends papa's money as fast as it comes, pays no bills unless forced, and seems to have as much conscience and sense as a pump. When a lively protest opens her eyes to her conduct, she borrows some thousands from a money-lender and continues the game. When the usurer calls for his principal and interest, the crisis occurs. By this time Cynthia is in disgrace all round; her sensible aunt-in-law has roused opposition and suspicion; her husband is led to believe that the usurer's money came from wicked sources; and only the timely discovery of the money-lender in the library prevents a tragedy. The bubble having burst, and papa having cruelly thrown them off, the young people shift for themselves rather dolorously. An attempt of Cynthia to go on the vaudeville stage brings papa to the rescue, some old stocks rise to fabulous prices and enable them to pay their debts, and all ends with folly turned into wisdom.

Of course the characterization is poor. What could be expected from the young playwright on that point? Yet a theme so natural ought to have provided strong characters. If the papa had been the ordinary sensible man of business with a tender heart for his boy; if Cynthia had just a trifle of conscience, and a glimmering of sense; if the young husband had some regard for decency and filial affection; if the money-lender were a better judge of character; if the dramatist had any respect for the honest, sensible, outspoken aunt, the play might have shown some power in this regard. There are just two characters in the comedy, Cynthia and Mr. Isaacs. The others provoke in the critic a wild desire to rise up and put them to flight, or to hammer some sense into their exceedingly wooden heads.

The incidents, while not startling, are rather diverting, and show that Mr. Davies has ability of the right kind. Cynthia's dealing with the money-lender, though not altogether artistic with regard to Mr. Isaacs, has the right ring. She is delighted to learn that there are money-lenders who deal in coin as others in dry goods and millinery; she cheerfully pays all the interest demanded; and when the money is spent orders more with the haughtiness of a Vanderbilt at Wanamaker's counters. Her naive surprise at the usurer's demand for principal and interest catches the fancy. Her very original housekeeping, when she shoves the sweepings under a convenient rug, and throws the potato peelings out of the nearest window, proves very fetching. There are moments of pathos deep enough for tears. Had these moments been expanded at the expense of the minor characters, the play would have benefitted immensely.

The inevitable Peg Woffington made an appearance this season in a production by Grace George, entitled *Pretty Peggy*, which for sumptuousness, novelty, and popularity, may be said to have carried off all the honors. The manager, William

A. Brady, was recently credited with the saying that an audience should be made to gasp at least once during a performance. Pretty Peggy achieved the one gasp, but deep and wide enough to satisfy any audience for an evening; a gasp that continued at least five minutes, amid laughter and tears. Think of a gasp like that! The whole world now knows what to expect from a Woffington play. The little Irish actress who once delighted London is played very brightly and acceptably by Miss George in the usual way, as an elegant jade, witty, saucy, and clever, not to say impudent. The theme is Peg's love for Garrick the actor, and the play ends with an attack on the actress while she is delivering the epilogue in *Rosalind*. Neither Garrick nor Peg is very convincing in their mutual affection, and the audience falls back on the splendor of costume and stage-setting to maintain its own interest.

An army of characters fails to produce the quality of characterization. The stage is crowded with talkers and supers, but the luck of making an impression falls only to Peggy and her mother, namely Miss George and the popular Annie Ward Tiffany, famous for her Irish brogue and her plays of long ago. In fact, were it not for the lavish manner in which the comedy is produced, and the strength and length of the gasp provided by the shrewd manager, the leanness of the play would be most visible. Mr. Brady has stuffed it with rich things, and dressed it like a Parisian doll. The gasp occurs about the middle of the fourth and last act. During a dark curtain the body of actors and supers who are to play the audience for Peg's Rosalind take their places quietly in different parts of the house, and at the proper moment begin an old-fashioned protest against the unfortunate actress. It would be called a protest in those times, but in ours the police would take it as a disgraceful row and jail the offenders promptly. However, the effect upon the average audience is deep, and expensive also, at least to friends and neighbors, since the word has been passed that the whole world should witness that scene. Pretty Peggy will therefore run a long time, to the great joy of its owners.

Like all the others, however, it is thinner than tissue in all the elements that make up a comedy. It will be cast aside in due time never to be heard of again. Observe now the common likeness of these four comedies: slender theme, feeble characters, threadbare incident. One character stands forth at the expense of all the rest, and for the sake of this one the others are reduced to mere talking-machines. Life is absent from such mechanism, there is even an absence of mechanical vitality. Surely the managers might see the utter meanness of productions of this sort; but experience shows that managers care very little about art if their plays bring profit; and if they did care star actors are foolish enough to demand from the playwright the annihilation of their supporting players in order to increase their own glory. While this condition endures American comedy will remain threadbare and colorless. One fact demands more than passing notice in connection with these plays: the entertainment which they provide is singularly pleasant and very clean. In his explosive way Manager Brady called attention the other day to the significant circumstance that only the clean play nowadays can produce a profit; in prurient dramas there is no longer any money, a thing demonstrated by the Frohmans and others at their own expense. This consolation more than makes up for the lack of artistic strength in the comedies. Meanwhile the lovers of the true play may practice patience, waiting for that in-

evitable day when the true dramatist will come into his own; when the play will be the main thing, and the star and his manager be relegated to the poorest theatres, classed very properly with the circus and the museum as monstrosities. There are signs of that happy day. The triumph of *Everyman* heralds the dawn.

THE PURLOINING OF ART TREASURES.

BY EDWARD FROST WATROUS.

This variety of crime prevails abroad to a much greater extent than is generally known; devotional paintings are usually selected, owing to the fact that the great masters threw their whole souls into such compositions at a period when religious art was at the height of its development.

The latest conspicuous instance was the mysterious theft that occurred in Rome, when Sassoferrato's "Madonna of the Rosary" was stolen from the Church of St. Sabina. This church stands on the Aventine Hill in one of the quiet districts of Rome. The original building was erected in 423, on the site of the house where the saint suffered martyrdom. Although frequently rebuilt it is most interesting in antiques and rich in historic associations.

Church and convent are inseparably connected with the history of the Dominicans, as there their great founder received in a beatific vision the institution of the rosary, commemorated in the missing altar-piece in the Chapel of the Rosary. This exquisite painting was the pride of the church, having been in its possession more than 200 years. It was the work of the artist when in his prime, and was considered his masterpiece. The enthroned Madonna supports the Holy Child upon her knee, the lilies lie at her feet. The Infant Christ turns toward Saint Catherine of Sienna, with one hand crowning her meekly bowed head with the symbol of martyrdom, with the other presenting a rosary, while the Virgin Mother hands one to St. Dominic, kneeling at her right.

This seventeenth century painter, Giovanni Battista Salvi, was called Sassoferrato from his birthplace; he was a pupil of Domenichino, and as a copyist selected the paintings of Raphael, Titian, and Perugino. His favorite subjects were religious, and in his Holy Families and Madonnas he exhibited much taste and feeling, which, united to a marked delicacy in treatment and finish, contributed to establish his high reputation.

The church of St. Sabina, like the other churches of Rome, is kept open from 5 A. M. until midnight, and, like many others where valuable paintings and relics are retained, is poorly guarded, the custodian being an aged priest, unable to perform his full duty, owing to his years and infirmities.

One morning on returning after an absence of five hours, he was shocked to discover that the beautiful painting had disappeared. He could not explain its absence, but made the following statement:

"The painting had captivated an American woman, who came every day to the church and knelt before the altar absorbed in admiration and apparent devotion. She asked me to make an offer, to the church, of many thousand lire for it. I said that it was not for sale, and if it was that the government had forbidden the exportation of any ancient works of art. She seemed greatly surprised, but determined

to possess the picture. I do not say that she stole it, but if she had nothing to do with its disappearance, her extreme interest is a strange coincidence, as is the fact that she has not been here since its disappearance."

The first valuable painting that disappeared from a public place in Europe and was traced to our country was the portrait of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, painted by Gainsborough. It was owned and kept on exhibition by the Messrs. Agnew, picture dealers of London, and visited by thousands annually. One morning in 1875 the picture was missing; only the frame remained from which the valuable canvas had been cut and carried away.

Although a large reward was offered for its recovery, its whereabouts remained unknown for twenty-five years. Then, it was reported that such a portrait had been found in one of our cities, packed carefully in cotton batting and placed face down in a trunk with a false bottom. A member of the London firm crossed the ocean, identified the portrait, and took possession, after well rewarding the man who acted for the thieves. The theft was a bold one but failed to be remunerative, as the temporary owners could neither exhibit nor sell it without detection, and they welcomed the opportunity to be relieved of its responsibility. It did not leave the country, as through the generosity of one of our millionaires, it became the property of Harvard University.

The famous painting by Murillo, "The Christ Child Appearing to St. Anthony of Padua," was stolen from the Cathedral at Seville by one Fernando Garcia, who walked boldly through the streets of that city with the painting upon his shoulder and boarded a ship bound for the United States. He was apprehended in New York, when endeavoring to sell it to a wealthy connoisseur, and the priceless picture was returned to the Cathedral.

Correggio's "Penitent Magdalen," Vander Werff's "Judgment of Paris," and a portrait by Seybold were removed one night from the Zwinger Palace in Dresden. Four days later they were discovered in an attic in the poorer portion of the town. As they had been carelessly thrown into a box, it was evident that their value was unappreciated, and that they had been removed for the sake of the jewels set in their frames.

This one instance serves to disprove the assertion often made that rich and unscrupulous Americans are always either the instigators of such thefts or ready purchasers of the purloined treasures.

There is a law in Italy positively prohibiting the sale of ancient masterpieces, but the most stringent rules designed to protect works of art avail little against the pressing needs of impecunious owners and the greed of art collectors. Several years since, Prince Chigi, a scion of one of the old Roman families, sold to a Philadelphian the beautiful Madonna by Botticelli, the gem of the art collection in his gallery. The price, $63,000, was paid, and the purchaser shipped the picture to London. The transaction became known, the Prince was arrested, tried in the Roman court, convicted of contempt of the law, sentenced to refund the purchase money, return the painting to its place, and pay a fine of 5,000 lire. This is one instance where the offender was brought to justice. Generally, thieves who have purloined great and valuable devotional pictures have escaped with a very light punishment, or none.

McKENNA, THE ROCK-BREAKER.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

One of the most familiar objects, on the road to Glen Mary, was Tom McKenna, sitting astride the narrow ridge of cracked stone which ran for miles in an unbroken line along the wide turnpike, while the sound of the little knapping-hammer, as it fell in rythmic strokes, was as much a part of the scene as the song of the birds in the branches overhead, or the whistle of the plow-boys in the fields beyond. So accustomed were we to seeing the bent figure of the small man that his absence would be commented on, and it would pass for a piece of news that McKenna was not working today. These absences were rare, and were due to occasional illness in the family, or the funeral of a member of the community, for McKenna made it one of the solemn duties of life to fulfil the last of the corporal works of mercy.

"It is one of the instructions of our holy religion," he would say to his wife, when she expostulated against his losing a day's work and incurring the expense incidental to a trip to the Catholic cemetery, in the adjoining county. "Even if it were not such, self-interest prompts us to pay this respect to the departed, for the day will come when we must depend on the living for a like service. When I am gone I do not want to be carried off like a dead dog, but to go to my last resting-place attended by men and women who would remember that when death entered their homes, I stood by."

While Mrs. McKenna continued to argue against the practice, she did it because of the contrariness of her nature, not because she hoped ever to win her point; for, though McKenna was the meekest of men, yielding to his practical wife's better judgment and keener insight in other things, there was no force persuasive enough to turn him from any principle of truth, justice or honor. If McKenna should rise in the world, men said, it would be due entirely to his wife. She possessed a strong mind, abundant common-sense, and that gift which is nicely distinguished as the virtue of prudence, in a woman, the talent of making money, in a man. How she managed from the daily toil of the little rock-breaker to provide for seven and lay something aside in the village bank was one of those economical puzzles which only actual experience can solve. Her house was spotless, her children cleanly, if simply, clothed, and their rosy cheeks and bright eyes told of plentiful and nourishing food. Often during the long hours, sitting on the hot rock-pile, the little, bent man pondered over this ability of his wife, and his head would sink lower on his breast.

"I am not the man she should have had for a husband," he would think, in humiliation of spirit. "If she had married a man like O'Connor, who understands farming and trading, instead of a fellow that will never get beyond a string of rock and a knapping-hammer, she would be wearing her silk now, and Tommie and Joe would be going to college, instead of working for farmers. I am a failure. That's what they called me at home, and I am beginning to see now that they were right, although I thought differently then. But she will make something out of the children. Thank God, none of them take after me, except poor little Arthur."

Yet it was not on the three sons, possessing the elements of success, nor the

prattling daughter, who had her mother's handsome face, that the father's deepest affection was centred, but on Arthur, his fourth child,—"a second Tom McKenna," the people said, without, however, intending any disparagement. But the words had a bitter point for the sensitive soul, and his heart cried over the boy who was a copy of the patient, plodding, unsuccessful parent.

Naught of this we knew, passing the lowly toiler, who would greet us with kind words and a smile, which never broke the locked sadness of his eyes, and lay on his weather-beaten face like sunlight on marble. Little we dreamed, driving over the blue stone when it was spread on the road, that the blows which had brought it to this state of fineness had kept measure with sorrow's strokes upon the old man's heart.

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The passage of time took me from the Glen, and in the cares and duties and pleasures of manhood, amid other surroundings, the scenes of the past blended into a beautiful picture. But one June day, years after, found me with my face turned toward my old home in the Glen. Though death had stilled many a loving heart, and absence chilled others, there was a goodly number left to bid me welcome in tones that brought joy.

"You have come in time," said my friend, Judge Randolph, whom I had left a struggling lawyer, "for the funeral of Tom McKenna. You remember him, of course?"

"The old rock-breaker? I should say so! Many a time I wished him possessed of another occupation, when the stones were spread on the road between our gate and the schoolhouse, and my winter boots were worn out. He lived to a good old age. What became of his family?"

At my question, the Judge paused, and, directing my attention to several fine business houses, said:

"Do you see that building on the corner? It is the new hotel, owned and run by Tommie McKenna. Those two stores are also his, and he owns, besides, several good pieces of real estate in the resident portion of the town. He married one of O'Connor's daughters, and they have a pair of handsome children. He is the head of the family, but the others are not failures. Joe gave his attention to agriculture. He owns some of the best land in the county, and as he understands farming he is amassing a fortune. Ed studied law, and last year we sent him to the State Senate. He'll be in Congress, some of these days. The daughter grew up into a perfect beauty. She married Gray Morgan's only son, and is one of the leaders of Lexington society."

It occurred to me that there was another child, but before I could inquire for him, we were joined by other friends, and all thought of Arthur McKenna escaped my mind. On the following day, Tom McKenna was buried. I was the guest of the Judge and went with him to McKenna's home, which stood on the edge of the town, a spacious brick house, set in an ample lawn. The Judge was deeply affected as we stood alone by the dead. In the twilight of the room, I saw him lay a convulsive hand on the toil-knotted fingers which clasped a crucifix, while broken sobs shook his stalwart frame. Afterwards, when we had found a place in the procession, which stretched for a full mile over the white road, he began to speak of the dead man.

"Life is full of strange surprises," he said, flecking with the whip an imaginary fly from the back of the restive thoroughbred. "How little Tom McKenna dreamed when he broke rock along this road, that he would be carried over it to

his grave, with the pomp and ceremonial that death reserves for the great! But he deserves it all. He was a great man."

The Judge mused for a long time, then said: "People attribute all the success that came to the family to Mrs. McKenna, and, while they revered Tom as an honest, upright and honorable man, they regarded him as a failure—yes, even his wife and children! I've heard the boys say that they owe all to their mother—not by way of reflection on their father, you understand, for they are most dutiful children. Before they sought their own fortune, on reaching manhood, they made their parents comfortable, and with each step of their advancement in wealth, they surrounded the old people with luxuries. Yet, while I give Mrs. McKenna all credit as a careful, thorough business woman, a true wife and devoted mother, I know that they owe not a whit more of their success to her than to him."

"What did he do?" I asked, thinking he must have entered on some new occupation after I had left the Glen.

"He broke rock," replied the Judge, quietly. "Ten years ago, he retired. Since then he has lived in the world of books. I don't suppose you ever knew that McKenna was a scholar, did you?"

"No," I answered, in surprise. The face of the rock-breaker rose before my mental vision, and I marveled at my dullness.

"Neither did I," the Judge was saying, "until I saw the fourth son, Arthur, sitting, one day, on the roadside, studying Latin. When I asked him who was his teacher, he said his father. Do you understand what it must mean to break rock every day of the year while your soul is crying for Homer and Virgil? Do you know that soul's hunger for companionship, which must be stifled by intercourse with the common and unsympathetic?"

I saw then why the Judge had called Tom McKenna great.

"Your mention of Arthur reminds me that yesterday, when relating the success that had attended the other children, you said nothing of him. What became of him?"

"Oh!" said the Judge, "Arthur, you know, was 'a second Tom McKenna!'"

I did not press the matter. I perceived that, in some unaccountable way, the Judge had been brought to know and highly rate the dead man, and that he entertained a bitterness in his heart against the community for its not recognizing his hero. The cortege had now reached the church door, and, as we waited until we were permitted to enter the edifice, the Judge said:

"Observe the priest who will perform the obsequies today. He is Arthur McKenna. I am a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist, was always one, expect to die one, but I wouldn't have missed seeing Tom McKenna the day that boy celebrated his first Mass in this church, for half my fortune. The smile came into the old man's eyes that Sunday and stayed there, until death closed them."

As I heard this I realized how the Judge loved the little rock-breaker.

That night, as we sat together in the study, the Judge said, out of deep thought: "You noticed my nervousness in the church this morning? It was caused by an impulse, strong as the voice of a command, to rise up and tell those people that a great man had departed from our midst."

"Why did you not obey it?" I inquired.

"I am running for office," he returned, with some bitterness. "They would say it was a scheme to get the Irish vote. Then, those children, and their rich connections, might not relish my public reference to their father's occupation and

poverty; and—well, I'd have to blow my own horn somewhat in relating the incident that made me acquainted with the heroic soul of Tom McKenna, and I've got enough merited charges against me, without inviting the slander of vainglory. Do you recognize this?" he added, opening a drawer in his desk, and taking out a knapping-hammer. "When McKenna laid it down, I asked him for it, and I treasure it as others treasure the sword of a great general; and I hold it worthy of far more reverence, for this was not lifted to take life, but to preserve it.

"With the rest of the world, his wife and children,—except, perhaps, the boy, —Arthur,—I saw in Tom McKenna, a quiet, inoffensive fellow, without the ability to rise in the world. I saw only the rock-breaker, never the man, until one day, pretty close to a quarter of a century ago. I had but lately hung out my shingle, and as young lawyers have plenty of leisure I went out for a stroll. McKenna's string of rock lay to the right of the road. I could see the bent figure in the distance. As I drew nearer, I noticed the regular rise of the arm suddenly cease and the form droop forward until it lay prone on the stones. I supposed that the old fellow had fainted as the day was hot, and I ran to his assistance. As I came up I heard those long, smothered cries which tell of a brave man's suffering. 'In the name of God, McKenna,' I cried, 'what's the matter?' He lifted himself quickly. I tell you, my friend, I am now an old man, and have seen much of life's sorrows, but not enough to blot from my memory the picture of Tom McKenna's face. It could have given Dante a new idea of Despair.

"McKenna tried to make some excuse, but I was not to be put off; so I sat down on the rock-pile and said, "That's not so! There's something wrong. Why are you so stand-offish? You've known me since I was a lad in knee-breeches. I played and studied and fought with your boys, in the village school. I may not be able to help you one whit in your trouble —I certainly can't, if it concerns money, for I am as poor as yourself,—but it will relieve your mind to speak of it, and I may be able to suggest something.' I don't know which statement of my argument convinced him, but sitting there on the rock-pile, Tom McKenna opened his mind and heart to me, as I'll warrant he never did, before nor after, to any except his Maker.

"He was an Irish gentleman's son. For some service which his forefathers had rendered the Crown, they were to possess the estate 'while grass grows and water runs.' They were an easy-going, well-living people until the coming into the family of a penniless English peeress. This lady, who was Tom McKenna's grandmother, was an ambitious woman, possessed by the determination to push the family forward. She succeeded admirably with her husband and their son, and the McKennas of Drumshanbo were beginning to be a force to be reckoned with, when the family received a back-set by the appearance of Tom on the stage of life. He would inherit the estate, but instead of the aggressive, shrewd, ambitious nature the fortunes of the family required in that period of its evolution, he was backward, undetermined, finding pleasure only in scholarly pursuits. He carried off first honors of college, and it might have been that the house would have received its crowning glory from the literary or scientific fame the boy would have achieved, if the ambitious, meddling old English grandmother, aided and abetted by his parents, had not interfered with the designs of Providence. They had no

sympathy with the scholar, and forced him to become a man of affairs. Of course he failed, dismally failed. Then they blamed him. The money expended on his political ventures crippled the estate, the family began to lose prestige. When an opportunity came to him to retrieve this loss by an alliance with a lady of wealth, he refused to perform his part, believing that marriage, without mutual love, was a sinful union. We can imagine what this sensitive soul was made to suffer from his uncomprehending, ambitious relations; especially since there was another son who possessed the character into which they tried to mould Tom's.

"What always angered me with Tom McKenna," said the Judge, sharply, "was that he let his mind be warped by those fools, and believed with them that he was a failure, and had destroyed the fortune, political and financial, of the family. This conviction took such a grasp on him that he relinquished his title to the estate in favor of his brother, and came to America with five pounds in his pocket. He was a failure! The conviction knocked every hope out of his heart. It did not matter that he carried more Greek and Latin in his head than many a college principal, and that those strange dreams out of which the poets weave immortality were to him what realities are to others. He was a failure, as a politician; perhaps he could succeed as a rock-breaker. He came to Kentucky, where they were building new roads, and drifted into Glen Mary, with his knapping-hammer. For thirty years he sat on a rock-pile. Think of it! A man who was more familiar with the Greek and Latin poets than I with the authors of my own tongue, who could solve a problem of Euclid while I was getting my wits together, who could have taught me, a graduate of Kentucky's ancient University, points of law—this man breaking stones on the common highway! I was young and impulsive then. I remember that I jumped to my feet and swore that if I had the money, I would go to Ireland, and clean out the McKenna clan. Well, I did go to Ireland afterwards. I visited McKenna's old home. I found the brother a prosperous gentleman, with his son in the House of Commons. He told me what a failure Tom was, that the family would have been beggared if he had not had the honesty to hand over to others the duties for which he was unfitted. Iwas older then, so I did not attempt to enforce an appreciation of Tom on the McKenna family by my first-desired methods. I found St. Paul's persuasive words of human wisdom more suitable to my years and dignity; but when I departed from McKenna Castle, its lord felt smaller and meaner than if I had horse-whipped him from one end of the estate to the other. Next to my wedding day and the day I won my first suit in court, that was the happiest of my life!"

The Judge leaned back in his chair, drawing deep puffs from his cigar, enjoying, in retrospection, the humiliation of the proud, self-satisfied, patronizing usurper of his brother's rights.

"McKenna's wife, as you know, was a careful woman. I have never heard grander praise given to a woman than the poor rock-breaker paid to his wife that day. She no more comprehended the soul of her husband than I can comprehend the plan of the universe. Very likely, if the truth were known, she also regarded him as a dismal failure; but not a thought of blame ever crossed the mind of that chivalrous gentleman against the woman he loved. Their children were like her, he said, and he told me how they had saved their wages until, with the money their mother had managed to hoard, they had

been able to buy and pay for Don Clay's farm. There was no doubt that they would succeed. But Arthur—he was another failure like his father. He had no grasp like Tom and Joe, and no ambition like Ed. Yet good as were all the children, the old man said, he was the best of them. But no one understood him, except the father, and as Arthur was now eighteen, the others were beginning to lose patience with him, and were assuming an air of get-to-work-or-get-out toward him. Yet the boy was industrious. If set to a task he fulfilled it conscientiously, but it was evident that he worked from a sense of duty, not inclination. He had a way of hurrying from work and meals to books that the practical-minded mother and brothers resented. If his studies were directed, like Ed's, toward a definite object, they would have encouraged him, but he showed no inclination to make any use of his knowledge.

"The state of affairs finally drove the father to expostulate with the son. He told me definitely how he had undertaken the delicate task of pointing out his duty to Arthur. 'I took him aside, one morning,' said the old man, 'and told him what I have now told you. I showed him what a failure I was, and begged him, in the name of God, to avoid my example. I told him that the crowning sorrow of my life would be to see that I had perpetuated myself in the child I loved best. He did not say a word, but looked at me with love and pity; then, turned and went to the field, with his brothers.' A few days later, Arthur came to where his father worked and said that he wanted to become a priest. The happiness the information brought almost overpowered the old man. A failure? Who would dare say that he was a failure when he had given a son, whom men called 'a second Tom McKenna' to the Church? He assured me that often when alone he cried for joy, because of Arthur's intention.

"But where was the money to come from? He could not expect Tommie and Joe, with their own future to build, to give over their earnings for five years to the brother who had done so little toward assisting them in paying for the farm for their parents; and Ed had his own college expenses to save from his earnings. Yet he felt that the boy must not be thwarted in his pious desire, for he had seen, and heard of, the sad ending of lives that turn, or are turned, from their proper calling. Though he did not say it, and perhaps did not think it, his own case was a strong example. What could he do? Then it occurred to him to write to his brother, in Ireland, to whom he had given up everything. He was now prosperous, for he had wedded the heiress. Never doubting that he would gladly assist his nephew to an office held in such regard by the Irish people, McKenna wrote his letter. He said nothing to the family, not even to Arthur, for he had planned a glorious surprise when the answer would come from the lord of McKenna castle. We can imagine the rose-hued world in which he lived, for we have all built our castles in the air. That day the letter had come—a crushing, brutal letter, a letter calculated to turn into gall the milk of human kindness in the old, gentle heart! It would not have been well for the Honorable Mr. McKenna to have encountered me when I finished reading his reply to his brother. This knapping-hammer would have crushed something else that day, besides rock!" concluded the Judge, his eyes sending out angry flashes.

"When I handed it back to McKenna, and understood now what had stamped the despair on his face, a love, such as I have never felt for one not of my blood, sprang up in my heart for the noble man.

I then and there made two speedy resolves: — one, that Arthur McKenna should be a priest; the other, that I should go to Ireland some day and tell the Honorable Peter McKenna my opinion of him. Thank God, I lived to see both determinations executed!" and the Judge leaned back in his chair, with a smile of peace.

"After I had expressed myself rather freely to McKenna about his cad of a brother," again began the Judge, "I said, 'If it hadn't been for the d—d war, Tom, you'd never again sit on a rock-pile, after what you've told me! All I got out of my father's estate were a hundred acres of land and two thousand dollars. I spent the money on my education, but the land's left and unencumbered. Tomorrow there'll be a mortgage on it for the amount required to educate Arthur for the priesthood. If more money is needed than I can get on the farm, I'll borrow it on the honor and honesty which was bequeathed me by my father.' 'You'll do nothing of the sort, Willy Randolph!' he cried. 'See if I won't!' I replied. The old man began to get excited. 'You shan't beggar yourself for my son!' he said. 'I'll not accept it! What I wouldn't ask, nor expect, his own brothers to do for him, I won't accept from a stranger.' I told McKenna to sit down and hear me out. 'I don't ask you take the money as a gift,' I said. 'I simply give it to you as a loan, which you, or Arthur when he is a minister, can repay. It will not inconvenience me any, for I am earning enough at my profession to meet my present requirements, and it will save him.' I showed him how solemnly I regarded life, and told him that my conscience compelled me to insist that he should not let any foolish notion stand between his son and the desires of that son's soul. It was about three o'clock when I reached the rock-pile, and it was nearly nine before I left it. I reckon I'd have been there yet, if I hadn't won my point, for I never permitted over-comable obstacles to thwart me.

"Well, McKenna accepted my loan, with the understanding that it would be drawn up in perfectly legal manner, with security, and bearing interest from date. As our relations brought us together, I gleaned, from their attitude, that none of the family approved of what the old man had done for Arthur. 'I thought,' I said once to Mrs. McKenna, 'that a Catholic mother had no higher wish for her son than to see him a minister of the Gospel?' She replied that she would rather see her four sons the humblest priests, than millionaires or presidents; and if it were any of the others she would go down on her knees to thank me for what I had done. 'But it's throwing money away to try to make a priest out of Arthur,' she said. 'He'll never amount to anything, any more than his father before him.' I knew that it would be waste of energy and time to try to make a woman of her cast of mind, see, even dimly, the worth of her husband. I simply expressed my willingness to stake my farm on it that Arthur would not disappoint his father.

"The following September, Arthur entered college, and in five years he was ordained. I think I could forget my marriage day as readily as the Sunday on which Arthur celebrated his first Mass, in the little old church of Glen Mary! Tom dragged me down to the front pew with him, and I'll swear I sat there crying like an old fool. To this day I never could find a reason for my making such an exhibition of myself, unless it was because of the transformation which the first sight of that vested priest made in the rock-breaker. He did not shed a tear, but there was a light on his face which

burned out the sadness from his dark eyes. When it was all over, when we had witnessed Arthur's first Mass, received his first blessing, as we walked down the aisle, between the two rows of smiling people, the old man clasped my hand and whispered, 'NOT a failure, Willy!"

The Judge's snowy handkerchief was now in his hand and he was not ashamed to raise it to his eyes and wipe away the tears that memory had called up.

"The money was paid back, of course?" I said.

"Every cent of it!" answered the Judge. "Do you know how? By this!" and he lifted the little knapping-hammer. "For the first few years he could scarcely meet the interest. Then, when Tommy and Joe were doing better, the father could give all his earnings towards the reduction of the debt. Afterwards, when the boys were independent, and Arthur was in his parish, they wanted to liquidate the remainder, but the old man refused to accept their assistance. 'It's my debt,' he said, 'and I'll pay it. I'll not fail here.' When the last dollar was turned over to me I gave him the note, and he gave me the knapping-hammer. That was ten years ago. Then he went back to the world of his youth. He found great changes there, as you have found returning to Glen Mary. But as you see still the eternal earth beneath and the eternal sky above, so he met unchanged and unchanging, the poets of the past, immortally young throughout the generations!"

The Judge was touching, with gentle fingers, the little hammer.

"Yet," he said, turning toward me with an angry light in his eyes, "all, except Arthur and me, regard this man as one who did not succeed. As the world looks at it, Tom McKenna was a failure! If failure means to give to the State a posterity of honest sons and virtuous daughters, to the Church a zealous minister, to bear through life a stainless honor and unshaken loyalty, to hold unswerving faith in God and perfect love for man—if failure means to be a hero, I ask no dearer boon of God, next to salvation, than that on my tombstone men may write, 'Will Randolph, Failure!' "

IN BRIGHTER REALMS.

(A Sonnet.)

BY REV. P. T. O'REILLY.

Alone I stood and gazed in wondrous space.
Methought I walked amidst that seraph band
And knelt before a mighty king whose land
Was infinite; and rule, all time and place.
I could not look upon that Master's face,
And yet I knew that at His least command
The myriad cohorts would at calling stand
And minister before the throne of grace.
And then light faded and the dream had gone.
I wakened and the world seemed strange to me;
Its very breath was noxious, where upon
In other days I breathed it anxiously;
I felt love's pressure from that Mighty One,
Then prayed to dwell with Him eternally.

CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND CONTRASTED.

BY J. J. HART.

It is a truism, long recognized by the few, though yet unaccepted by the many, that a country is rich, not in proportion to the amount of gold lying in the vaults of its banks, but in proportion as its citizens are enlightened, free and happy. The character, hopes, aims, ambitions of a people are of primary importance when we would consider what future part they are likely to play in the world's history. Accumulated wealth, past history, are of small account.

If it is true that individual manners shape individual fortunes, so may it be said with equal truth that national characteristics shape the destinies of nations. With the end that we may judge what the future holds for the one and the other, we will consider England and Ireland, and in what manner existing conditions in both countries are influencing the character of the people and so, inexorable as fate, carrying them ever nearer to their future parts in the great universal plan. England the triumphant! Ireland the downtrodden! Can the star of one be rising bright in the East and the sun of the other, in all its garish glory, sinking forever in the West?

England is a country of great wealth, using the word to define all that is attributed to it by political economists. It is a country extensively engaged in manufacturing, is rich in minerals, and has untold hoards of gold lying in the vaults of its banks. Wealth and all the resources it can command to the minds of many mean power. It should be so. It would be so if wealth was equitably distributed. Every country should be enlightened, and consequently powerful, in exact proportion to its wealth. But—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The wealth of England is in the hands of a few—parasites living on the blood of the toilers, grasping, greedy monopolists, "devourers of the people," who constitute "a cancerous formation of luxury growing out of a root of pauperism!" The great majority of English workers earn a wage sufficient to procure for them only the bare necessaries of life. Seven million toilers are living in abject poverty! From twenty-five to thirty per cent of the town populations of England are living a starved existence! These are statements startling enough, but they can be proved. The last census shows the population of England with Wales at 25,054,268 urban, and 7,471,242 rural. We will leave rural poverty for future consideration. On towns, there is hardly a better authority than Mr. Rowntree. In his book, "Poverty: a study of Town Life," he shows that, in the city of York, out of a population of 75,812 persons, families comprising 20,302 persons, equal to 27.84 per cent of the total population of the city, were living in poverty. And by his use of the word poverty, Mr. Rowntree does not mean those who cannot afford such little luxuries as servants, books, newspapers, or who are shabbily dressed. He includes those only who, after careful inquiry of his investigators, were found unable to support a physically healthy existence for the primitive needs of human life—food, shelter, clothing, light, warmth.

York, where, for many reasons, poverty should not exist, is but one of many cities that show even worse conditions and make up the alarming figure quoted.

The poverty and squalid misery of millions in the East End of London is proverbial and needs no description. Could there be a gloomier picture? Could there be a more melancholy outlook for a nation—a nation that rules a world-wide empire?

But, it may be said, poverty is no crime. Such is truth, and there would be nothing discouraging in the mere fact of an industrious population struggling to earn the necessaries of life. It is not poverty itself that operates as a cause working towards any end, but rather, in this instance, its effect on the character of a people. What is the moral condition of the multitudes of struggling toilers in English cities? Alas! that it must be written, the conduct of the great majority is governed by Godless ethics. That it should be so is a natural consequence of their manner of life. There are no homes in the slums of English cities; only dwellings where families live between walls that have not even a picture to raise their souls for a moment above their sordid lives; dwellings where no refining influence ever enters. The public house is the centre of social intercourse. On Saturday nights, fathers whose children are starving remain in the beer-shops till midnight. On Sundays they remain in bed till noon; and the churches are empty. On Sunday evening they visit the public house again, where, in London at least, the legalized sale of beer is carried on till nearly midnight.

Such, in the towns of England, are the sad signs of a nation's decadence. The home is the birthplace and the nursery of civilization. Tramps are degraded in proportion to the completeness of the severance of their ties with a home. Home in the true sense of the word, these English workingmen have none. The present condition of England reminds us of Rome before the destroyers of her empire descended on her from the north, when a pampered and corrupt aristocracy and an oppressed and degraded proletariat, ate as a cancer at her heart within.

But we have spoken only of the towns. What of rural England? Where is the stalwart population who till her fields? The peasantry? They are the backbone of a country. Compare the populations: urban 25,054,268, and rural 7,471,242. The rural is very small in proportion. But allowing that, is it still a leaven for the corrupt mass? No. The condition of rural England is such that it might well make the most sanguine Englishman tremble for the future of his country. Farm laborers, who compose the greater part of the rural population, are the tenants at will of the landed aristocracy, and they are continually moving from one district to another. Possibly this is because they do not own their own homes. That it is a fact, the advertisements for farm laborers in country papers, at Michaelmas, go to prove. Village populations change in a few years. As to the effect of this gipsy life on the character of the people, I will quote D. C. Pedder, writing in a recent number of the Contemporary Review:

"Nothing appears to a laborer so unjust as to be called upon to contribute to the support of his aged parents. 'That's just discouraging a man who's trying to live respectable,' he says. That pleasant sight, a father and son walking together, is rare indeed in villages. Mothers are treated with little respect. The filial tie hardly survives childhood. The word 'neighbor' has almost ceased to have any meaning beyond that of local contiguity. The idea of reciprocal obligation it once contained has dropped out. * * * How much interest is taken in politics, the following half of a conversation will

show: 'Got a vote?' 'No, I haven't—Yes. I've been over a year in the place. Write to have my name put down! Now, do you think as I'm goin' to waste a penny stamp upon that?' "

This description agrees entirely with conclusions that I have drawn from my own experience. For these people the word country has no meaning, and parent—father, mother—has lost all hold upon their hearts. They are debased. Honor thy father and thy mother is a commandment—if ever learned—that the young rustic has entirely forgotten. He will sing "Rule Britannia," with lusty voice, but of England—native land to live and die for—he does not know. A thirst for adventure sometimes may prompt him to offer his services for his country's defence; patriotism never. But even such traits as these do not constitute the saddest feature of England's rural life. In several districts, "female gangs" are employed at harvesting and other work in the fields. The morale of these gangs is very low; so low that recently their conduct has excited discussion in some of the leading periodicals of the country.

There seems to be no remedy for all the evils we have enumerated. There is not any in parliament, for the legislators of Britain have no time to devote to reforms at home; their eyes are turned to distant possessions at the ends of the earth! It remains to add here that, owing to the manner in which society is at present divided, a country where Church is not entirely divorced from State does not possess the foundation of true liberty, therefore in England this is wanting. Then again in this connection there is the accession oath of the Sovereign, who, while the meanest of his subjects is entirely free, must bind his own conscience by an oath. Surely an oath taken to support a particular creed, irrespective of the fact that one's opinions may possibly change, places a shackle upon conscience; and indisputably, in a shackle upon conscience the reigning Sovereign of England wears the badge and the hall-mark of a slave.

But let us turn from this sad picture of "rich" England to another, and a very different one—poverty-stricken Ireland.

The Victorian reign, so glorious for England, has been a particularly disastrous one for Ireland. It might be appropriately symbolized by a starved skeleton and an emigrant ship. The sovereign whose memory, for her many good qualities, England reveres, has been designated in Ireland by the title of the "Famine Queen and Empress of the Exodus." Many of Ireland's sons and daughters who did not choose the alternative of exile remained at home only to die of hunger. How far English rule is blameable for this, every intelligent student of history can decide for himself. I have to do, not with the cause, but with the effect—poverty. How has poverty in Ireland affected the character of the people? Do we find them, as in England, degraded and debased? Happily, no. During centuries of persecution, in good and evil fortune, in storm and calm, one thing has remained to save and purify the character of the Irish people—their religion. For them the Faith of St. Patrick has been a blessed inheritance, and preserved the fair name of Irish women and the chivalry of Irish men.

Irishmen are too magnanimous to rejoice at the downfall, or over the misfortunes, of even an hereditary enemy. But it is the purpose here to show to Irishmen that the decadence of the English race, however much the decay of a people is to be deplored, constitutes their natural opportunity, and that the time to act is now! Not indeed to hasten the downfall

of their enemy, but to wring from his relaxing grasp the freedom which is theirs by right divine. As fell the great empires of antiquity, whose hearts were rotten, so surely shall fall the empire of Britain. When the end comes, Ireland, in the nature of things, must rise above the ruin. Then it will be for her sons to prove themselves worthy of their destiny.

The outlook for a "United Ireland," despite the croaking of pessimists, was never brighter than it is today. Henry VIII. tried, by penal enactments, to anglicize the country, but the homogeneity of the Irish and English peoples is not yet; and it never will be. There is at the present time a new movement agitating the whole land—a movement to make Ireland Irish: to restore the glory of the past, language, literature, national games and customs. Everywhere, Irishmen, passionately loving their country in all her changing fortunes, are awakening to the fact that the time to rally round her standard is now; they realize the truth that language constitutes distinct nationality, and that distinct nationality must lead to national independence.

But there is one great evil still unchecked—emigration. It is the curse of Ireland. Sometimes, one wonders that even Ireland's political unrest prevents friends in America from investing capital to promote industries that would keep her people at home. It was Sydney Smith, I believe, who first told Irishmen that there was a little too much "Erin go bragh" about, and that "Erin go bread and butter" was more practical. The advice will serve to remind enthusiastic lovers of their country that not even Ireland can live entirely on patriotism. Another, Dean Swift, advised Irishmen to burn everything English except coals. This is a hint to support Irish manufacturers, and it is satisfactory to note that there is a tendency in this direction. Recently an Irish member outraged the traditions of the British House of Commons by appearing there in a suit of Blarney tweed. Blarney tweed would look well on every member of the Irish party, and look better still on every Irish-American who can procure it. Doles to Ireland are demoralizing. Neither individuals nor nations can retain self-respect and eat the bread of charity. Support Irish industries! They are showing unmistakable signs of revival. In Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Derry, Mullingar, Killarney, and other towns and cities, there are successful boot factories which produce boots of superior quality and suitable for workingmen in Ireland, and America as well. The linen industry, which produces the best material in the world, is growing steadily; the area under flax in 1901 was 55,471 acres. Shirt and lace industries are flourishing. Modern creameries in rural districts are a new and successful departure. In short, Ireland, despite her depopulated condition, is awakening. Irish Americans, looking across the sea to the shores of their native land, can look with hope, for the dawn is not far distant. The indomitable Irish spirit must conquer. Stop Irish emigration by supporting Irish industries that will give the people employment at home, and you will make Ireland a nation.

A SCRAP OF OFFICE GOSSIP.

BY M. B. O'S.

After the manner of his kind the office boy had chosen an inopportune moment to drop a package of proof down the elevator well, and his iniquitous conduct on this and other occasions had given rise to a heated discussion among three men, who differed widely in many respects, but had in common the memory of a most edifying boyhood, marked by industry, application, punctuality, and respect for superiors. The one woman in the room listened to them till her smile became so exasperatingly broad that the Business Man burst out, "Why, I tell you, when I was half that fellow's age, I—"

"I know, I know," interrupted the woman soothingly, "you were a model. I have never met a man who was not perfection—when he was a boy. What surprises me is that when you men look back on your own beautiful perfect past you are not more merciful to the modern boy, more patient with his defects. You should make allowance for progressive deterioration. Remarkable as was the record of your exemplary career, no doubt it was surpassed by that of the preceding generation of boys."

Her remarks being accorded the tribute of silent scorn, the delinquent's advocate continued, "Personally, I like Fred; he is bright; he is obliging; he is honest. May I say that he is reliable?"

"No, you may not," said the Business Man. "You can't claim that for him. I tell you there are precious few boys you can depend on these days."

"That's so, Dave," assented a thin, dark man, noted for his philanthropic tendencies. "Here I ran myself off my feet to get a job for a young fellow, whose mother begged me to get him anything to do, and he hasn't taken the trouble to report for work, nor has he come near me."

"He doesn't want to see you," stormed the Business Man. "He doesn't want to work."

"He may be diffident about going among strangers," said the woman gently. "Now here is a case in point. A friend of mine wanted to get work for a boy, whose mother was a widow and very poor. She interested others in his behalf, and one night, just as she was preparing for bed the bell rang. The door was opened and a neighbor fluttered in. 'Dear me! how late I am!' she apologized. 'But I was down to church, and Mrs. S— told me that her husband wants a boy, the first thing in the morning. I thought of your Benson boy, but didn't know his address, so I came straight to you. Remember, he must be there the first thing in the morning.' And she fluttered off.

"My friend was in a quandary. How to get word to him? There was only one way, and with a sigh of resignation she took it, returning presently, breathless from the ascent of a hill, but glowing with the satisfaction of having done a good deed. Well, that boy didn't report for work, either. He said he was willing to do anything except to go round on a grocer's team—that he hadn't education enough to take down the orders. Now here was a youth who knew and acknowledged his limitations. Yet he had a certain degree of confidence in himself, and a clear idea of what was due to him, for shortly after another woman got him into a big manufacturing industry, where there was a chance of promotion. At the end of the week he left. Cause—inadequate pay. 'Four dollars a week is boy's pay,' he said, 'I'm almost a man.' He is sitting around on door-steps yet, I imagine. His mother said that he had always a great deal of spirit. She has several boys, all generously endowed with the same grade of spirit. A zealous friend of

boys in general, a young priest, secured a place with a truck farmer for her second son, but the lad came home next morning, and his mother said that Father H— meant well, but humping up over weeds wasn't just the thing for a fine straight boy like her Sammie. It's a printer he ought to be with his education.' "

"That's the way with mothers," asserted the Business Man," they ruin boys with their petting."

"Some boys haven't mothers to pet them," demurred the woman. "Do you remember Phil? He was what you might call a 'dressy' boy, given to much brushing of his hair, and his hands were as well kept as a girl's. He was pale, had been ill, and was ambitious. His manner was excellent. After he had been at work some weeks he said to his guardian—his parents were dead—'You promised me a derby, sir, if I stuck to work,' and as the good man willingly proceeded to give him an order Phil added, 'If it's just the same to you, sir, I'll take an overcoat instead.' He got both, and a very presentable figure indeed he made in his new clothes. But we were not permitted to gaze upon him long. In the middle of the week, when the pressure of work was greatest, he went away without saying good bye, but left a note implying that an iron boy would wear out in such service. There was no woman to blame in that case.

"Now, I know another boy, a robust, hearty lad of fifteen, who will not work anywhere that a Saturday half-holiday is not granted the year round. He has been water boy to a street gang, messenger boy, errand boy in a grocery, chore boy to a doctor, assistant to a pedlar, and engaged in a half a dozen other occupations since he left school, which he did at an early age. His mother complains that the teachers didn't understand him, they were not sympathetic; that the sisters were slave-drivers, and that the public school teachers were not less exacting. Laziness is not hereditary in his case. His father goes to work at five in the morning, and the mother works out nearly every day to help feed a most unpromising group of young sons."

Just here an interruption occurred. A boy came in with a package of books; and, doffing his cap courteously, asked, with an engaging smile, "May I use your telephone, please?" Permission being accorded, he soon had his store on the line. "That you, Pete? This is Dick, yes, Dick! Is the boss in? No? Won't be back for hour? That's good!" With a chuckle of satisfaction he hung up the receiver. That's Pete," he explained. "My chum in the store. We put up a great scheme on the boss. I'm going up to the Touraine now, to see the President go in." And he was gone.

"Wouldn't that ja—surprise you!" exclaimed the Philanthropist.

"No," declared the Business Man, "it's only what employers may expect. Modern boys—taking them in a bunch—aren't worth their salt."

The engraver's boy came in briskly. He was a business-like youth, with a receipt-book and pointless pencil. "Guess you'll have to use your own," he said, cheerfully. "Yes'm, I'm a new boy. Tom? Oh, Tom was fired for leaving the plates any old place. They had a hot time over there chasing up the work and the 'phone ringing like fury every minute with people as mad as hoppers wanting to know why they didn't get their cuts. You see the trouble was, when Tom got ready to play ball, why he played." With a note of admiration in his voice he added, "And I guess he was ready to play most any time."

The men who had been model boys exchanged meaning glances, as the new boy hurried off.

"There's more of it," said the Business Man. "That's what comes of giving boys their head. When I was a boy—"

"Gentleman to see you, sir," announced the cause of the discussion, evidently unconscious of the wholesale condemnation he had brought on his kind.

Scarcely had the door closed after the Business Man than the Philanthropist broke into a laugh of quiet amusement. "It's great fun to hear Dave talk," he explained. "Why, there wasn't a boy raised in the old South Cove who could and did get through more solid mischief in a day than the same Dave. Dropping proof down the elevator well wasn't a patch on his doings when he was a printer's devil. And he had a knack too of getting out of scrapes scot free. Now my case was entirely different. I didn't have any time for monkey tricks when I was a boy. No brass bands, no ball play, no fun or fighting for me. But every fellow didn't get the strict raising I did—more's the pity. When I—" He broke off abruptly, a strange light flashing into his eyes as strains of music floated in at the open window. "That's lively music to step to! What did that youngster say about the President coming in? Well, I must be off. I've a dozen things on my mind this morning."

The remaining man tossed over the exchanges till he had them thoroughly mixed, but the boy's advocate took no notice. Apparently she was lost in thought.

"Why don't you ask me if I knew M— when he was a boy?" he queried presently. "I'm dying to tell. Did you hear him about fun and fighting and brass bands? He's footing after one now. And as for fights! Why, there wasn't a scrapper in the Charlestown district that Jim wasn't ready to tackle, and if swimming is fun he got his fill of it. He was always the first boy down at the bath-house when the season opened, and after that if you wanted him you'd have to look for him in the water. Not that he wasn't a willing boy to work when he wasn't swimming or scrapping or dancing, but he wasn't a model by any means. Oh no, he wasn't a model. You might notice I kept quiet while Dave and Jim were talking. I was stunned at their nerve in taking the floor that way before me. Gracious, how I slaved when I was a boy! On time to the minute and the last to leave; never a half holiday, and I was almost a man grown before I saw the inside of a circus. If it didn't sound like boasting I could honestly claim that there wasn't an all-round better boy in Boston than I was twenty years ago. But I'll come in some other time and tell you some of my experiences. I must be going now."

"Do," said the woman, pleasantly, and the caller went out, a trifle puzzled as to what she meant.

"Is Wilson gone?" asked the Business Man, putting his head in at the door five minutes later. "Busy!" he repeated scoffingly. "Don't you believe him. Bill Wilson never was busy in all his life. He was telling you fairy tales. He took good care not to tell them before me. Many's the day when I was trotting type round, or rushing copy from office to office and trying to carry half a hundred orders in my head, I've envied Bill Wilson. He was apprenticed out, but never seemed to have anything to do but trail after every circus that came to town. If he couldn't crawl in under the canvas he'd make a spurt to work his ticket—about the only time he did work. I'm willing to wager that those two old boys are somewhere along the line of the procession just now, and thinking—if they aren't saying—how much better they could run the country if they were President. But I'm keeping you back. Why didn't you put us out when we began to talk about when we were boys? We must have bored you."

"Not at all," she reassured him. "I quite enjoyed your reminiscences. Particularly as you did not all leave at the same time. Others may enjoy them too," she added, taking up her pen, "there must be lots of men who were models when they were boys."

A FAMILY PARTY

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Year's Sermons. By Pulpit Preachers of Our Own Day. New York, Joseph F. Wagner.

This is a complete course of original sermons, chiefly on the Gospels, for all the Sundays and the principal feast days of the year. Among the contributors are Bishop Conaty, Mgr. John S. Vaughan, Fr. Sheehan, Fr. Burke, C. S. P.; Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.; Fr. McGowan, O. S. A., and many other equally well known pulpit orators of the day. It is a useful collection, for the writers are men of repute, the topics are timely, the language choice, and the form attractive. A carefully prepared synopsis precedes each discourse, thus enabling an extremely busy man to master, at a glance, the leading thoughts of a polished sermon. It would be invidious to single out any one for special notice, but we can assure both clergy and laity that the book will be a safe and profitable investment. What has become of the Jesuit and Redemptorist orators? Why do we not see more of their sermons in print?

Hail! Full of Grace. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston. St. Louis, Herder, 1902. $1.50.

We all know and value Mother Loyola's excellent works. She has the rare gift of writing vividly without writing extravagantly; of moving the heart without being sentimental; of communicating knowledge without being pedantic. Her best qualities appear in the volume under review,—and, although she styles it "simple thoughts upon the Rosary,"—it is far more than this, for it is a treasure-house of Biblical knowledge, of devout meditation and of practical suggestions. Take, for example, the reflection upon the help given by Simon of Cyrene, when our Lord was carrying the Cross: "Little did Simon of Cyrene suspect that Friday morning as he went forth to his daily toil, that grace was lying in wait for him on the road to Calvary; that hidden in the cross of pain and shame was laid up for him the highest honor and never-ending joy!

"We rise in the morning and make our plans for the day. God has made His for us. Turning a corner, we find the cross of Christ awaiting us, and with it the grace that with a little effort on our part will enable us to bear it bravely after our Master. How is it that whilst we have plenty of congratulations for Simon, we have nothing but compassion for ourselves!" Is not this the quintessence of practical spirituality? Would that we had an entire library of ascetical works from the pen of this noble-minded, deeply-spiritual religious!

Beyond the Grave. From the French of Rev. E. Hamon, S. J. By Anna T. Sadlier. Second Edition. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. $1.00.

It is a pleasure to welcome the second edition of this instructive book. Every reflecting man takes a keen interest in topics connected with the nature and the conditions of life beyond the grave. Father Hamon gives us a summary of the teachings of faith with regard to the future life. From him we learn the transcendant qualities of the glorified body, which will need neither food nor sleep, which will serve the soul with unfailing loyalty, and which will no longer be over-mastered by the forces of gravity and of impenetrability.

Concerning the fate of children who die without baptism, Father Hamon says: "Theologians have long taught that unbaptized children, who have died without ever having committed any personal or actual sin, will be exempt from the corruption and the darkness of hell." But what will be their state and the conditions of their existence after the general resurrection? This is the opinion of Suarez: 'After the resurrection these children will possess a perfect human body, as far as regards size, appearance, and age. They will not rise again in the bodies of children, but as men, capable of guiding themselves by reason and exercising all human operations, which suppose neither change nor material decay. Health, strength, beauty, harmony of proportions—shall be the appanage of these bodies, and as they are to be immortal, they shall be incorruptible,—not alone by an exterior providence, suspending the present causes of decay.'" This will serve to show how many deeply interesting subjects are touched upon by Fr. Hamon. Then, too, the book is so full of comforting thoughts for bereaved hearts, that a copy should be given to every person suffering under crushing grief over departed friends or kinsfolk. We often know not what to say to hearts rent by sorrow. Give to such this little book and it will lift their burden of desolation.

The Truth of Papal Claims. By Raphael Merry del Val, D.D., Archbishop of Nicaea. A Reply to the Validity of Papal Claims by F. Nutcombe Oxenham, D.D., English Chaplain in Rome. St. Louis, Mo., B. Herder, 1902. $1.00.

Mr. Oxenham, an English chaplain in Rome, published a book entitled "Papal Claims." It contained the usual array of mistaken views and of garbled quotations.

Mgr. Merry del Val, the well-known Anglo-Spanish diplomat, took up the work in a series of conferences he was delivering and showed conclusively the untrustworthiness of Oxenham's statements. A controversy ensued which found its way into the Church Times. The editor, while giving Mr. Oxenham every facility for the presentation of his side, refused to grant the same privilege to Mgr. Merry del Val, who was consequently forced to seek some other way of answering the questions proposed by his antagonist. This was done in five public lectures which are now published in book form. These lectures deal principally with the topic: "Did St. Peter hold the privileges of supremacy and of infallibility now claimed for him, and were those privileges recognized by the Fathers of antiquity and the Doctors of the Church, as the Vatican Council claims and Leo XIII asserts in his encyclical upon the unity of the Church?" Mgr. Merry del Val treats the subject clearly and adequately. His book, in fact, may be regarded as a treasure-house of arguments for dealing with learned Protestants, especially Episcopalians. We have here a wealth of matter covering nearly every point which can be raised about this vital point of Catholic truth. The author is to be congratulated not only upon his scholarly work, but also upon the calm, generous manner in which he treats his sophistical and sneering opponent.

"Anchoresses of the West." By Francesca M. Steele, with "Preface on Mysticism," by Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. St. Louis, Herder, 1903.

This interesting book gives us a welcome glimpse into phases of religious life with which we are not familiar in this bustling commercial age. Our hills are not crowned by hermitages, nor are our forests the retreats of anchorets. Yet time was when the hills and dales in Catholic Europe were the homes of saintly men and women who instructed the world by their lives of austerity and of prayer and comforted it by their treasures of spiritual wisdom. Miss Steele has made a profound study of the phenomena of eremetical life and her book is strikingly instructive. We see from her descriptions what lofty heights of prayer and of contemplation were reached by these heroic souls. No one can peruse these pages without adding to his knowledge of the spiritual life and to his desire for union with the Infinite. The value of the book is enhanced by a preface from the pen of the learned Dominican, Father McNabb, in which he gives us an outline of Mystical Theology. "A mystic," he tells us, "is one who is called out of the ordinary level of Christian perfection to an extraordinary supernatural state of intellectual union with God." Some critics may regard this definition as inadequate, but it is ably defended by the author thereof. We stand in great need of English works upon the sublimities of mysticism and we hope that Miss Steele will continue her investigations in this much-neglected branch of spiritual progress.

The Whole Difference. By Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis, Herder. 1903. $1.60.

A novel with a purpose does not always make pleasant reading. In fact, many people object most strenuously to works of this stamp. Yet what are we to do? Some people, like children, refuse to take their medicine unless it is presented under the attractive form of sugar-coated caramels. For such the religious novel is an absolute necessity, as it is the only way the teacher of truth can preach his sermon. Now we venture to say that Lady Kerr has succeeded in giving her sage counsels a most artistic and attractive coating. She aims to call attention to the disastrous evils of mixed marriages and this she does not by dwelling upon a few of the sad disappointments which usually attend such marriages, but by going to the root of the evil, and by showing where the *whole difference* lies.

Mr. Venn, the scion of an old English Catholic family, begins the work of despair by contracting a mixed marriage, principally for the purpose of improving the family's financial position. Three of their children also marry non-Catholics, only to find their dreams of perfect, conjugal bliss rudely broken and their cherished aspirations suddenly blighted. Joan, a niece, who, being an orphan, is forced to live with the Venns, receives a flattering offer of marriage from a wealthy Protestant admirer, but, true to the prompting of reason, she rejects the offer on the ground that religion is and must be a fundamental matter with a Catholic. She pleads her case admirably: "Let me see if I can explain to you why, from my point of view, marriage with anyone, however good and noble, who yet lived his life without God, except as a theoretical possibility, would be impossible. As for me, I look on my life as this; I know that I am put into this world for a certain purpose, which is to reach God hereafter by serving Him here. Surely you must see that marriage with one whose purpose is quite different from mine would be so far from helping me to that end that I must regard life with him as impossible. . . . As a means to a given end, marriage must mean a great deal. Don't forget that I regard it as a sacrament, or, in other words, as a means of grace; and how could it be that if man and wife do not worship the same God, walk hand in hand in His

presence, and speak to Him in the same language; and who, if children are given to them, will not work *together* for their good, without either of them being actuated by a mere sense of generosity or honor towards the other, but acting, as I say, together." These thoughts and many others upon this vital point are presented by the author in a telling way. The plot, while not over-complicated, is still sufficiently involved to keep up the reader's interest, while the characters are cleverly drawn. We recommend the book with great emphasis; it should be read in every academy in the land and a copy given to every graduate thereof. How little these inexperienced, short-sighted, unreflecting maidens know of the miseries which nearly always result from mixed marriages! A few defects in style should be rectified in a second edition. Thus the words *awfully* and *beastly* are used so frequently as to become meaningless.

Augsburg's Drawing. By D. R. Augsburg. Educational Publishing Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

"Augsburg's Drawing" is a Three Book System designed to teach *form* and *color* in schools. Each subject is treated topically and arranged so as to give the widest latitude and the greatest flexibility in teaching. Book I is a Teachers' Hand Book showing simple and effective methods of teaching drawing, including color, to children in the first, second and third grades. Book II forms a complete course of the essentials of Free-hand Drawing and is designed as a regular text-book to be placed in the hands of pupils of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Book III contains short, yet complete, courses in Brush Drawing, Wash Drawing, Water Color Drawing, Pen Drawing, Chalk Modeling, Drawing of the Human Head and Figure, Decorative Design and Mechanical Drawing.

Of the advantages of drawing as an educational factor there can be no doubt. It is the great trainer of the eye and of the hand. To the former it gives precision, to the latter, steadiness. Proficiency in drawing cannot be acquired in one school-term. It is of the utmost importance in this subject to bear in mind that progress can only be made *step by step*, beginning with simple examples, and only when these have been thoroughly mastered should more complicated drawings be attempted. Above all, the pupil must be patient and deliberate in his work and conquer his difficulties one by one.

It is obvious, then, that drawing absolutely demands a well-devised system, if the pupils are to be effectively trained. By learning to overcome one small difficulty after another, the student acquires confidence, exact knowledge and skill; whereas, if there is no system, he is deluged by difficulties, apparently insoluble, and too often his work is given up in despair. This quality of systematic, gradual advancement marks this course of drawing and makes it so superior to many others in the market that we heartily recommend it to all our teachers and trainers. It is system, in the hands of energetic directors, that will win success for our schools and academies.

The Sprague Classic Readers, Book One, Book Two, Book Three. By Sarah E. Sprague. Educational Publishing Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Why is it that the acquisition of knowledge is so often made an intolerable drudgery and that the memories which cluster around infant education are usually those of force and of tyranny? Surely love and sunshine can open the gates of knowledge as widely and with greater ease than violence and clouds. Frowns and the birch were formerly looked upon as essential weapons for the schoolmaster; we are, however, beginning to realize that in the school-room, as in all else, peace has greater victories than war, and a cheery manner is a more successful force than surliness and vehemence. Now these readers are constructed along the lines of sunshine and of smiles. They are intended to lead the little ones into the Promised Land of knowledge by the ways of brightness and of kindness. As such, they deserve a warm welcome at the hands of all who have at heart the mental and moral development of child-life. He Who placed His hands in loving blessing upon the curly heads of the little Jewish children would surely give His approval to the methods herein adopted.

Stearns' Vesper in C, with Magnificat; Vespers in D, with Magnificat. By James J. McCabe. Stearns' Vesper in G, with Magnificat; Stearns' Vespers in B flat, with Magnificat.

We call the attention of the reverend clergy, of musical directors, organists, church singers and of all interested in church music to this remarkable series of vesper compositions. A noteworthy feature is to be found in the fact that not only are the Latin words given, but the music is also arranged for an English translation. It will thus be seen that an opportunity is given to follow the vesper service as given in the Salford Cathedral, should any one feel disposed so to do. We are confident that a trial of these

musical compositions will result in the selection of them for the vespers of the ensuing important feasts.

White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

Praeclara Custos Virginum—Hymn for Tenor or Soprano and Chorus. By Rt. Rev. W. H. O'Connell, D.D.

This beautiful hymn found in the office of the Immaculate Conception and of other feasts of the Blessed Virgin has been fittingly set to music by the Bishop of Portland. The hymn itself is a triumphal outburst of joy over the sublime position occupied by the Virgin-Mother of Bethlehem.

"Blest Guardian of all virgin souls!
Portal of bliss to man forgiven!
Pure Mother of Almighty God!
Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven.

Fair Lily, found amid the thorns!
Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold!
Rod from whose tender root there sprang
That healing Flower long since foretold—

Thou Tower, against the dragon proof!
Thou Star, to storm-tossed voyagers dear-
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep;
Thine be the light by which we steer.

Scatter the mists that round us hang;
Keep far the fatal shoals away;
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.

O Jesu, born of Virgin bright!
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally."

The Bishop has caught perfectly the stirring note of victory in the poem and has reproduced it in sweetest strains of harmony. His composition will make a splendid offertory or vesper piece.

White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

Graded Copy Books, Augsburg Drawing. Standard Course.

What was said above of this system must be repeated with emphasis about the copy books. The paper is excellent, and adapted to the purpose of sketching. The models are natural and interesting, and—what is most praiseworthy—graduated. From these instructions and models everyone who is earnest in intention and constant in application will master the important art of drawing.

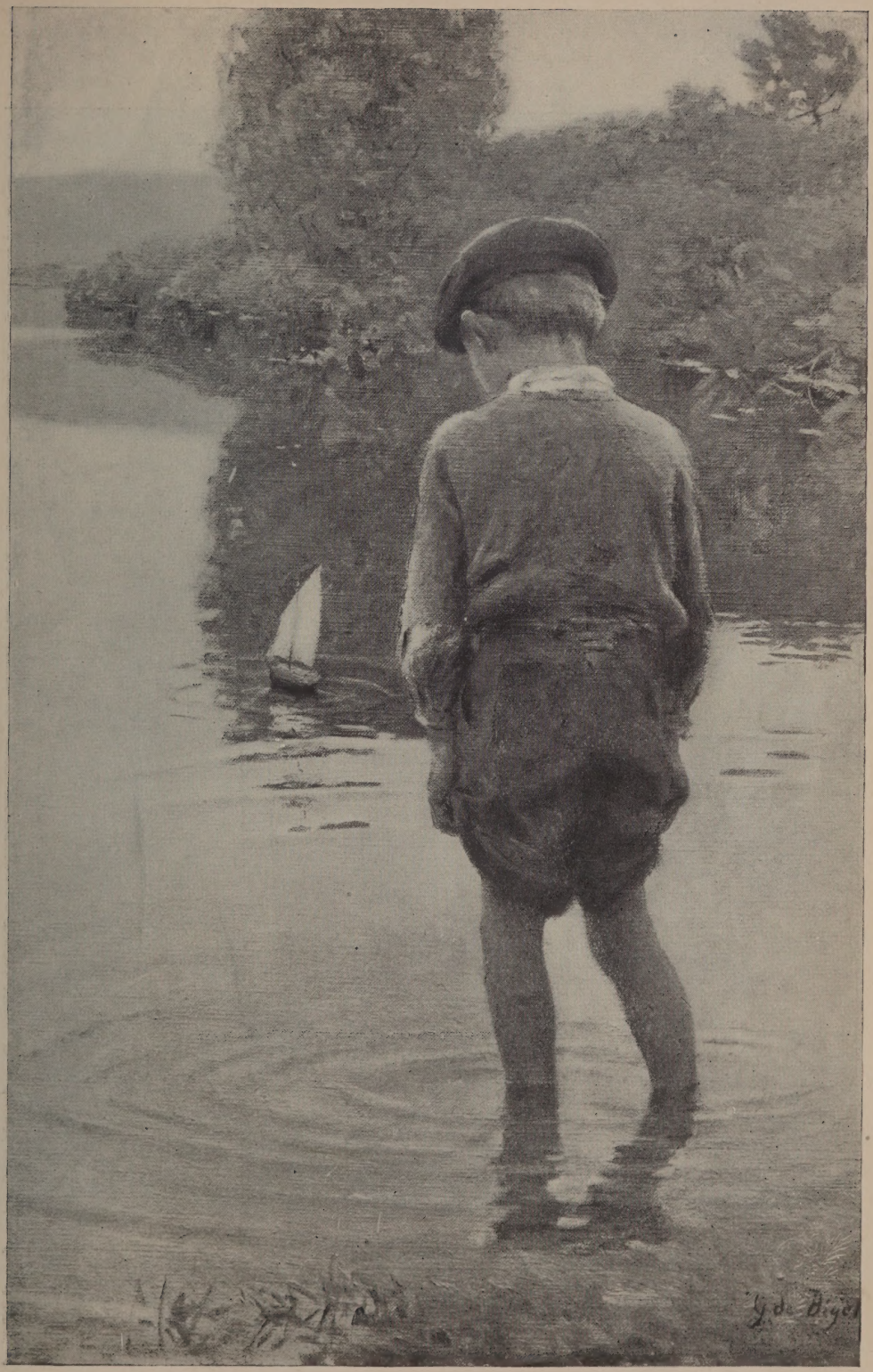
BOOKKEEPING TAUGHT FREE.

We have made arrangements so that every reader of the DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may have a complete course in bookkeeping free at the North American School of Correspondence, Rochester, N. Y.

It is the best school of its kind and we would like to have readers take advantage of this wonderful opportunity; write us.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the new Millinery Establishment recently started at 37 Temple Place, Room 14, over Whitney's Linen Store, by Miss Sparrow and Miss Arthur, who are well known in Boston from their recent connection with A. Shuman & Company, in their Ladies' Suit and Coat Department.

Ladies will find on exhibition a handsome variety of new Spring hats, dainty and stylish creations at moderate prices, which it is possible for these ladies to maintain because of economy in expense, coupled with tneir personal attendance upon their patrons.



IN JUNE

"Ah, June is here, but where is May?
That lovely, shadowy thing,
Fair promiser of fairer day,
That made my fancy stretch her wing,
In hope-begetting spring."

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLIX. JUNE, 1903. No. 6

CHAPEL AND CONVENT DE CIMIES, NICE.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

No. 7 (Continued). Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

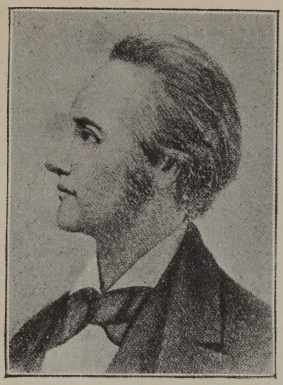
Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in writing "Watch and Wait" intended to dignify an Irish air which is linked with certain vulgar words about "Tow row row, Paddy, will you now, etc." Readers shall judge for themselves the sentiment and quality of the verses their author condemned as "stilted."

Sadly as a muffled drum,
Toll the hours of long probation;
Let them toll, the stable soul
Can work and wait to build a nation.

Never more shall own
Curse or groan
But our stifled hearts are patient
As a stone.

Yes, as patient as a stone,
Till we're struck in hate or ire;
Then the dint will fall on flint
And send them back a stream of fire!
Wait, boys, wait,
Ready for your fate,
Prompt as powder to the linstock
Soon or late!

Let us gather love and help,
Won from native friends and foemen;

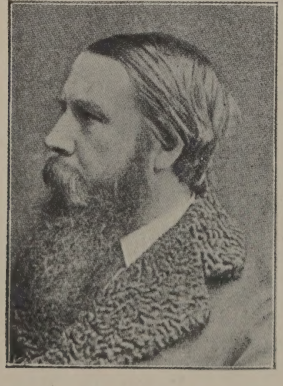


JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

How little loth, the hearts of both,
We read in many a glorious omen.
No, boys, no;
Let no word or blow
Brand a native Irish brother
As our foe.

Holy Freedom's pealing voice
Willing slaves hath never woken;
Ireland's trance was ignorance,
And knowledge all her spells hath broken.
Hell and night
Vanish from her sight,
As when God pronounced aforetime
"Be there light!"

Cherish well this sacred flame,
Feed its lamps with care and patience;
From God it came, its destined aim,
To burst the fetters of the nations.
Now, boys, now,
Why should we bow,
When the promised day is dawning,
And that's *now?*



JOHN CASHEL HOEY.
To whom Gavan Duffy left the editorship of The Nation.

Brothers, if this day should set,
Another yet must crown our freedom;
That will come, with roll of drum,
And trampling files with men to lead them.
Who can save
Renegade or slave?
Fortune only twines her garlands
For the brave.

Once at a meeting in support of the Catholic University of Ireland, Mr. John O'Hagan, Q.C., as *Slievegullion* then was, ended his speech by apostrophising the students in these lines:

Anchor in no stagnant shallow,
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever
And the mighty currents free.

I suspected at the time that the orator had himself composed the "quotation"—as I knew him to have done sometimes and as Sir Walter Scott did before him—but I find them in "A Lay Sermon" by Gavan Duffy. Like many sermons it is too long and cannot be given in full. It begins thus:

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your life a law and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties
As a brave man may beseem?

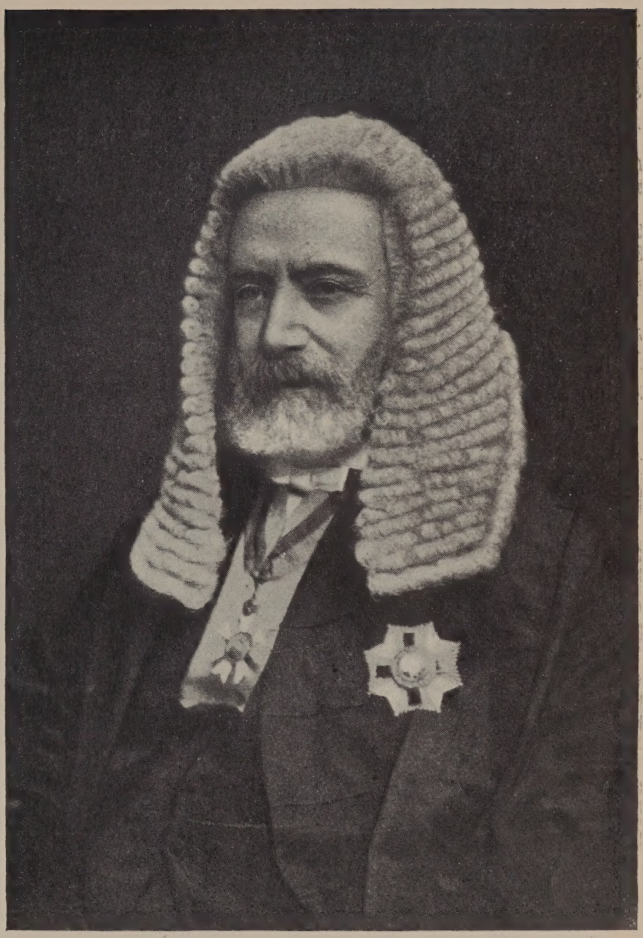
Brother! shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doub ;
Neither seek the house of bondage,
Walling straitened souls about—
Bats! who from their narrow spy-hole
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow;
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever
And the mighty currents free:
There perchance, O young Columbus!
Your New World of truth may be.

The poet was obliged to make this a six-lined stanza like the rest of them; but is it not greatly improved by omitting the last couple of lines as O'Hagan did when quoting it in the interesting little church which John Henry Newman built in St. Stephen's Green? Omitting seven stanzas, here are the two concluding ones:

Love the things that God created,
Make your brother's need your care;
Scorn and hate repel God's blessing,
But where love is, they are there;
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron—
He shall climb and never crawl.
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall.



CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, JANUARY, 1880.

As I perceive that it will be impossible to go much further at present with the correspondence and other materials at my disposal, I will now turn abruptly from Gavan Duffy's life and work and come at once to the end. One of his preparations for the end was to send this farewell to the only surviving contributor to the old *Nation:*

St. Martin Vesubie, Alpes Maritimes,
August 3rd, 1902.

My dear MacDermott,

I am in my 87th year, and, as people have sometimes been prematurely cut off at that age, I would like to say good bye to you before my time comes. It is a great pleasure to me to remember how we have pulled together through life and that we can both say we never advocated anything for Ireland that we did not believe best for her, without any relation to its effect on ourselves. We have somewhat changed our relations in the last forty years, and now it is I who moan:

"Forget not those who're sad tonight, poor exiles far away."* How many of our comrades have vanished from the scene since that line was written! Looking back on it, it seems to be altogether another life. But for my part, having lived my life, I am perfectly content to die my death.

I am writing in the open air, and I feel life gliding away softly and beautifully as I once described it in a sonnet which everybody has forgotten, even myself.

With all affectionate remembrances,
I am, my dear friend,
Always yours,
C. G. D.

*From one of Mr. MacDermott's poems.

As Mr. MacDermott lived at Bristol, his venerable correspondent thinks of a once famous Bristol poetaster and is able to quote these lines. How did he remember them in his 87th year? They are from

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but not quite correctly quoted, which shows that the old man quoted Byron honestly from memory.

Amos Kettle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast—
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five,
Fresh fish from Helicon, and all alive.

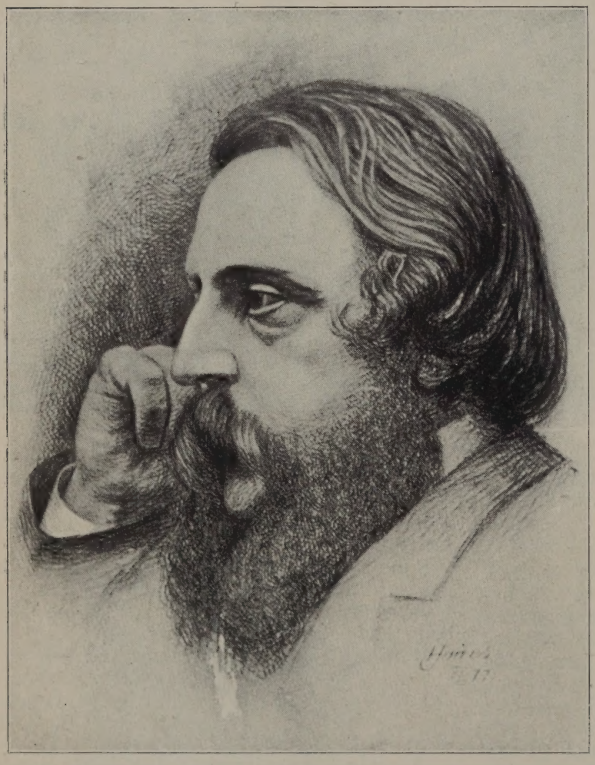
Miss Hetty Gavan Duffy, one of his devoted daughters, more willing secretaries than Milton's, adds some particulars which show their anxiety even then; but more than a year still remained. How the end came at last was told by the same pen to the same friend in a letter which we are allowed to print:—

12 Boulevard Victor Hugo,
Nice, France,
February 15th, 1903.

My dear Mr. MacDermott,

Thank you for your kind letter. We value your sympathy as we know you were among our dear father's most faithful and valued friends. You have probably seen in the papers that the Irish people unanimously desire to bring him back and lay him to rest in the land he so much loved. He gave directions that he was to be buried in Nice; but, when asked if he would not like to be taken to Ireland, he replied that he would if the Irish people wished it. Therefore we have accepted the offer made through the Lord Mayor of Dublin* and Messrs. Redmond and Dillon. As our communications have been up to the present all by telegraph, I am not able to tell you any details of their arrangements; but these no doubt you will see in the morning papers.

Although my dear father suffered a great deal during the month of January from bronchitis and other troubles, he seemed to be much better at the beginning of this month. On Thursday and Friday (5th and 6th) he was able to leave his room and spend several hours of each day sitting up in his library. But on Friday night he was attacked with severe pains which prevented his sleeping; and on Saturday night he fainted for a few seconds. On Sunday he was very weak, but it was only on Monday morning that we became seriously alarmed. Our local doctor then suggested that we should have the advice of Dr. Birnie Yeo, a London specialist who happened to be in Nice. They came together at half-past four o'clock, and Dr. Birnie Yeo gave us no hope. His verdict was that the heart was worn out and could no longer perform its functions and that we could not hope to keep him more than forty-eight hours.



From a chalk drawing by Thaddeus.

DENNY LANE,

One of the writers of The Nation

*Mr. Timothy Harrington, M. P.

Dear father had been quite bright and cheerful all day on Monday and retained his clearness of intellect to the very last. When told of the doctor's verdict, he received it with prefect resignation to the will of God.* He had the consolation of having an Irish priest, Father Dunphy, with him, and of receiving the Last Sacraments. At a few minutes before 8 o'clock he seemed to fall peacefully asleep, and then we saw that he had ceased to breathe.

God was very good to him and to us to give him such a beautiful, peaceful, happy ending to his long life. I wish you could have seen him; he looked so noble and so impressive on his death-bed. We all feel proud to have belonged to him. R. I. P.

I hope you will sometimes let us have news of you, as we must always feel an affection for so devoted a friend as you have shown yourself to my dear father.

With thanks and many kind regards from my sisters.

Very sincerely yours,
HETTY GAVAN DUFFY.

THE CATHEDRAL, NICE

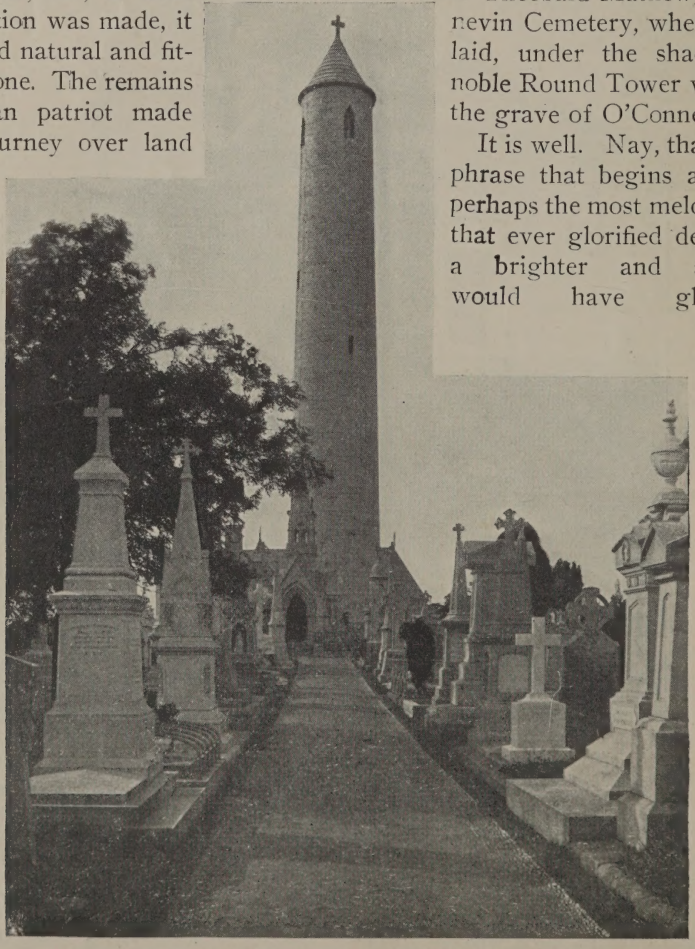
*"Do the doctors give me a week?" "No." And then he said at once, "I accept."

One last characteristic trait was mentioned in the letter which brought me the

news. The day before his death, Sir Charles listened as usual with interest to what his daughter read for him. It happened to be a scrapbook made by himself in auld lang syne, and John O'Hagan's "Dear Land" was referred to. The old man who was to die on the morrow repeated the whole of the beautiful verses which he had welcomed into *The Nation* sixty years ago.

"Home they brought her warrior dead." I do not know who was the first to give expression to Ireland's wish that her militant knight should take his last rest upon her own bosom; but, as soon as the suggestion was made, it at once seemed natural and fitting to every one. The remains of the veteran patriot made their long journey over land and sea, and lay before the altar of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough street, where on Friday, the sixth of March, the Archbishop of Dublin and his priests, with many others, chanted the requiem office before the requiem Mass was offered up for his soul. On the following Sunday, the funeral procession on a gigantic scale accompanied the remains from St. Stephen's Green, past the statues of Edmund Burke and Goldsmith and Grattan and Thomas Moore and Smith O'Brien and Daniel O'Connell and Father Theobald Mathew, on to Glasnevin Cemetery, where they were laid, under the shadow of the noble Round Tower which marks the grave of O'Connell.

It is well. Nay, that is the very phrase that begins a passage in perhaps the most melodious strain that ever glorified death, though a brighter and surer faith would have glorified it



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ROUND TOWER WHICH MARKS THE GRAVE OF O'CONNELL, CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY RESTS.

better—a passage from *In Memoriam* which I venture to force into our service by changing an adjective into a noun.

'Tis well; 'tis something. We may stand
Where he in (Irish) earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The (shamrock) of his native land.
'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

The bones of Charles Gavan Duffy rest indeed among familiar names. O'Connell himself, the greatest of them all, and his own lifelong friend, Thomas Lord O'Hagan, are beside him. His faithful colleague, John Blake Dillon, lies not many yards away; and John Edward Pigot and John O'Hagan and Clarence Mangan and Denis Florence MacCarthy are not far distant. May he and they rest in peace!

MA'AM GROSJEAN.

BY H. M. PALMER.

When the July sun turned our blue Adirondack lake into a sheet of blinding, glittering light, I remembered how stifling hot it must be in the little house on Lafayette street where Ma'am Grosjean lived with her married daughter, and wrote to ask her to come up to me in the mountains. The next day she was there.

Disdaining the offer of help, she climbed lightly down from the high wagon and turned to greet me. "Tiens, la belle maitresse! You don't forget Ma'am Grosjean, no! She's been mos' crezee since you go away, such a heat an' such a noise! Eh, mon Dieu, zoze childrens! Zey'se nice childrens, but zey cry, zey cry!"

Ma'am Grosjean lifted expressive eyebrows to Heaven and then looked smilingly about her. Her slim, slender form was draped in decent black, neatly fashioned and put on with care; the black straw hat which she always wore was newly trimmed, or at least the ribbons had been washed and re-arranged, and on the veil fluttered a bit of crape, a tribute to the memory of Monsieur Grosjean, who having left her to face the world with six small children had staggered back, after nearly twenty years' absence, and had been found dead in a snow-drift almost at her door.

"You're goin' to t'ink I'm more big fool zan you didn't t'ink before. What you t'ink I do now, Mees Helene?" she asked, leaning forward on the piazza chair where she was perched, and looking out over the fields that stretched up the hill back of the house. "You see all zoze little heap of stick?"

"Yes." I made them out, dotting the grass here and there.

"I can't never take 'em home, I know. Hit's just ze ol' woman's fool way, but zey look so nice. Such a lot of nice little stick—enough to make fire all winter. I go along an' I pick up one here, I pick up one zere; first t'ing I know I 'ave a pile. Hein! ze nice pile, I can't bear to leave him! You t'ink I'm crezee, eh?" And she leaned forward, laughing, to pat my knee.

There was wood everywhere, little branches, big branches, great fallen trees —wood enough to last a lifetime. And there were flowers and herbs and berries to be had for the picking, and fish in the brook and the lake only waiting to be caught. Ma'am Grosjean's imagination caught fire at all this plenty and she

laughed and talked from morning till night. The young girls in the kitchen flew about their tasks under her lively orders—Ma'am Grosjean was a famous worker—and when evening came, Amable with his fiddle tucked under his arm, and little Jean, and big swarthy Angus Pete, pushed their boat in among the lily pads and slouched up the path to the back piazza where Adèle and Sophie and Josette were laughing at Ma'am Grosjean's tales.

They were very gay on the back piazza; the high voices of the girls, supported by the deep hoarse bass of the men, caught up the tunes that the fiddle started; and when they were tired of singing Amable broke into a quicker measure, and the sharp patting of feet on the board floor, broken by an occasional burst of applause, told of "pigeon wings" deftly cut. One evening there was such loud and prolonged clapping that I ventured to round the corner and join the spectators. Adèle saw me and cried, "Come, Miss Hélène, come quick, it is Ma'am Grosjean. Tiens, can she dance!"

Ma'am Grosjean snapped her fingers and set to it again; Amable played louder and faster than ever; and the girls and men kept time with hands and feet. The color had risen to her cheeks, her eyes were shining, and light as an autumn leaf whirling on the wind she matched her steps to the turning of the tune.

Suddenly she stopped, and with a mockery of dismay hid her face in both her hands. "For what you make the ol' woman play such a fool trick?" she panted, plaintively, looking deep reproach at Amable; and then darting a triumphant glance at me, challenged, "She can dance, hein? Ma'am Grosjean ain't forget that time she was Euphrosine Valette of Hochelaga!"

"Bagosh! she can danse!" came in a deep, hoarse voice from the shadow outside. We all peered into the darkness, and saw that it was Pierre Trudelle of the Owlee-Out who had approached unheard under cover of the music. Finding himself observed, Pierre detached his long, angular form from the post against which he had been leaning, and, coming into the light, addressed himself to me.

"François, that's my baby, he's sick, an' I tho't mebbee you can tell me what to do."

A question or two convinced me that François needed more skilful aid than his father could give; so I packed my medicine chest and prepared to visit the log-house up the inlet, reinforced by Ma'am Grosjean, whose experience, I knew, was worth far more than my science.

Silently Pierre held his heavy broad boat to the landing while we stepped in, then he seated himself, curling one long leg under the seat, and with short powerful strokes rowed swiftly across the bay. A lantern glimmered at the landing in the sandy cove; Maurice, a tall half-grown lad, was waiting for us and silently led the way up the steep bank, through a winding path bordered by long grass drenched with dew.

Pretty little François was tossing on his bed, watched by his sister Marie, the little twelve-year-old girl who had kept the house and cared for François since the mother died three or four years gone by. I prepared the simple remedies needed, and was about to give Marie some final instructions when Ma'am Grosjean touched my arm.

"I know, Mees Hélène, no need to tell me; an' I'm goin' to stay. Cette pauvre petite, she's all wore out. Now, you go right on home."

In five minutes more Ma'am Grosjean had taken possession of the household, François had been made comfortable, Marie sent to her well-earned rest, and I was on my way home again.

"Ma'am Grosjean is an excellent nurse, Pierre," said I.

"Bagosh, yes," assented Pierre, shaking his head wisely while the gold hoops in his ears glittered in the rays the lantern cast, and then, after a long pause, he added with a chuckle, "Bagosh! she can danse, too."

In a day or two François was up again, and Pierre brought Ma'am Grosjean home. I saw their parting at the boat. She jumped out like a girl, and made a feint to box his ears when he attempted some clumsy compliment. Then she became serious, giving him last directions as to François. But he was still shaking his broad shoulders over her joke as he pulled away; and when I passed him in my canoe that afternoon where he was lying at Paul's Rock, waiting for a rise, he burst into a hoarse chuckle and shouted, "Bagosh! she's good wan!" and I knew he meant Ma'am Grosjean.

"I feex zem up pretty good, Mees Hélène," said she, "an' zat's good little girl, zat p'tite Marie, ver' pious, an' ver' polite. Her mother teach her her religion, I guess, but she can't do like a hole 'ead."

"No," I assented, "Pierre needs someone there; he is a good man, a little slow, but kind and honest, and owns his house and quite a piece of land down the road."

"Zat little François is spoil for sure," said Ma'am Grosjean severely, casting a suspicious glance at me.

That evening at dusk a white shape glimmered among the trees, and on drawing near revealed the sharp outline of Pierre's old mare. Sitting far back on her haunches was her master, his long legs dangling near the ground, his body thrown back and his broad, bony frame swaying to the motion of the beast, in all the abandon of lordly ease. Pierre was "lookin' fur his caows," as he did six nights out of seven. But he was not too busy to stop and look and listen in the direction of the kitchen door. All was quiet tonight; there was no fiddle squeaking, and he went on, followed by a twitter of suppressed laughter as Ma'am Grosjean and the girls emerged from behind the kitchen door.

Pierre gave no sign, but he felt the rebuff, for next day I learned that he was going to take his family to the "Rock" berrying a full week earlier than he generally went. The "Rock" was a good twenty miles away, but there was never any hurry at Pierre Trudelle's and the night was cool for traveling; so I was not surprised when the little caravan passed my door an hour or two before midnight. The old horse came jogging along with drooping head, and drawing a wagon which consisted of one long plank chained to the wheels. The chain drooped below the plank, making a foot-rest for Pierre, and Maurice, but the other children strung along the plank—for Pierre had given a lift to two or three youngsters besides his own—dangled there loosely, clutching the plank and one another. A row of pails hung beneath the plank and a bundle of blankets was tied on at one end. The children peered up at us timidly, in the dim light of the fading moon. With their bare brown legs and tangled hair they looked like gnomes, and Pierre's strongly marked face, his heavy eyebrows and long black hair, streaked with white, wore an almost tragic aspect, as he towered above his little company.

"Don't stay long, Pierre," I called out as he passed. "I want you to help cut the hay on the Beaver Meadow; no one can mow like you, you know; besides Ma'am Grosjean is going away before long."

"Hall right! Mees Hélène," he shouted in his deep voice; and presently they jogged out of sight.

"Zose poor childrens!" murmured Ma'am Grosjean over my shoulder. "I

t'ink, me, men ain't got much sense, for sure."

"That's the reason they all need wives," I assented, while she took refuge in the house.

Three days brought him back just in time for the mowing. The sun had been beating all day upon the meadows, and was beginning to decline, sending slanting rays through the grass when we climbed the hillside, the girls carrying a pail of spring water mixed with molasses and ginger for the thirsty mowers; and Ma'am Grosjean stepping along as briskly as Adèle or Josette, but pausing at every moment to admire and exclaim. Raspberries bordered the narrow path and tempted her with their red clusters; she gathered and ate as she walked, pointing out to me meanwhile the herbs that are good for salads and greens.

In the meadow the men were busily at work; Pierre was leading the line of mowers, moving straight on with long, regular strides, lightly swinging his scythe. It was a pleasure to watch him and it was evident that he found pleasure in the work. When he saw me he called out gaily, "Hein! the good work, Mees Hélène. I'm glad, me, you don't use no machine."

"Not while I can get such good mowers, Pierre," I called back; and the mowers cut a still wider swath. The mown field stretched away until it touched the sky on the crest of the hill, its windrows of sweet-smelling hay gilded by the late rays of the sun.

Presently Pierre halted. Bending over he took a handful of the thick, moist grass, wiped his scythe, and then straightened his tall form. The younger men stopped, too, and baring their heads to the little breeze that lifted the damp locks on their foreheads joined the girls, who were laughing and frolicking as they spread the grass on the farther side of the fragrant field. But Pierre came to where I was sitting in the shade with Ma'am Grosjean.

"You better cut the Inlet meadow next, Mees Hélène," said he, "the timothy's ripe."

"Very well, if you advise it, Pierre," said I.

"Hit's awful purty here, ain't it?" Pierre was looking anxiously at Ma'am Grosjean. "Don't you t'ink its nicer 'an the city is? An' it smell so sweet." He drew in long breaths of the fragrant air. His grizzled hair curled in close, wet tendrils about his strong, sun-burned face.

"Hit's nice," admitted Ma'am Grosjean, guardedly, "seems like it mus' be lonesome when winter come."

"Ha! winter, bah!" Pierre blew the winter away with a puff of contempt. "There's plenty wood, hurrah boys! pile on the log! Who care for winter when he's got plenty wood, and good soup on the pot, and children sitting round the fire, and mebbee nice woman to talk, too."

"Ba, oui—to talk to—an' mebbee to make ze soup an' sweep ze house, an' sew ze cloze an' take care ze children"—Ma'am Grosjean shook a knowing head.

"Ba, well, I suppose," Pierre assented, hesitating, but truthful.

I found an errand across the field, and Pierre evidently made the most of his opportunity, for their voices reached me in voluble French until Pierre picked up his scythe and resumed his place at the head of the swinging line. Ma'am Grosjean had risen, too, and seizing a fork she began to spread the newly-mown grass, calling on the girls to keep up with her if they could. They found it hard work. Her slight wiry form moved quickly and lightly across the field, and her nervous arms wielded the fork as if the task were play.

"Eh! la jeunesse!" she cried, as the round-faced Adèle sank panting upon the

grass. "Takes time to learn 'ow, but no need to be discourage, hevery one get zere —affer a while."

. . . . . .

We had the wedding at the cottage when the harvesting was over. Ma'am Grosjean strove to be sedate, but she was plainly overflowing with pride and pleasure, for she had learned to appreciate Pierre's good qualities, though her keen eyes had noted every fault and foible.

"Ain't anybody hall right, Mees Hélène," she admitted, "jus' do ze bes' we can; zat's all ze bon Dieu hask; an' I t'ink, me, no need to hask more 'an He hask."

The children had grown fond of her in these last weeks when she and Pierre and Marie had worked together in all spare hours, whitewashing the log cabin in the cove, painting the doors and window casings a heavenly blue, and hanging white muslin curtains at every window. Little François even fought the Spear twins because they said he was going to have "a old Kanuck stepmother," though he had no idea what a stepmother was.

As for Pierre, his eyes and his mouth were always smiling, and his ear-rings quivering. "Bagosh," he confided to me, "she's good wan! Ain't nossing she can't do. Make zat ol' house look like damn little palace! An' cook, an' talk!—guess no one be lonesome any more chez-nous, eh? An'—bagosh! she can danse, too!" he ended with a chuckle.

And dance she did at the wedding, standing very straight and trim in a fresh black and white muslin gown with a bunch of pinks at her waist; and piloting the bewildered but smiling Pierre skilfully and firmly through the mazes of a "French four."

"Tiens," said the curé, looking on with a smile, "it will be a very good match."

IRISH IMMIGRANTS IN AMERICA.

Shall the Irish Lead or Follow?

BY EDWARD F. MCSWEENEY.

The question of the character, scope, and results of Irish immigration to the United States has a peculiar interest at this time, when, after six hundred years of misgovernment, it may be that some measure of real relief for Ireland is under way. Were it not for the fact that there are good business reasons for making peace with the Irish, I might be skeptical as to the genuineness of the motives behind the present land bill.

Since the passage of the statutes of Kilkenny, in 1367, to the Boer War, I do not know of an instance where the English government have not always been consistent to their traditions of oppression to Ireland. In this case my hope for the permanency of this particular promise of relief is based on the belief that selfish considerations prompt it. For the past ten years England has not been making progress industrially. Radical legislation at home has destroyed private initiative, so that in many directions, but especially in the matter of electrical and transportation interests, England is easily ten years behind the United States. In the world's markets she has, for the first time in her history, met, in the United States, a competitor who asks no favors, but wins the trade because of merit. Germany also, and in certain lines, France, is administering the same medicine. It is easy to understand, therefore, that with a perpetual Irish question on her hands to embarrass and obstruct her Parliament, to-

gether with the active opposition of expatriated Irish all over the world, eager to humiliate her in every way,—she has been forced at last to the conclusion that justice may be good business; keeping in mind also that the whole cost of this land falls eventually on the Irish farmer, and on him alone.

Counting immigrants and those in direct descent, there are today between three and four times as many Irish in the United States as in Ireland. In discussing this question we should not forget that Ireland has not only been sending her children to this country during the last half of the nineteenth century, but that of the 3,172,000 total white population of the thirteen colonies at the close of the Revolutionary War, 1,141,920, or more than a third, were Irish. We have the authority of Parke Custis, and Froude, who certainly was no friend of the colonies, and many others, that one-half of the soldiers in the Revolutionary army were of Irish birth or descent. When we count the Germans, French, Irish, and others who made up the original colonies, the claim that this is an Anglo-Saxon country seems absurd. The so-called Anglo-Saxon has never been a majority factor in our racial make-up.

Between May 1st, 1851, and January 1st of this year, the emigrants from Ireland to the United States make the total of 3,921,222. When we add to this number those who died of famine and typhus fever, we get the enormous depletion of about 5,500,000, not counting the excessive emigration for which there is not accurate return between 1846 and 1851.

With wide fluctuations, but with a steady tendency towards larger numbers, Irish immigration from 3,614 in 1820, reached 51,000 in 1842. In 1847 it suddenly doubled to 105,000, and during the nine years following amounted to about 1,200,000 souls, reaching in 1851 the maximum of 221,253 souls. This nine years' aggregate has since been exceeded by only one other nationality, the German, during the period from 1881 to 1890, but will be exceeded by the Italians if the present rate of increase keeps up another year. The Irish maximum for 1851, of 221,253, was eclipsed by the Germans in 1882 with a total of 250,000 arrivals. In 1867 Irish immigration jumped up for one year to 72,000, and in the early eighties showed another tendency to increase, in 1883 reaching 81,486, the highest figure that it has attained since 1854. For the last ten years, the annual average arrivals will average about half as large as for the preceding ten years.

Irish immigration, like the German, has now settled down on the family reunion basis. Those in the United States having relatives remaining in Ireland are getting the families reunited as they grow old enough to come over. Aside from this, the whole pressure from the Irish Bishops is to keep the Irish at home; and once the land question is settled it is hoped that the population of Ireland will increase. A large percentage of the Irish families in Massachusetts have absolutely no relatives in Ireland; they are connected with it by no ties except those of memory and love.

It is interesting in connection with the expected increase in the population of Ireland to give the statistics for England, Scotland and Ireland for sixty years.

	1841	1901	% increase
Population of England...	15,914,148	32,526,075	104%
Population of Scotland...	2,620,184	4,472,103	70%
Population of Ireland....	8,175,124	4,456,546	46% decrease

At the same percentage of increase since 1841 as in England, Ireland would be now 16,677,252; and at the same rate as Scotland, Ireland would be now 13,987,710.

As furnishing new increments to Irish population, the decrease in new arrivals during the last twenty years has been far greater than the figures published by the immigration bureau would indicate. For the last two years over twenty-three per cent of the so-called Irish immigrants arriving here at the port of Boston have been in the country before. Every unnaturalized alien domiciled here is counted as a new arrival when he returns from a visit to his old home. The census reports show that immigration figures have never furnished a safe basis from which to estimate increases in our population from foreign sources. Even the successive censuses of 1850 and 1860 fail to show an increase in the foreign-born of the country of more than two-thirds of the immigrant arrivals for the intervening period. The increase in the foreign-born population of the United States between 1890 and 1900 was less than one-third of the alien steerage arrivals alone during the intervening period. When we read that 15,134 Irish immigrants arrived at Boston during the last two years, the statement should be supplemented by another to the effect that 3,586 were already residents of this country, who made the trip back and forth from one to half a dozen or more times.

In its proportion of those who had been in the United States before, the Irish head the list, although they have been approached closely by the Scandinavians. But giving the Irish credit for no greater proportion of returning residents than other nationalities, a comparison with other arrivals shows that the proportion of Irish immigrants, who a little more than twenty years ago furnished, with the Germans, practically the whole of the accretions to the population of this country from foreign sources, has now dropped to a point of comparative insignificance. For the present year, the Irish arrivals will be about one-sixth of the number of Southern Italians, about one-half that of the Poles, the Hebrews or the Scandinavians, or the Northern Italians; probably less than the number of Magyars, and about equalled by the Greeks.

IRISH IMMIGRANTS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

When the Irish began to come to the United States in large numbers, about fifty years ago, New England was beginning to branch out from an agricultural into the manufacturing and commercial centre of the country. The Yankee farmer was changing to a business man; he needed labor. The Germans pushed inward as far as their means would allow, to take up holdings for themselves when possible. If they had any money at all they did not desire to become laborers or farm hands. The Irish were fleeing from a famine. With them it was not a question of buying land; most of them had nothing but their hands and a sincere willingness to work at anything that was offered. The hardships of the voyage, and the cost of transportation did not permit any but the strongest to come. The sufferings of the immigrants of that early period have never been fully told. The emigrant path across the western plains in those days was marked by the whitening bones of animals, and the rude crosses and headstones of those who succumbed to the hardships of the journey. If the ocean path could be marked in like manner, vessels would travel between a continuous line of monuments forming an avenue of death between here and Europe. Those who survived began at the bottom; they entered every field of labor, and under the guiding Yankee brain and enterprise made Massachusetts what she was from 1860 until 1890.

It was not easy sailing. Religious and racial prejudices were strong. They have not wholly disappeared yet. As a result

of the coming of the Irish, "Know-nothingism" made itself felt in the early fifties. The Irish peasants, delighted with the liberty they found here, attempted to assume all the duties of citizenship; many joined the militia. A "Know-nothing" governor, in 1855, disbanded the militia in order to get rid of the Irish. Happily, when the need came, in 1861, this temporary insanity had burned itself out, and the War Governor welcomed with a glad heart the Irish volunteers, who literally poured into every regiment sent to the front. Two of the regiments were so distinctively Irish that the State permitted them to carry the flag of their mother country. Thus it was that "the Sunburst" floated in companionship with the Stars and Stripes above the bayonets of the famous Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, and the equally famous Twenty-Eighth, the "Faugh-a-Ballaughs."

I cannot find the number of Irish among the 152,000 soldiers and 30,000 sailors supplied by the State to the Civil War, but it was very large. What they did need not be repeated. It is a part of the glorious history of the country.

Much could be said of the virtues of the Irish emigrants, and what they accomplished; their hard work, sacrificing everything to educate their children; how by their sturdy loyal adherence to the Church of their fathers, they made the Catholic Church in the United States the model of the world; but it is not necessary; they are passing away to their eternal reward. The important and practical element to consider is the second and third generations, and see what they have done or need to do to equal the record of their parents.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Sixty-two and three-tenths per cent of all the persons in the State in 1900 were of foreign birth or parentage. Out of a total population of 2,805,346 in this State, according to the census of 1900, there are at least one million born in Ireland, or of wholly Irish blood. On the most conservative estimate over 50 per cent of the population of the city of Boston are of Irish birth or descent.

In the New England States, in the case of native parentage, the death rate exceeded the birth rate by 1.5 per one thousand of the population; of foreign parentage the birth rate exceeded the death rate by 44.5 per one thousand. In Massachusetts the birth rate of native parentage exceeded the death rate by only 3.8 per one thousand, while the foreign birth rate exceeded the death rate by 45.6 per one thousand.

According to Prof. Fisher of Yale, if the increase in population due to the excess of births over deaths in New England, in the period of 1800 to 1820, was maintained during the century, the United States would have a population of over 100,000,000 in 1900, and this if not a single emigrant had come. In 1900 in New England, for the native stock, the birth and death rate are about equal, while, notwithstanding the high mortality among the children of foreign parentage, the excess of births over deaths in this class in New England was four per one thousand more than the highest birth rate among the highest foreign countries; for example, in Hungary the excess of births over deaths is 40.5 per one thousand for two years. This, however, does not apply to the Irish; of late years they have been steadily decreasing in the birth rate, and if the percentage of decrease continues, will before many years press the native hard for the record in this direction. At the present time the Yankee stock—for want of a better name—is only 38 per cent of the population of Massachusetts; the Irish are about the same, and the balance is divided up between the

Germans, Swedes, French and English Canadians, and the new races now coming in, the Italians, Jews, Poles, etc.

In every manufacturing city in Massachusetts the quarters that twenty years ago were occupied by the Irish are now occupied by the Italians, Jews, Austro-Hungarians, and Finns. All of the decrease in the Yankee stock should not be attributed to a low birth-rate, although that is bad enough. For many years the State has lost a large number of this class who have gone to the West to go into business. For the past ten years New England, and Massachusetts especially, has not been progressing commercially or industrially, as have other sections of the country,—having natural advantages in the way of mineral deposits and other wealth which we lack. This condition has drawn away many of the native stock. Our cotton, woolen and shoe industries, in which we were formerly supreme, are being attracted to the West and South. According to the twelfth census, the business of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, has increased more than ten times as much as that of Massachusetts. The reason for this has nothing to do with the question I am discussing, but it does suggest the inquiry as to what our race has done in the way of assuming direction and leadership in the struggle to keep business here and to maintain Massachusetts in the industrial, commercial, and financial position she formerly occupied.

STATUS OF THE IRISH IN BOSTON.

With fifty per cent of the population of Boston, what have the Irish to show for it? In the field of finance, in thirty-eight National Banks in Boston, there is not one president, vice-president, cashier, or assistant cashier of Irish birth or parentage, and only nine directors out of four hundred. Out of twelve trust companies whose lists were available, there is only one president, two vice-presidents; no cashier, assistant cashier, treasurer or secretary, and nine out of two hundred and ten directors, seven of whom are in one company. Of the clerks and minor officers employed in all the financial institutions, there were 69 out of 1,009, or six per cent. These facts speak for themselves.

The racial derivation of professional men in Boston is not collected, and can only be obtained by an examination of the names,—an unsatisfactory process at best, —but from this examination we find that out of 2,205 lawyers in Boston, about ten per cent are Irish.

Applying the same test to the physicians, we find that out of 1,561, there are only 16 per cent Irish.

Of 1,200 business men whose names were available, about 7 per cent are Irish.

Although there are many conspicuous examples of success among the Irish in Boston, the percentage of Irish to the whole is not large enough.

Of the architects, about 9 per cent are Irish.

Of the civil engineers and surveyors, less than 5 per cent are Irish.

The work of the future will be on technical and business lines. Every day the demand for trained experts in all sorts of business is increasing. Our School of Technology is supposed to be the finest in the United States. While thousands of doctors and lawyers are starving all over the country, the demand for men such as this school turns out is never equal to the supply. Let us see how the Irish have taken advantage of this opportunity. I have carefully examined the register of the Institute since 1868. This method of examining names is faulty, but it cannot be done in any other way, and every possible Irish name has been given the benefit of the doubt. From 1868 to 1877 we do not find a single name; in 1877 one name,

and so on up to 1890. During the twenty-two years only three per cent of the graduates were Irish. From 1892 to 1901 this increased to seven per cent. For the year 1902 it was nine per cent, and of the whole number of students now at the school, about eleven per cent are Irish.

I think there are some good reasons for all these small percentages, but at the same time I do not consider the showing, which might be extended in other directions, a satisfactory one.

IRISH HOUSE-OWNERS IN AMERICAN CITIES.

Compared with the Germans, we are far ahead in the professions; slightly ahead in the pursuits classed as mercantile, but behind them in agriculture. The census figures as to the Irish fondness for a home are very satisfactory.

Of total occupying farm homes in the United States, 46 1-5 per cent own them.

Of American families occupying farm homes, 47 per cent own them.

Of Irish occupying farm homes, 48 1-5 per cent own them.

Of total occupying other homes, 23 3-5 per cent own them.

Of American families occupying other homes, 25 9-10 per cent own them.

Of Irish occupying other homes, 21 1-10 per cent own them.

Of the homes in the large cities we get the following from the same authority:

NEW YORK.

Homes.		Owned unencumbered.	% so owned
Total	707,843	34,831	4 9-10%
Irish	157,486	8,657	nearly 5 1-2 %
Total	346,775	39,080	11 2-5 %
Irish	48,879	7,476	15 3-10%

PHILADELPHIA.

Total	250,400	28,843	11 1-2 %
Irish	60,898	7,809	12 4-5 %
Total	111,768	9,906	8 4-5 %
Irish	39,174	3,827	9 7-10 %

CHANGING CHARACTER OF ALIENS.

Our race was formerly classed as being composed of saloon-keepers and policemen. In the second generation alone of Irish in Massachusetts today, there are more lawyers, doctors and authors than there are saloon-keepers, and more teachers than policemen. The verdict of time will, I am sure, give the Irish emigrant the measure of credit he deserves. The United States, and Massachusetts in particular, is under the greatest obligation to him. They gave him a home, but in return he did his full share towards building them up to the position they enjoy. The second and third generation should, however, wake to the fact that they have a struggle before them. The changing character of the alien arrivals has brought here race forces that have been trained in a school of adversity just as bitter as the Irish, and who come here eager to take the place of the Irish in every field of human endeavor, if they can. This is to their credit,—the strongest always win, and they deserve to, and my only purpose is to point out the fact, because it is my honest belief that if they want to the Irish can do as much in the next fifty years as the Irish immigrants did in the fifty years gone by. The first thing to be done is to instil pride of race everywhere, always. The Germans in the United States are better citizens because they keep alive the pride in their race. Of late years there has been a tendency among a certain class to drift away, and to follow the lead of a peculiar creature who has been abroad in the land; a racial absurdity,—a sort of ethnic hermaphrodite, calling himself a Scotch-Irishman. Many Irishmen have been led astray by this freak, who belongs in the class of things that do not exist,—like the Dodo, Great Auk and the Whangdoodle. Once Irishmen begin to excuse themselves for being what they are, they are lost. Only race degenerates are ashamed of their race and their fathers. The Americans we despise and ridicule are Anglomaniacs; the Jews who bring

shame upon their race are those who hide their religion, and apologize for their fathers.

Adversity brings out the strong virtues of a race; prosperity saps them; and if in an alien land the Irish forget and do not continue to live up to and love the religion, race, and traditions that have preserved them intact all these centuries, they will and should perish.

What the Irish need today is plain talk. The virtues of honesty, loyalty, fidelity, industry and courage were the chief characteristics of our fathers, and they must never be allowed to become minor qualities in the New England Yankee-Irish.

If Irish, Jew or Italian desires good treatment from the Commonwealth, he must show himself worthy of it. The lessons are around him everywhere; the man who wins is the man who works. The men foremost in the affairs of the state, politically, commercially, industrially, and financially, are not men "born in the purple," but men who started in resolved to win, and mastered their particular business and profession by industry, application, and persistence. The Irish-American cannot ape Americanism, if he wants to amount to anything; he must be content to be what he is, a member of a clean-blooded race, with honorable traditions and a magnificent history. If he must set up some American for a model, let him try to live up to men of whom not only America, but the world, is proud.

Loyalty to the government of the Republic, fidelity to its political system and polity, and a willingness at all times to preserve its integrity and defend its good name, are the things the United States requires from its citizens. The man who strives to make an Irishman into a Yankee, or a Yankee into an Irishman, spoils two fine types of human kind, and injures the republic. It is the strength and glory of America that it has many types of men and races, and that in the gradual process of amalgamation she is producing a newer race without destroying the older one. Imitation is sincere flattery, but bad art and imitation race types are the scorn of the world.

The world of the century we are entering is an industrial and commercial world; the qualities that made men successful in the ages of battle and discovery, exploration and colonization, will ensure success today and in this century. Courage, imagination, fidelity, tenacity, honesty, reverence, are as potent in trade, industry and finance as in the other departments of human activity.

If the fires of our fathers have burned out of their sons; if there be nothing but ashes and dust in their hearts and brains, the race will, and would better, perish. The Jew has survived and succeeded because of his fidelity to priest and prophet; because he clung to his ideals and obeyed the laws he traced from Sinai. When he forgets, as some of our race are beginning to forget, his glory passes away.

This is no novel proposition; it is the law. God and nature have decreed that when the trees become sapless, they snap and fall.

THE RACE MUST PREPARE FOR NEW CONDITIONS.

If our race is to make its mark and preserve its identity, it must prepare for the new conditions. The energies which were wasted in acquiring the dubious title of the "fighting race" must be turned into new and peaceful channels. The men of the twentieth century will be manufacturers, merchants, financiers, engineers, men of executive ability and technical training. There may be a place somewhere for the born genius who does things by inspiration and intuition, but it will probably be in a museum. So far the history of man seems to show that results are achieved by

work. When the Garden of Eden was closed, man was advised that his bread should be earned by the sweat of his brow; the garden is still closed, and the necessity for labor still exists. He who succeeds must prepare, study, train, and work patiently and persistently to acquire that skill and knowledge which spell power. There is no other road to power and wealth except the highway wet with sweat; that road the old hardy peasant Irish immigrant travelled, and that road his children must travel, or call the Jew and Italian master.

The Irish should not put all their hope in law and medicine; humanity takes neither with pleasure, and only under compulsion. Go into trade and industry. In the coming century one school of technology, and a good textile school in Fall River or Lowell will make more bread-winners than a half-dozen colleges; and one man who learns how to build a locomotive, will do more to advance his race than a hundred cooling their heels in a law office.

When these facts have been instilled into Irish heads, and without any accompanying salve; when we devote less time to race glorification, and more time to race rehabilitation; when we understand that races and individuals are measured by their performance and not by their promise, we will start in to grasp our share of the prizes of the coming age, and get them. The raw material of success lies in Irish blood and brawn. Dig it out. Put some of our energy now given to politics into business and industry. We will thus succeed in lifting the race up to the plane their native talents intended them to occupy. If we keep on ignoring the experience of the ages, and imagine that success comes to him who whistles, and not to him who works, we will fail and drop to the rear with the weak, inefficient, and unworthy—to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the races now coming in, who, having gained knowledge and wisdom, profit by them.

It remains for the Irish to say whether they will lead the Italian and Jew by virtue of work and accomplishment, or follow them through lack of these. The Irish themselves must say whether they will be masters or servants.

THE SACRED HEART.

AMADEUS, O.S.F.

The Sacred Heart that seeks us
With an ardor that is burning,
With a Love that e'er bespeaks us
Royal welcome and divine;
Let us go in doubt and sorrow;
Let our weary footsteps, turning,
Seek the Source from Which we borrow
All the joy that can refine!

Sacred Heart, Thy Love, unmeasured,
For our ransomed souls is biding,
And what rapture Thou hast treasured
For each one is yet unknown;
So we go with speed and gladness
To Thy open Side, and hiding
In Its depths, we know no sadness,
For our love has reached its Throne.

THE DEFEAT OF GLORIANA McGINNIS.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

"Andy," said Julia Reilly to her brother-in-law, Andrew McGinnis, as the christening party marched up the street, "Andy, don't raise a row before the priest, about the name."

Andy looked defiance and disgust, but maintained silence, a silence so ominous that the wily Julia was inspired to change the base of her appeal.

"Andy, dear," she asked, persuasively, "wasn't Nora always a good wife to you?"

"The divil a betther, Julia," he agreed heartily, thrown off his guard for a moment by a wave of tender feeling towards the mother of the pink and white bundle they were taking to the church.

"Sure then you wouldn't want to break her heart. An' she says to me comin' out, she says, 'If Andy won't let me call the darlin' Glorianna it'll break me heart.' An' she cried that hard! God forgive me!" she ejaculated to herself.

"She cried!" exclaimed Andy, repenting his bitter opposition. "Well, I never made her cry before, an' I won't do it now. You can give the middle name Glorianna—oh, but it's disgraceful! An' I'll give the first name Honora. But it's against me principles, Julia, an' I'll always call the child Nora. It was good enough for me own mother an' for her mother, an' it'll be good enough for me child. Ye can call her anything ye want, but I never will."

Further discussion was prevented by their arrival at the parochial house. It was well for Andy's principles that the slippery-tongued Julia did not have more time to work upon his softened mood. She might have persuaded him to repudiate the name of Honora altogether. He had accepted Glorianna, though with a feeling of guilt, and now as he sat in the office, waiting the coming of Father Doyle, his heart reproached him with a thousand reasons against sanctioning the assumption of such a name. The entrance of the priest at this critical moment drove from his mind all method of argumentation, and cast an indefinable fear upon him. What would he say to such a name? Ah, there he was asking the question.

"What name are you going to give her, Andy?"

"Yes, Father," Andy stammered, his heart beating wildly as he strove to defer the humiliating moment.

"What name? I asked," kindly ventured the amused priest, again.

"Oh, the name! Yes, Father, Honora, after me—father—mother—I mane."

The priest wrote it down. Julia gave the excited Andy a nudge. Sure enough he had forgotten the second name!

"That's the first name, Father. An' me wife wants a second one."

"Well, what is it?" asked the priest, looking up.

The look disconcerted Andy. His lips seemed to struggle with something, and then he blurted out "Honora Glorianna."

Father Doyle almost dropped his pen, and a faint smile showed upon his face—a smile that Andy felt was leveled at him for his folly in calling the child such an outlandish name.

"It isn't me, Father Doyle," he protested, in self-excuse. "It's them women. They would have it, an' pushed me to give it. I don't blame you if you rayfuse to take it."

Father Doyle continued to smile, but wrote down the name, though in his heart he agreed with common sense Andy.

So the child was baptized, and her fath-

er drew a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them. "I knew you'd make a fool of me," he said, bitterly. "To bring me before the priest an' cover me with confusion an' disgrace. But ye'll carry it no further. I'll never call the child anythin' but Nora, nor will the rest of ye, if I'm to be master in me own house."

And Andy kept his word heroically, as we shall see later on.

* * * * * *

Honora Glorianna grew as all youngsters grow. For little Norie, as he called her, Andy had planned a future of unalloyed bliss. He had already picked out the place in the parlor where, in the near future, the child would be drumming scales on a fine big square piano that he had in his mind's eye. With this end in view he had applied himself more than ever to his daily toil, for the advent of the first child had taught him the great lesson of providing for the future of the charge that he in his true child-like faith believed God had entrusted to him. More than ever was he a home man, delighting in the company of his wife and child and refraining from the crowd that was happiest over the bottle.

So it was that when Andy's Norie could look back on two sisters and as many brothers, all of them with names in no way approaching the style of Glorianna, her father's perseverance and shrewd ability had placed him in partnership with O'Malley, the contractor, and on the high road to prosperity. It was no surprise to Andy himself. He had promised it to himself and he had kept his promise. It was not the only promise he had kept, for as you passed by his still unpretentious house you might hear the sound of the piano at which the prodigy of a Norie was doing her best to try the patience of all the neighbors. But Norie was really a smart child, and her success in school, as in music, would have delighted the heart of a father less doting than Andy. It was the essence of happiness for him to sit on the piazza while Norie within wrestled with a popular song or two-step. When any one passed the house and looked toward it at the sound of the music Andy's bosom swelled with pride, as much as to say, "That's the daughter of Andy McGinnis." But Andy's adoration of Norie was not a little due to the fact that she was the child of his victory, after what was once his miserable defeat. There was never a mention now of Glorianna. For upwards of two years the women-folks had endeavored to use exclusively the name of their own choice, but Andy was not balked by their persistency. He was fully as persistent. He had set out to win the day for Nora as against Glorianna, and he would succeed in the effort or die. And he had succeeded. He had tried everything in his power to make the name ridiculous—in which effort he was nobly seconded by all the boys in the town. With the abundance of ridicule and the counter efforts of Andy in calling the little girl Norie whenever he had a chance, even at times unnecessarily, Glorianna soon lapsed from popularity and finally became a bit of ancient history, and when Honora Glorianna was conducted to school for the first time her name was entered on the books as plain Norie McGinnis, with not even an initial letter to mark the ruin of the glory that had been. So it continued during the child's preparatory studies, a name as unpretentious as the sweet-faced little girl who answered to it; and even when she entered the High School she was still Norie McGinnis, the girl that sang like a nightingale and played the piano like Paderewski. But at this very time began the evolution of Norie.

Everything that Andy had touched became on the instant gold. He had built a new house, one of the finest in the town,

and ten times better, he boasted, than the O'Brien mansion. This fact alone would have turned a more settled head than Andy's. But not so with him. He was still unpretentious Andy, respected on all sides for his honesty, and above all for his democratic manners despite his money. Mrs. Andy, however, was more prone to social aspirations, and felt in duty bound to preserve the honor of the noble family name by the assumption of airs quite at variance with her meagre education. Andy noticed this shortly after he had moved into his new palace. He had been contented where he was, but Mrs. Andy had nagged at him until in sheer desperation, and to have peace at home, he followed out her every desire in building an up-to-date mansion of which she was supremely proud and he supremely ashamed, except for the fact before stated, that it beat the residence of the O'Briens.

He did not feel at home there. It seemed to him to be beyond his element, even though he could afford it, and above all he feared the evil influence it might have in the education of his children, and its tendency to make them consider themselves of a superior mould and thus assume airs which, to Andy, were detestable in an extreme degree. The idol of his heart, Norie, he trusted would keep her simplicity in the new house, although he had his fears, seeing the added airs of his wife when she came into the place of her ambition.

"Don't be having the people laughin' at you," he said to her. "Sure everybody knows you were poor Nora Reilly when I married you, without a cent no more nor meself. Don't be givin' bad example to Norie and the childer. I'll not be bringin' them up Yankee dudes, nor sports. Now mind that Nora, an' quit your nonsense."

Nora was impatient at these obstacles to her social advancement. The point she aimed at was very high, so high that she almost became dizzy as she yearningly looked to it. If worse might come to worst she was not averse to being content with the social superiority of Newport though to tell the truth she did not shudder a bit at the possibility of being transplanted to foreign soil and in close proximity to the throne. The newspapers had done this. Mrs. Andy had read so much about the fads of the wealthy, their social ways and aspirations, that she had come to think that here alone was happiness, and here alone the great destination of the McGinnis family. To Norie she had confided her heart's desire, and though the more sensible daughter had smiled at the career marked out for her, she nevertheless was dreaming dreams hardly less startling than those of her fond mamma. It was not surprising then that when Mrs. Andy reached this stage of delirium, her thoughts should revert with such a pang of regret to the ill-fated day when she stopped calling her child by the glorious name of Glorianna. Why, she reproached herself, had she ever relinquished that name? How suitable it would be now when the McGinnisses had advanced to such a state of social superiority! Honora, Nora, Norie, none of these would look stylish in fine society. True, McGinnis was rather common and Irishy, but after a while she would remedy that. A little hyphen with the aid of her maiden name would make good style out of plainness and Reilly-McGinnis would be as aristocratic as any hyphenated combine in America. This scheme was also confided to winsome Norie, with the result that next day,—it was Norie's last year in the high school,—the subscription to one of Norie's letters was tremblingly autographed as Honora Glorianna. A week later with all the conviction accruing from mamma's persuasiveness Honora had dwindled down to a mere initial, and by

(Continued on page 634)

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR ITALIAN CATHOLICS IN NEW YORK.

BY PATRICK J. TANSEY.

Nearly every trans-Atlantic steamship that reaches New York brings scores of Italians, and almost every Italian immigrant to New York means an addition to the already large number of Italian Catholics in the city. There are now 500,000 of them, including, of course, those of Italian parentage born in America.

There are two distinctive Italian colonies in New York City. One is located between 97th and 116th streets, Second avenue and the East River; and the other below Bleecker street, having Mulberry street as its centre. The latter colony greatly outnumbers the former, but the one in the northern part of the city is known as Little Italy, presumably because it is the more compact and its boundaries the easier defined.

In every part of these colonies are firmly rooted Catholic churches. It may be said that the congregations are poor as to worldly possessions, but nothing is more striking to a close observer in New York than the fact that the Catholic church guards well its poor. Many of the Protestant churches have moved uptown to more fashionable sections, but St. Peter's, St. James', St. Patrick's Old Cathedral, and a score of other Catholic churches are still down town, and new ones are being built there.

Hundreds of thousands of Italians are housed in down town tenements because rents are cheap, and this is why so many churches have become places of worship almost solely for Italian Catholics. The Italians make good citizens, never become public charges, work hard, and are thrifty and saving. Their children go to school, learn readily, and soon pick up American ways and the English language. There are thirty thousand Italian children in the parochial schools of New York while a considerable number attend the public schools.

There are seventeen Italian churches and missions in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and several others in Brooklyn and Queen's. The most noted of these churches are St. Patrick's Old Cathedral at Mulberry and Prince streets, and the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, East 115th street. St. Patrick's is famed for its historical associations, and Our Lady of Mount Carmel is noted for

the annual feast on July 16, which is attended by thousands of Italians from all parts of the United States.

In the year 1801 the trustees of St. Peter's church, in Barclay street, then the only Roman Catholic organization in the city, purchased the grounds where St. Patrick's Old Cathedral now stands, for cemetery. Seven years later it was decided to build a cathedral there for the first bishop of New York, Rt. Rev. Luke R. Concannon, D.D., having been appointed to the place by the Pope. The Bishop was delayed in Europe—at that time the scene of Napoleon's wars—and before the opportunity to leave for America came, Bishop Concannon died. His successor was not named until 1815, when the honor fell to Rt. Rev. John Connolly, D.D.

Though the corner-stone of the church had been laid June 9th, 1809, the feast of the Ascension, the dedication did not take place until May 4, 1815, when Bishop Cheverus of Boston conducted the ceremonies, as Bishop Connolly did not reach New York until the following November.

PRIESTS OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL, NEW YORK.

In the order in which the pictures appear here are Fathers Joseph Antliff, Scipio Tofini, John Rohleder, John Dolan A. G. Gough, and Joseph Transerici. Father Rohleder was recently sent to another church. Fathers W. F. Gough and Romeo Martorelli have been added to the list.

The first priests of the church were Fathers Kohlmann and Fenwick, who had been sent from Baltimore by Bishop Carroll, a brother of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

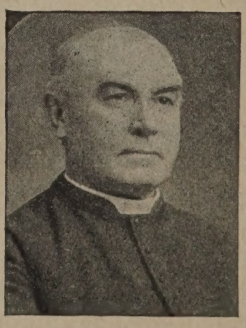
Father John F. Kearney, the present rector of St. Patrick's, has been with the church thirty-seven years, and has seen its congregation change from one made

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, NEW YORK.
This edifice is visited by thousands of Italians from all over the country on each annual feast day.

up wholly of Irish or those of Irish parentage, to one composed almost entirely of Italians. The Irish, he says, became more prosperous and scattered to more desirable parts of the city.

Shortly before Father Kearney entered on his duties as assistant rector of St. Patrick's, 1866, the church had been nearly destroyed by fire. Only the walls stood firm. They are to be seen today as they were when first erected nearly one hundred years ago. The roof and interior have been rebuilt on more modern methods. The parish congregation now numbers 20,000 Italians, including those who worship at the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Elizabeth street, and at the Church of The Most Precious Blood, Baxter street. Of two thousand three hundred children registered at the parish school, all but four hundred are Italians. On May 18 of this year, there were confirmed two hundred and sixty-seven children, and only twenty-nine of these were other than of Italian birth. There are five priests attached to St. Patrick's: Fathers Kearney, O'Brien, Tracy, Epifanio and De Vivo. The Church of the Most Precious Blood has four priests, Father Bernadine, rector; and Our Lady of Loretto has the same number, with Father Romano in charge.

What St. Patrick's Old Cathedral is to the Italians in the lower part of the city, the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is to those of Little Italy. When feast day is celebrated every July 16, the whole colony is gaily decorated, and tens of thousands flock to this church. Already preparations are being made for this year's celebration, and a concession to crown the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel has been



REV. JOHN F. KEARNEY,
RECTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S OLD CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK.

Father Kearney was born within half a dozen blocks of the church where he now labors. He is sixty-four years old. In 1861 and 1862 he attended Mt. St. Mary's College in Maryland.

made by Rome. This ceremony will not take place, however, until some time in May of next year.

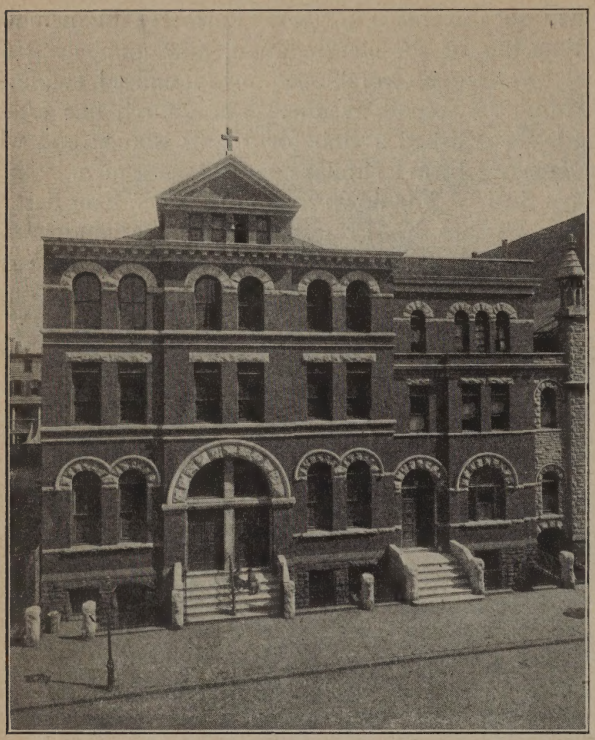
The Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was established by the Pious Society of Missions, which was founded by the Venerable Vincent Pallotti. This Society has established similar missions all over the world. The rector of the church is Father John Dolan. He has six assistants: Fathers Joseph Antliff, Scipio Tofini, A. G. Gough, Joseph Transerici, W. F. Gough and Romeo Martorelli. There is a flourishing school next door to the church. The congregation numbers 20,000.

In the lower part of Little Italy on East 104th street, is St. Lucy's Church, of which Father Cronin is the rector. His assistants are Fathers Rampini and Patrick J. Leonard. The building was consecrated in 1901. Formerly the members of the congregation, now numbering 8,000, worshipped in an unused stable in Second avenue. The church has established a club for young women and will form a similar one for young men.

Far down town, in a place long deserted by Protestant denominations, is St. Joachim's, on Roosevelt street, with Father Oreste Alussi and three curates to care for the 20,000 Italians that form the congregation of this church, in the very poorest section of the city.

THE FIVE POINTS, SHOWING TRANSFIGURATION CHURCH.

The Church of St. Anthony of Padua in Sullivan street ministers to the needs of 25,000 Italians, with Father Ubaldus as their pastor; and on Bleecker street is the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii, which has an almost equally large congregation, under the guidance of Father Demo and his two assistants.



PARISH SCHOOL OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.
Building in which hundreds of children in "Little Italy," New York, receive their daily instruction.

In the Bronx Borough, Italian laborers who work on the city reservoir form the greater part of the congregation of the Church of St. Philip Neri, a class also numerously represented in St. Roch's Church, and the Church of St. Rita of Cascia, Van Courtlandt avenue. Father Farina is rector of St. Rita's.

An Italian mission with an attendance of 7,000, is conducted by the Church of The Transfiguration, Mott street, and St. Bridgid's, on avenue B has attached to it a mission for Italians, under the direction of Father Capo. Father Mooney, who became famous during the Civil War as chaplain of the 69th Regiment, New York Volunteers, was once rector of St. Brigid's.

The Church of The Epiphany, Second avenue, has a special service in the basement every Sunday for the accommodation of Italian members; and in the school building connected with the Church of The Immaculate Conception, East 14th street, Italian Catholic assemble to hear Mass, Father Catoggio officiating.

That the Italians in America have not lost their love for and loyalty to the church has been repeatedly proven by their public manifestations of devotion. In the parish of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 3, there was a notable celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Holy Father to the Pontificate. President street was picturesque in its decorations of Papal colors and flags of all nations. Nearly five thousand oil lamps illuminated the street in which the church is located. The Papal arms, together with a large portrait of Leo XIII., were surrounded by myriads of electric lights on the facade of the church. A solemn high Mass was sung at 11 A. M. The evening service consisted of solemn vespers, the "Te Deum," in thanksgiving for the long and glorious life of the Sovereign Pontiff, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rev. Francesco Castellano and Dr. Walsh spoke on the principal events in the life of Leo XIII. Father Castellano was one of the most famous preachers in Italy, and for a number of years was a professor of rhetoric. His fame as a preacher of great power and eloquence always attracts a large audience.

Of the 500,000 Italian Catholics in New York, Father Kearney, of St. Patrick's

CORNER OF MOTT AND PELL STREETS.

Old Cathedral, who is well qualified to speak on such matters, estimates that fifty per cent attend Mass at least once a year. The Church collections are not large, he says, but his parish is wealthy and does not need financial aid as badly as some of the others. Father Cronin of St. Lucy's thinks that the failure of Italians to give as freely to church work as other nationalities is due to the fact that they are not used to making large contributions in Italy, where the churches are old and well established. The younger generation is the more liberal in this matter.

Father Kearney says that the general condition of the Italians of his parish is fifty per cent better today than it was ten years ago. He sees a bright future for Italian Catholics in New York.

This review, brief as it is, shows that much has been done by the Church in New York for its Italian members, and the ever-growing activity among clergy and laity promises an even greater measure of achievement. Archbishop Farley has entered vigorously into the consideration of ways and means to safeguard the Italian

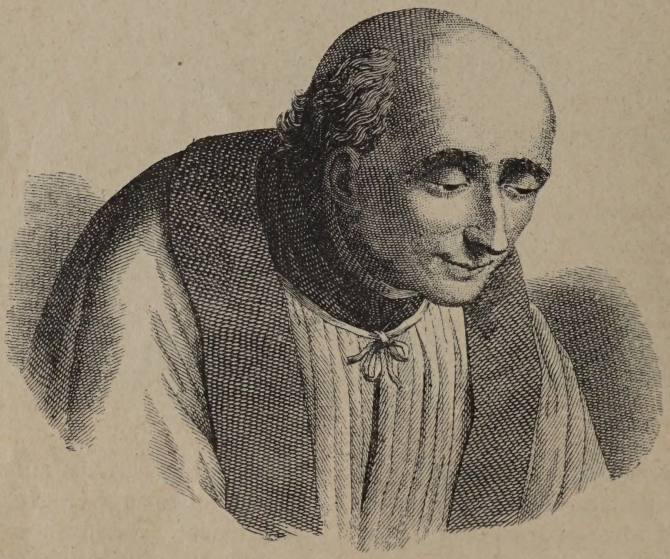
AN ITALIAN NEWSBOY.

element, and such action as that taken by the Xavier Alumni Sodality of St. Francis' Church, New York, recently, at the close of their annual retreat is an earnest that lay American Catholics are fully alive to their responsibility to their foreign-born brothers in the Faith.

The retreat was attended by many of the most prominent Catholic gentlemen in the city, including many members of the Catholic Club and other Catholic organizations. The attendance every night was over 1,500, and the sight of so many men listening with rapt attention to the brilliant and instructive remarks of the preacher was an edifying one. Among the most prominent men present were Justices O'Gorman, Giegerich, Amend, Delahunty and Roesch; Hugh J. Grant, John D. Crimmins, John J. Delaney, Thomas Feitner, James J. Phelan, Thomas F. Woodlock, Richard S. Treacy and Hugh Kelly.

The retreat closed on Sunday morning, when over 1,500 men received Holy Communion at the 7 o'clock Mass. It was said to be the largest number of men that have ever received the sacrament at one Mass in New York.

After the Mass the Alumni Sodality, numbering about three hundred, assembled in the college dining-rooms as the guests of the rector, the Rev. David A. Hearn, S. J., who is also director of the Sodality. A breakfast was served, after which a number of short addresses were



THE VENERABLE VINCENT PALLOTTI.

Founder of the Pious Society of Missions which established the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in New York and other missions throughout the world.

made. The speakers were the Rev. David A. Hearn, S.J.; the Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J., who conducted the retreat; Justices Morgan J. O'Brien and Leonard A. Giegerich, Mr. John J. Delaney, Mr. Stephen Farrelly and Mr. Alfred J. Talley. The subject of all the addresses was the manner of reaching Catholics who are drifting or who have drifted away from the church, especially those of Italian birth. It was the opinion of most of the speakers that the most practical way of stopping the leakage was by reaching the children, by means of boys' clubs. The Xavier Alumni Sodality has already established five successful clubs for boys, four in Manhattan and one in Brooklyn, and it is probable that this work will be continued on a more elaborate scale.

That there is need of constant effort and unremitting vigilance may not be denied when we consider the resources of the Protestant missionary bands and organizations and their admirably systematized scheme of making "converts" among the poor and ignorant. No small part of their success is due to the generous offering of alluring participation in worldly pleasures and prosperity in exchange for the Faith of the aliens. They have outposts everywhere in the shape of clubs, mothers' meetings, classes for the study of everything from the Bible to basket-weaving, free entertainments, fresh air outings, and many other devices that their experience has taught them to employ in their work of proselytizing. The stranger in a strange land is sadly in need of advice, encouragement, assistance in practical ways to find his bearings, to adjust himself to the conditions of his new home, and when the Catholic laity assist their clergy to the same extent in meeting this need that their Protestant neighbors show themselves willing and ready to do in the interests of the various sects they represent, leakage from the Church will be materially lessened.

MULBERRY BEND AND MULBERRY BEND PARK.

THE LITTLE WORKERS

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Why don't you believe in it then?" he asked.

Ralph turned his eyes upward and smiled with something of the mischievousness of his boyhood.

"Why? because I don't believe much in anything. I haven't the energy. Didn't you tell me yourself that your creed was vague?"

"That was not exactly what I meant to say," explained Walford. "I said it was difficult to inculcate some abstract truth without some sort of material, objective teaching. I know that when I was a boy there was a fiery picture of hell hanging in my father's library that gave me a more real idea of eternal suffering than any number of sermons could have done, though the picture itself must have been an atrocious work of art."

"Then you would restrain your flock through fear?"

"That was only an example," said Walford, simple in his earnestness. "Love is as strong a factor as fear; there are few people who can stand altogether unmoved before a life-like crucifix."

"You may be right. I don't know. Somehow when my mind confronts the awful mystery of life I get crazed. I know I'm talking in a weak fashion, but I'm tired. Suppose you go find out about Tommy. You see I don't mind putting you out of the room. I didn't get much sleep last night. I've been suffering like the deuce lately. Come tomorrow, can't you? You don't know how I miss you when you don't look in on me. You deserted me before you left town. I suppose you were too busy."

"No, I don't mind being put out," said Walford, good-humoredly, as he picked up his hat. "I'm used to it you know. I was busy before I left town, but I believe, now, it was a case of mistaken necessity."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DARK VALLEY.

For many days Tommy's small soul hovered hesitatingly between his compact little body and unlimited space. And while his fever burned, his active mind traveled far in wild delirium. Hungry-eyed giants, with seven league boots and weapons of forest trees, were pursuing him down precipitous heights. Sometimes the giant changed suddenly into a painted Indian with a lasso and a tomahawk, sometimes he was carried far above the earth in a balloon, almost to the stars, and then he was pitched out, head foremost, by a fierce-looking man with a bunchy beard—everyone had beards—he was getting one himself, only it was on the inside of his neck and it was choking him. Sometimes he was in a sinking boat and there were grinning people on the river's bank, but they would not see that the boat was going down—down. They would not look, they did not seem to know that the water was right in front of them. And in the midst of these torturing dangers he would shriek aloud for Walford to come to his assistance and, at such times, nothing but the presence of his tall friend would calm him.

Cuddled in the minister's arms he would fall asleep assured of his safety by the height and strength of his protector. More than once Walford, looking up from the pinched face of the sleeping boy, met Frances' eyes fixed intently upon

him. It was an expression of gratitude, he told himself, but nevertheless he could not help feeling that their united struggle for a loved one's life was bringing them closer and closer together.

They met daily in the sick room; they shared their long nightly vigils; one in one invalid's room, one in the other; for Ralph was nervous and wakeful and when he realized that the attention he should have received was being diverted he grew even more exacting. In the daytime he was reasonable enough, but at night his suffering made him fretful. Jennings tried sitting up with him one night, but at three o'clock in the morning they engaged in such a heated argument that Jennings, in a state of irritability, left the house before sunrise. After he arrived home, and his temper was mollified by a cold bath and a hot breakfast, he felt very much ashamed of himself and hastened to the Somers' to apologize. Ralph, smiling wanly, accepted his explanation, but it was plain that the invalid was so much the worse for last night's encounter that he hesitated about offering his services again, and Ralph did not ask for them. Kate proved more useful. She knew nothing about nursing the sick she admitted candidly, but she undertook to look after the domestic arrangements of the house. The marketing was done in a haphazard fashion and the Somers' pantry oscillated between miserly meagerness and plenteous luxury. The bills increased in size ten per cent, but Kate paid the deficit out of her own pocket and, since no one in the house seemed to care for food, the frugal days passed unnoticed. The doctor came as often and stayed as long as his other patients would permit. He tried to be cheerful, but his little blue eyes, under his shaggy brows, refused to twinkle. It was plain that he was troubled, and one day he suggested that he call in a consulting physician.

Frances turned white when he made this proposition, and her lips shut tight in a pitiful effort to be calm.

"Is it so very serious then?" she asked, and her voice was so faint that he had to bend his head to listen.

"No," said the doctor, and he pulled meditatively the point of his iron gray beard, "but Tommy is so dear to us all I thought, perhaps, you might like to have a dispassionate—shall we say dispassionate view of him?"

"I—I have every confidence in you," she said, but her eyes looked like those of a terrorized child who feels that the strength of its dependence is weakening.

"You are very kind," he said gratefully, "but if anything should happen—you would not feel the same way—"

"If anything happened?"

"I mean if there were any further complications."

"Of course," she said with a nervous little laugh, passing her hand over her head as if she would force herself out of her bewilderment. "I—I seem to be half dazed. You were saying, there might be complications?"

The doctor regarded her compassionately.

"Don't sit up with Tommy tonight," he commanded. "You can't stand it. Walford will take your place. We ought to have had a trained nurse—I ought to have insisted on a nurse.

"But we could not afford it," she said hopelessly, as if she had reiterated the fact so often before. "You know, Doctor, it was an impossibility. You were saying that you might call in another physician. Do you think that Tommy is worse?"

"No, he is doing as well as can be expected, but—I thought you might be bet-

ter satisfied to have someone else. I'll be candid with you now that I have spoken." The doctor was obviously a trifle confused, a frown wedged its way between his heavy brows. He was determined to be mercilessly introspective. "I thought if Tommy grew worse you might hold me responsible," he said slowly. "I think my proposition was merely a pretence. I felt I would like to shift the responsibility on the other man's shoulders. It was a very unprofessional reason for calling a consultation I admit, and I am sure I never was guilty of such cowardice before, but now that I have confessed I hope you will grant me absolution."

"You have that," she said, and she tried to smile.

"Because I cannot forgive myself for having frightened you. You have been so calm these last few days that—but it was careless and cowardly of me—both careless and cowardly."

"Oh, no," she contradicted him, "nothing seems cowardly when those we love are suffering."

He looked at her in a strange way as if she did not yet grasp his meaning and then he quickly left the room.

Two nights later Tommy's fever reached a crisis. The doctor had told Frances, when he made his evening visit, that there would be a change for the better or worse before morning and then, with the faithfulness of an old tried friend, he opened his well-worn medicine chest and stationed himself by the bedside, a wary old sentinel challenging the pass-word of death. Kate came, to be near Frances, and Walford remained with Ralph, doing all in his power to cheer the tediousness of the long hours, for the doctor had given orders that Ralph must not know of Tommy's critical condition.

The night dragged its way through its length of stars. The cracked bell in the little church tower tolled slothfully the hours. Ralph was wakeful and irritable, all subjects of conversation seemed to fail and, yet, at every silence he demanded to know why Walford did not talk to him. At last Walford, nervous from anxiety and despairing of his powers of entertainment, picked up a light novel that was lying on the table near by and began to read in his full rich voice. It was a romantic story of battle and blood-shed, the sufferings of the adventurous hero were farcical, the heroine proportionately emotional, but the book interested and distracted Ralph and once or twice he stopped Walford to ask his opinion of certain daringly-depicted scenes. Walford looked dazed at the questions and mumbled something almost unintelligible; his mind was far from the book. He was waiting, hoping, dreading a message from Tommy's bedside.

At two o'clock the doctor appeared, tip-toeing cautiously down the hall, his face radiating inexpressible joy.

"Thank God, Tommy is passing out of danger," he said. "You awake Ralph? Tut—tut this will never do. I'll give you something—Tommy is sound asleep. Sleep is what you all need. Stretch out on that couch, Mr. Walford, you look like a sick man yourself. I'll send the ladies to bed. Here, Ralph, drink this—" and the doctor busied himself with his omnipresent medicine chest as if ashamed of his first display of emotion.

And while the doctor ministered to Ralph, Walford obediently lay down upon the couch, silenced, as he always was, by deep-felt happiness. After the hours of suspense, spent in apparent unconcern, while he strained his ears for the faintest sound from the sick room, he

realized he was exhausted, and remembering his many sleepless nights, now that there was no further need for his vigilance, an unconquerable drowsiness overcame him and he closed his heavy eyelids just for a moment, he told himself—just for a moment.

When he awoke the red gold light of the morning was shining through the slats of the shutters and the night lamp burned a sickly yellow. He started sleepily to his feet, like a watchman caught in the neglect of duty.

The room was unbearably close and warm. He saw that Ralph was resting quietly, so putting out the lamp he opened the door and went into the wide hallway for a breath of fresh air. At the head of the steps there was a cushioned seat built in the deep recess of the diamond paned window. He opened the wide casement and inhaled the cool morning air delightedly. A sense of his own physical strength and the joy of new liberty seemed to shut out all other thoughts and emotions. The budding earth was beautiful and pregnant with the promise of spring. It was good to be alive to witness this perennial mystery. All past doubts and torturing anxieties were forgotten. He never remembered experiencing a mood of such gladness before. The world seemed to open its flowery ways to him, the birds were chanting music of cheer, the golden haze, rising from the river, cast a magic glamor over the old garden and shut out the ugly little town from his view. And then, as if to complete his strange exultant happiness, Frances came smiling up the time-stained stairway carrying a tray holding a cup of fragrant coffee.

"So we are all waking up at last," she said, and she rested upon the cushioned seat and put the tray upon the broad window sill. "You must drink this coffee, Mr. Walford. It was intended for Kate, but I found her sleeping so soundly I had not the heart to wake her, though it is nearly breakfast time. Did you get no rest last night?"

"I have been asleep for hours," he said, half-dreamily taking the coffee from her hands. "And you?"

"Oh, I could not, I was too happy. I stayed with Tommy until a few moments ago. I believe that this is the happiest morning of my life."

She spoke with the enthusiasm and gaiety of her girlhood, her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed; she stretched one hand out of the window and broke off a spray of ivy which grew close to the casement, and twining it in the white lace fischu she wore she said:

"Tommy will like to see it. I believe the boy loves all living things. I used to feel as he does and this same vine was a constant delight to me. It looked so dark on summer evenings and the leaves felt so cold that I used to fancy it was a hiding place for ghosts. Sometimes I think how happy we should be if we could live always only in our illusions."

"Most of us do," he said.

She seemed poised for flight and he was wondering how he could detain her. He felt that he must speak to her now—now while they were shut in alone by the luminous mist of the morning. He had waited so long. Their spoken love would idealize this day of their joint happiness. He could not wait. She must know now—now—of the wonderful truth which had eluded him so long.

"No, no, we cannot—we dare not," she was saying, and the words seemed half an answer to his thoughts.

"Why do we not dare?" he asked.

"Because—because the awakening would be too terrible."

His eyes were bent tenderly upon her, but she did not see.

"But the awakening may not be," he persisted. "We would find it hard to live always with unrealities."

"I don't know," she said meditatively. "My happiness this morning is very real and I feel so grateful to you—you have been so kind—I don't know how to express my gratitude."

"Gratitude," he repeated. "I wish you wouldn't feel that."

"But we can't help what we feel." She smiled up at him.

"No, I suppose not," he said gravely, and his old, inherited habit of self-restraint calmed his voice. "Our emotions are not a matter of free will—God knows I have struggled—" He paused and she turned to him questioningly. He so seldom spoke of himself.

"How do you know that you have failed?"

He rested on his elbow on the window sill and leaned nearer to her.

"Because of what I am going to do now," he said with passionate determination. "I know it is not the time or place. I have not words like other men—I speak bluntly, as I have always spoken—I want to ask you to be my wife—"

She shrank away and looked at him with hopeful, disbelieving eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "You do not mean that! You can not mean that."

A bright spot burned on both his cheeks.

"I mean it, every word," he said, and in the tones of his voice there were depths of inexpressible feeling, "for I love you. I believe I have always loved you and now that you need me—now, that Tommy needs me, will you not think of me as something more than I have been? Let me but try to make you forget the darkness of the years that have gone before? Let me but try, Frances? Let me but try?"

He clasped the small frail hand, but she drew it quickly away from him, and rising to her feet she stood facing the golden morning light. Her attitude was that of dignified womanhood, but her eyes were those of a supplicating child.

"You—you did not mean to hurt me I am sure," she said. "You have only forgotten—I am sure you have forgotten that I am a married woman."

"You are a free woman now." He repeated the words mechanically as if he had said them over and over again to himself.

She contemplated him for a moment in silence.

"You mean that Paul is dead?"

For a moment a fierce temptation assailed him.

"And if he were? Would you listen?"

Her lithe body seemed to sway towards him. He started forward, then came to a standstill, stopped by a commanding gesture from her.

"I cannot tell you that," he said. "Don't answer me. I should not have asked you that. I know nothing of your husband except—that he has married again."

"Yes, I knew." Her hand passed over her forehead with that old, bewildered gesture. "I—I must go to Tommy," she said."

He took a step forward and barred her way to the door.

"Be patient with me for a moment," he entreated, "and tell me—I think I have gained the right to ask by suffering—tell me why you refuse to listen to me now?"

"I cannot—Oh, I cannot!" she said. "I am a wife—Paul Hampden's wife."

"But the courts have made you free."

"The courts!" She gave a pitiful little

laugh. "The courts have no jurisdiction over our souls."

"You are thinking of your Church?" His voice had grown lower.

"I feel the strength of her teaching."

"But your own reason,—your individual conscience?"

"She is my guide."

His tone was growing desperate.

"But it need not be. You can think, you can act for yourself if only—"

"It is more to me than my life," she said simply. "I wish you could understand, and I wish—oh, I wish you had not spoken." She came nearer the doorway, and instinctively he moved aside, without a remonstrance, and let her pass through.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Walford left the house and walked down the vacant street, his mind singularly resting on the trifles which marked his path. A lamp-post on the corner needed repairing, some boy had thrown a stone through the rough glass shade and, as Walford's feet crunched the fragments of glass which were scattered on the pavement, he found himself wondering if he could make so clean a cut with a stone. He half-fancied he would like to try. A lame dog next claimed his attention and moved by sudden sympathy he stooped to pat its hairy head, the yellow mongrel growling fiercely, sceptical as to kindness, but soon convinced that no indignity would be offered, turned and followed the young minister, in a spirit of meek gratitude. On the other side of the hedge, which outlined the Valkirks' well-kept garden, numbers of sparrows were fluttering and fighting about some crumbs that lay in the sodden grass. Walford stood for several moments watching them, and asked himself why he had never before taken an interest in birds. In their soft downy little bodies lurked the great mystery of life, their folded wings held the secret of a wonderful mechanism, the brightness of their eyes was borrowed from far-flown sunlit worlds, every movement was grace, even when they rumpled their feathers until they looked like furry balls rolling in the gravel of the roadway. Why had he so often heedlessly passed them by? He had been too busy, he told himself, but now he had years before him —years—interminable years.

He reached home a little after eight o'clock, and going into his study he shut and locked the door and sank down into his favorite chair by the window. He seemed incapable of further thought or feeling; he was conscious only of a physical and mental weariness—a death-like weariness and a desire to sleep—to sleep forever.

The sun blazed into the rectory garden and lured some daring jonquils out of their earthy wraps. The little town bestirred itself and began its daily struggle for its petty needs. Milk wagons and furniture drays rattled over the cobble stones in springless succession, but these busy noises failed to rouse the minister.

Kate, at last, came to the study door and shook it with frightened vehemence.

"Charles!" she cried. "Charles, do you know it is nearly six o'clock? You have been asleep all day. It's supper time—wake up—I would have been worried about you if you had not had any sleep for a week. Open the door. Are you ill?"

Walford rubbed his eyes and stared about the familiar room in bewilderment; then, rising reluctantly, he walked like a man in a trance to the door and turned the key.

"I—I don't think I have been asleep," he said.

Kate laughed at this announcement.

"Then how do you account for the fact that I heard you snoring, through the key-hole?"

He looked at her with dulled unseeing eyes. His memory of the morning returned to him.

"Strange that I could sleep," he said.

"Why strange? You have had no rest for a week. I despaired of being able to wake you until your sleeping week was over. Come to supper now, the tea is getting cold," and putting her arm through his, she led him into the dining room.

His sense of bewilderment had not passed, and he found a certain relief in obedience. Kate was talking, but he found it difficult to follow her. The feeling that he had lost a day added to the strangeness of this awakening. The glory of the sun had passed and the greyness of the twilight was upon him. He tasted the food spread before him mechanically, then pushing aside his cup he said: "I don't believe I am very hungry tonight."

"And you have eaten nothing all day," began Kate in a grieved tone. "It's my housekeeping—the bread is as heavy as lead and the meat is over-done. I'm not a success, domestically."

Walford smiled wanly.

"I think I might suggest a new cook when we move," he said.

"But I thought you didn't want to move. I thought you said you wanted to stay right here. Why, I told Dick Jennings I never would consent if I were not anxious to get out of this fearfully dull town."

"Consent?" he repeated questioningly.

Kate left her place at the head of the table and took a chair by her brother's side.

"Why, you know, Charles," she began, smoothing one of his hands affectionately, "Dick has worried me so. You see I really did not know I cared for him until I heard he was in financial difficulties—"

Walford was conscious of making an effort to listen. "Yes, I believe he told me he was in some difficulty, but not a serious one."

"Well, not so very serious," continued Kate. "But I know that the little money I have would help him just now, and so when I began to think I could help him why, then, I knew I cared—"

"But I don't exactly see—"

"Because you are a stupid man," she interrupted him. "A woman likes to give something, you understand that much? I know it's a curious instinct and ought not to be encouraged, but they like to feel that they are worth getting. Now I'm not clever. Don't contradict me, for I'm serious and I mean to go on. You know I'm not clever and I haven't any claims to good looks. How could anyone be handsome with a nose like mine? I don't know how to do plain sewing, I abominate fancy work, I hate housekeeping, and if we were left without a cook we would have to live on canned goods or starve to death. As soon as I heard some of Dick's property was in danger I knew I would take Dick Jennings the next time he asked me."

"But Kate," said her brother, roused at last from his lethargy, "I never know whether you are serious or not. Surely your love for a man cannot be governed by what you have to give?"

"Mine is."

"And you mean to say that you did not care for Jennings until you were sure you could help him?"

"Well, not exactly that," she hesitated. "I suppose I liked him all the time, but he had so much—brains and money—and so I did not let myself think about it."

He regarded her curiously.

"How could you help thinking you cared?"

"Why by thinking of something else."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, anything, sewing circles, clothes, I read novels—all the heroes in them were handsome. Now I think Dick is positively ugly at times, and so the handsome heroes rather disillusioned me for a time, until I began to consider that a handsome husband would accentuate my own homeliness and then I decided I did not want one."

"Did you tell Dick that?"

"Oh, dear no, I don't belong to the clinging class of women who give a man their full confidence and then regret it. You can't finish your tea? You won't eat anything more? Are you ill? Do—do you mind my being married?"

He put his arm around her and turned her face to the light.

"I'll think about it," he said, and rising abruptly he left her to finish her supper alone.

She looked after him wondering a little, for he had never treated her with such scant courtesy before, but she wisely refrained from questioning him. She was getting used to his abstracted moods and they did not trouble her as they had done at first. The plans for her own wedding absorbed her thoughts, but she was not altogether unmindful of her brother, for after she had finished her tea she went to the study door and stopped long enough to say: "I promised Frances to sit with Tommy this evening while she went to church. There's a mission or something of the sort going on at St. Anne's. I may not be back until late."

Walford was sitting at his desk with a book in his hands. The long casements in the room were open and from the garden came the elusive scent of arbutus.

"Going to church? At what time?" and the book fell, unheeded, open on his knees.

"Half-past seven I believe. I have hardly time to get there. What makes you look so sad, Charles? Were you thinking of me?"

"Indirectly this time," and he tried to smile.

She laughed happily.

"Well, I prefer indirectness," and going into the room she kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good-night; Dick will call for me, so don't worry—good-night."

"I won't," he told her, and then his eyes followed her tenderly as she stepped through the long casement, which opened to the ground, and walked down the gravel path to the gate way. After she had passed out of sight he went to the window and stood for a long time leaning against the frame-work looking out. In the western sky there was a faint blur of daylight left as a promise of a returning sun; the stars began to flicker feebly in the dark grey of the clouds as he lingered, and through the hush of the evening sounded the distant noise of the flowing river. Walford's mood had changed. He no longer felt the inertness of languor. He began to torture himself with questions.

Why had he left Frances so soon? Why had he let her pass him by when he barred the way to the door? She was so near—she would have listened to his entreaties—and he had let her go from him without a word. He had spoken so calmly, coldly, when his heart was on fire. He had not used an argument, when he might have used all the strength of his speech. He recalled the pitiful frailty of her form when she had swayed toward him. She loved him, she had almost con-

fessed it. Why had he not made her go on to the conclusion of that confession? Now he would always be in doubt.

A wild desire to see her again—at once—overwhelmed his saner judgment. He would meet her on the way from church. He would use all his power to make her listen to his passionate pleading. Tommy was his friend—Tommy needed him. Would not her mother-heart respond to that? If she loved him, what stood in the way of their happiness? His church was tolerant, the Bishop did not actually condemn divorce. But her Church—her Church—he would wrest her from it by the strength of his love. He was a free agent responsible to his own conscience only. Her Church must not step between. He would not be ruled by it.

He lit a match and looked at the clock on the mantel. The hour hand pointed to eight. He put on his hat, and, pulling the rim over his eyes, hurried along the narrow streets to the doorway of St. Anne's. He had passed by the pillared porch often, but he had never ventured up the steps before. He felt a trifle tremulous as he pushed open the heavy door and entered. A strange sense of the seemingly limitless power of Rome possessed him. He was wondering how far he was capable of grappling with its mysterious force. She had said that her faith was more than her life. More than her life—the words re-echoed hopelessly in his ears. Was his love pure and unselfish if it led him to seek satisfaction at the cost of what she held more precious than life? For a moment he stood hesitating, just within the vestibule, blinded by the sudden flood of light and by the strange sight that met his view.

A long procession of surpliced acolytes, bearing burning candles and followed by a young priest, was coming directly towards him; from the choir sounded the deep wailing notes of an organ and male voices chanting a dirge-like psalm. The procession halted in front of a picture of the crucifixion. The voices in the choir were silenced. The young priest began: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and praise Thee," and then from the people in the pews came the response: "Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

Then the priest read aloud the meditation: "Behold Jesus crucified! Behold his wounds received for love of you! His whole appearance betokens love. His arms are extended to embrace you; His heart is open to receive you. O superabundance of love! Jesus, the Son of God, dies upon the cross, that man may live, and be delivered from everlasting death."

An old woman in the back of the church was crying softly; the heads of the people were bent in reverent prayer. Walford had heard of this devotion, known as "The Way of the Cross," but he had never seen it practised before. He looked, with aroused interest, at the other pictures on the walls, and then he began to realize how this old unlettered woman, kneeling so close to him, had followed Christ on His journey. Through the hot dusty streets of Jerusalem from the steps of Pilate's palace, surrounded by the swarthy jeering Jews, she had seen Him lift the rough wooden cross upon His mangled shoulders, and fall three times beneath its cumbrous weight; she had stood by His mourning mother, and knowing a suffering mother's love she had longed to comfort her; she had seen Him weakly wipe away the blood stains from His face with a cloth which a courageous woman had timidly offered; she had heard Him compassionate the Daughters of Jerusalem when, in their

pity, they wept over Him as He passed. She had seen Him thrown mercilessly on the cross, His white arms extended; while the strokes of the clumsy hammer on the spikes that held His hands sounded cruelly distinct in her ears. She was crying now, without shame, for the love of this personal agonized God.

Walford watched her wonderingly. Her thin shawl was ragged, her folded hands were reddened by hard labor, and the lines in her face showed long experience with pain, but her gentle eyes were lifted, not in supplication but in love. As he looked at her the undeniable power of her religion was borne in upon him—a religion that taught the efficacy of pain, the happiness of self-repression, self-denial, the triumph of poverty, the glory of asceticism. He realized, as he had never done before, how such a religion would attract a woman like Frances if she was once convinced of its truth. He tried to distinguish her in the crowd and at last he saw her kneeling in the front pew before the high marble altar, which reflected in its blue-veined surface the yellow flames of the candles that burned upon its steps. He sighed as he thought of his own ineffectual efforts to introduce some of the poetry of mysticism into his own formal worship, to substitute a religion of love—of feeling, in the place of a mechanical service. And tonight confronted by the love of one poor woman, in a strange devotion, he felt pitifully humbled. How he could contend against a creed that founded faith like hers?

He had been so lost in thought that he did not notice that the devotions had ended, the procession had disappeared within the sacristy, and the congregation had begun to leave the church. He saw, with dismay and disappointment, that Doctor Aberly had joined Frances and they were coming down the aisle together.

Not wishing to be seen by them in the church, since a private interview was denied him, he looked around for a way to escape their observation. He saw that he was standing close to a confessional and lifting the worn red curtain he stepped inside and waited for them to pass on. As he stood in the small confined place a panel in the partition was drawn aside and the vague outline of a profile became visible through a wire network.

"Kneel down my son," said a gentle voice.

The strange and unexpected appearance of a living face was such a surprise to Walford that his mind was too confused to reason clearly; he felt that, unwittingly, he had fallen into a sacred place, and silently and wonderingly he obeyed, for the voice seemed to demand reverence.

"You went to confession last?" the voice was questioning. It seemed to plead for truth, for directness.

Walford was recovering from his astonishment.

"I should not have intruded. I did not know there was anyone here."

"Is it not our place?" continued the voice. "Can I not help you?" A faint breeze fluttered the heavy curtain and let in a ray of light. Walford saw that the face behind the grating was that of an old man.

"I must explain," he said hurriedly, with his characteristic candor. "I had no intention of intruding upon you. I have not come to confess to you. I merely stepped in here to escape notice, some friends of mine were coming down the aisle and I did not wish to be seen by them in this church, for I am a minister of another creed. But since I have ven-

tured so far"—he hesitated for a moment, then went on with sudden resolution, encouraged by the silence, "I should like to explain a situation to you—I should like to get the Catholic view-point, which I think I don't quite understand."

Frances' words kept repeating themselves with maddening monotony—"More precious than my life. I wish you could understand," and they impelled him to speak, to try to understand this force that lent her strength.

"I would be glad to help you." The voice of the priest was full of sympathetic encouragement.

"If I might speak to you in perfect confidence?" Walford continued. "Without reserve?"

The kind face was turned toward him. "You need not hesitate."

"As I told you, I am not a Catholic," Walford began again, and then he paused. Throughout, the priest showed no surprise. He leaned one elbow on the shelf below the grating, with his head resting on his hand in a listening attitude. Walford, in spite of himself, felt that he could state his case before a judge, unprejudiced, impersonal, spiritual, and he went on. "Though I am a minister of another denomination, I have for many years believed in the celibacy of the clergy, for through it their life is more unrestricted, and their power for good far wider. I had intended taking the vow myself, but a year ago I met a woman who was a revelation to me, and without whom I realized that my life must ever remain incomplete and my work without its highest inspiration." He paused for a moment, and then tried to go on again, but found himself disconcerted. The face before him still rested quietly in the position it had taken at the beginning; it had not moved, and there was no evidence of either surprise, sympathy, or displeasure. Then it came over him that the struggle he had had with himself sounded commonplace when reduced to spoken words and related to a stranger, and he half-smiled an apology, and found himself saying "it is the old story." He realized that he was not coming to the point that he had set out for, and he began again, more directly, "The woman was divorced, though innocent of all harm. Her husband had deserted her and obtained the divorce, without her consent, in order to marry again. She is a Catholic and I believe she—she loves me—"

There was no movement of the head resting on the hand before him, nor change of expression in the face, but his recital was interrupted by the quiet question, "Has she told you so?"

"No," answered Walford.

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Once only."

"And she said?"

"She would not listen to me."

"Did she tell you why?"

"Because of her Church."

"God be praised," said the old priest reverently, and then turning slightly toward the kneeling figure he added quietly: "You must not see her again. Will you promise me not to see her again?"

"But why?" began Walford.

The priest interrupted him. "Because I appeal to you as a minister of souls. You know that human nature is weak. If she loves you might she not yield to your entreaties, and that would mean misery in this world, and death to her soul."

"But why? She is legally free, and—"

"We have nothing to do with such freedom here," came the reply in the same quiet tones, but with a note of firmness that Walford could not escape. "It can mean nothing to her, and as a Catholic she would believe that a marriage with you was no marriage at all. She

could never look upon herself as occupying the position of a wife. And if you love her, you surely would not bring her to this.

Walford winced at the words. It gave a hopeless aspect to his cause that he was not willing to accept.

"But suppose she believed it to be no sin?"

"She could not believe thus. Her faith compels her individual judgment in this to follow the command of the Church, which she knows is God's command. Marriage is a sacrament and is indissoluble. She cannot hold otherwise."

The quiet dogmatism that met him at every turn baffled Walford, but he roused himself to resist the sense of defeat that was coming over him.

"You have not gone into the merits of this case," he said doggedly. "She is innocent of wrong, and the unhappy victim of a first mistake. Surely she and I have the right to seek our own happiness, and I have the right to convince her that divorce has the sanction of the Scripture. Does not the Old Law allow it, and does not the gospel sanction it?"

"We are not here to discuss the Scripture," came the calm reply. "You wished to know the position of the Church, and I have given it to you. It is not easy for you to understand. This I know. You cannot appreciate what it is once to have accepted the authority of the Church and then to abide by her commands. But you will promise me that you will not again see her of whom you have spoken? You may win her, but you cannot convince her. I have told you what must be the effect upon her happiness."

This last was spoken with the same note of finality that had marked the words of the priest from the beginning, and the realization forced itself upon Walford that he was outmatched. He was not arguing his point with this individual priest, but was in reality confronted by the authority of the ancient and unconquerable Church. He began now to appreciate the strength that she imparted to her followers, the ease with which they saw the line of duty, while he with no such guide wavered and struggled in an agony of doubt and misery. He had an appreciation of the Catholic view-point that he had not had when he stumbled into the presence of this quiet priest before him, and he saw how futile it was for him to hope for any word of compromise from him. He could even faintly understand Frances' words, "It is more to me than my life," and his thoughts turned to her again as he asked: "Would a woman who made such a marriage be banished from her communion?"

"The Church denies her sacraments to those living in a state of sin," came the inexorable reply.

Walford arose. He had unconsciously been kneeling all this time.

"I will not intrude upon your time further," he said. "I thank you for what you have done. I think I see my way clearer now," and, with this enigmatical speech he lifted the curtain of the confessional and passed from the old priest's view. Already the church was in darkness except for the light of a small red-shaded lamp that swung before the high marble altar. Walford walked slowly up the aisle to the place where Frances had knelt such a short time before, and taking her vacant seat, he leaned both elbows on the pew in front of him and buried his face in his hands. Afar off, through the fumes of half-spent incense, the old priest watched him, and when the limping sexton came to lock the church for the night the priest took the keys and said: "I am not ready to leave. You may go, I will see to the fastening of the door."

(To be continued.)

THE SPRING DRAMA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

All things dramatic have fallen into the doldrums with the coming of June. Those spaces about the equator, where provoking calms or baffling winds prevail, where hurried mariners are caught and held in the backyard of joking Neptune, greatly resemble New York's Rialto in the hazy spring. All the dramatic ships are floating in, the old and the new ventures; and all hope to get out at the proper time with favorable winds and "angels" at the tiller. Nothing matters but the future. The attractions at the various theatres are usually mere stop-gaps and money-makers. Many managers open their theatres to aspiring stars and managers who can get into the city at no other time. *Hamlets* and *Ophelias* with weak legs and weaker voices appear at matinees for the amusement of the critics and the humiliation of their friends. All sorts of drama are tested by ambitious managers, that they may be duly advertised in the one-night stands as having had a metropolitan presentation. There is nothing remarkable therefore in the spring drama of the metropolis, except its lack of vernal vitality. One good word may be spoken in its favor: its moral cleanliness is admirable. Whether farce or drama or hodge-podge, no foulness of word or action disfigures its honest mediocrity. It is worth while saying, and it is a solid tribute to the people, that the sixty theatres of New York are not making any money by debauching their audiences.

This fact is the more significant that the great city now dominates the theatrical conditions of the country. The plays and spectacles seen there visit in time all our theatres throughout the land. New York is the hub of the theatrical wheel, which means, one must admit, that others own the spokes and the tire; nevertheless the New York managers have also a good deal to do with those remoter parts of the machine. For the present these managers are convinced that dirty drama does not pay. This conviction reacts upon all the others in the course of time. For this virtuous condition the people and the respectable managers deserve all the credit. No praise on this score should go to the corrupt crew who would transport to the stage, if the people would pay to see, the shambles and the brothel.

The plays and actors who came in with the spring were of all degrees from the highest excellence to the funniest despair. Creston Clarke headed the list with a very good presentation of *Othello* in which he played the *Iago*. Mr. Clarke is said to be a nephew of Edwin Booth. If so, the fact will account in a measure for the steady devotion of this actor to the Shaksperian drama. For years he has barn-stormed over the land, enduring the

ups and downs of fortune with good grace; and while he might have earned large money and passing notoriety by playing in the passing and ephemeral drama he has stuck to the classic hopefully and secured a more enduring fame.

His Iago is impressive. A play like *Othello* carries its actors easily on its broad and overwhelming current. Poor stuff would be the players who could not make some sort of an impression in it. The leisurely story, unfolding itself with Shaksperian ease and power, gives the actor rich opportunity, and audiences are patient with the long soliloquies and the five acts, as they would not be with the most accomplished modern dramatist. Mr. Clarke's interpretation of the part of Iago does not differ materially from that of his contemporaries. The arch-villain is of serious temperament from first to last, no gleam of diabolic humor lightens his speech or gesture, he moves to the terrible tragedy cold and calculating, as merciless as a Greek fate. The picture is strong, but altogether too sombre. Even in villainy man is human. The criminal laughs like the rest of the world, and prays in his better moments, and is often swept away by the violence of a grace which he mistakes for a mere passing childish emotion. Even Iago must have had his moments of indecision, of pity, of despair. It is hardly correct therefore to portray him as a monster, when the idea of the dramatist and the text itself are opposed to such portrayal. However, with clear voice and graceful authority, Mr. Clarke gave his interpretation, resisting the attempts of his audience to laugh at those points which clearly allowed and demanded mirth. He had good support in the various members of the company, and large audiences greeted him heartily at each performance.

Apropos of this the news of the coming Shaksperian revival must have cheered the soul of Creston Clarke. Mrs. Fiske is preparing for a year hence *Macbeth* and *Much Ado About Nothing;* Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner are to tour next year in Shaksperian comedy; a score of managers are announcing Shaksperian plays for their stars; and several other signs in the sky indicate that the great dramatist will have a splendid welcome from the profession. There is nothing sudden in this revival. Shakspeare is always on the stage in some part of the world. A surprising number of clever actors tour the provinces for years in his gorgeous dramas, never make any money and remain content with their lot as long as they may play the master's characters. Their service to the true drama is real and profound, and upon the spirit which they keep alive the money-making manager depends for the success of his revival. Thus Frederic Warde and Louis James, Otis Skinner and Madame Modjeska, Odette Tyler and her husband, MacLean, Creston Clarke, Charles Hanford, William F. Owen, and a host of others, keep up the good work from pure love of the sublimest drama that the world has known.

Isabel Irving made her appearance during the month in *The Crisis,* a pleasant play from the novel of the same name by Winston Churchill. The play has very little relation to the book, which in its day was declared to be great by the critics, though a later day has not accepted the first criticism. A drama which depends very much upon the dress rather than the emotional power of the actors can hardly be called excellent. Such a drama is *The Crisis.* As the ironical Alan Dale put it, when the play first came out with Mr. Hackett as the star, the crisis in the drama was the moment when Hackett changed his lay dress for

a uniform. That was an incident indeed. However an actress of Isabel Irving's calibre is incident enough for any sort of a play. She breathes distinction and elegance. Her long training on the Daly stage, when she held her own in opposite rôles to Ada Rehan, her handsome face and perfect manners, her natural mimetic powers, give character and force to the most insignificant parts. Many capable women played the part of the Princess in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but none played it with such charm or looked the part so well as Miss Irving. The world does not hear so much of her as formerly, and it is not easy to explain, in these astronomical days, why she has delayed so long to appear as a dramatic constellation. In temperament, appearance, and talent she is the superior of Viola Allen or Maude Adams, and in the mere technical skill of acting they cannot be mentioned with her; and at the same time the distinction of her manner impresses the commonest spectator. In *The Crisis* her chief business is to wear old-fashioned clothes gracefully. Later on her actor-manager, Mr. Hackett, may be able to provide her with a suitable play. Her training in Shaksperian comedy should make her a prominent figure in the coming revival.

Creston Clarke and Isabel Irving were the only evidences of excellence and distinction in New York during the month of May. Some promise was given, however, in the first appearance of Miss Cecil Spooner at Daly's in *My Lady Peggy Goes To Town*, and the first appearance of Mr. Ezra Kendall as a star in *The Vinegar Buyer* at the Savoy. As these plays will go the round of the country in the next two seasons they are worthy on that account of some notice. Of themselves they are trifling. My Lady Peggy is an artificial affair of which the recipe is very simple: take parts of Rosalind, Peg Woffington, and Mistress Nell, tie them together with old epigrams, dress them to the extreme with the richest millinery sauce known, and serve with strong light, loud music, and general obstreperousness in a first-class theatre. The play introduced a young woman, Miss Cecil Spooner, for whom the public and the critics showed from the start a genuine liking; for she had temperament and training that shone like light through a cloud of faults, faults of utterance and manner, of voice and delivery, of conception and interpretation. The Laura-Jean-Libbey style of the play hindered the expression of real emotion, and the peculiar method of stage management almost rendered the entertainment ridiculous. What was meant to be snap and go turned out in the delivery to be noisy hysterics. In spite of these adverse circumstances, and the inevitable contrast of the actress with her prototypes on the Daly stage, Miss Spooner won something like a triumph.

Mr. Kendall did almost as well at the Savoy. His play was written to match his peculiarities, by a playwright who does such things. In fact all the playwrights in America are dramatic tailors, even the best of them; and as happens even to excellent tailors, occasionally they turn out misfits. *The Vinegar Buyer* is a misfit. Mr. Kendall possesses an excellent humor, which has found vent in monologue and comic books of some value. He enjoys the faculty of entertaining any audience under any circumstances for an hour, and he can tell a story, or work off a pun, no matter how artificial, very deftly. These qualities have only accidental place in a play, but the hired dramatist worked them all into the text somehow; with the result that neither critic nor audience could agree as to what merit should be allowed to the actor and the play. The dramatist got

no praise whatever. Mr. Herbert Hall Winslow, which is his name, has been rather unlucky in his critics, but that is not the fault of the critics. Twelve or thirteen years ago he made his first appearance in the combination theatres with a play written around a phonograph. Since that time a wayward fate has condemned him to everlasting repetitions of the same performance. Instead of writing a play around an idea, the poor man must get his inspiration from things mechanical; and whether it be a pump or the mechanical vagaries of an Ezra Kendall, still the play must fight shy of its author's originality, if he has any. Once at least Mr. Winslow got a chance in which some dignity happened; he wrote for Mlle. Rhea almost the first of the Napoleonic plays, *The Empress Josephine,* and saw it produced on Broadway with an excellent company. The critics roasted it to the marrow, ridiculed the actresses, and drove audiences from the play. Nevertheless the drama prospered, because it had merit and dignity; it is playing yet in the small companies, and it proved that Mr. Winslow could write a drama of the better sort if he got the chance. Evidently he never got the chance.

Mr. Kendall ought to have provided the opportunity, but he had not the courage. The incident illustrates the dramatic condition of this country to perfection. Kendall is an unctuous humorist, and Winslow can write a drama. Give the latter leave to write a real play in which Mr. Kendall is to have the chief part and most of the humor; give him leave to put all his talent into it; demand of Kendall that he study hard to interpret his part fully; surround him with actors of some capacity with parts that demand careful acting; and the chances are that play, dramatist, and star will secure the right sort of success. However, these things are never so much as thought of. The play intended for a star in its general shape reminds one of the balloon-seller at a fair, who goes about with his red, blue, and green balloons tied to his waist, and floating gaily above his head; the star is the balloon-man, and the gay-colored wind-bags are his supporting actors. Mr. Winslow is no worse than his more successful contemporaries. Augustus Thomas wrote the *Earl of Pawtucket* for his English actor, and its one merit is that it makes money; in the play itself Lawrence D'Orsay marches about with seventeen actors feeding him glory, and doing nothing else. Plays are thus written for John Drew, Maude Adams, and other stars; until it has come to pass that star actors have ceased to act, and the art of acting is practised only by the stock companies and the eminent very-few. Managers are not going to take any risks for the sake of art. So we shall have no art except by accident.

Even Joseph Jefferson will not do anything for the stage out of which he made both money and fame. The excellent old man played here during the month in his usual characters, Rip Van Winkle, Caleb Plummer, and Mr. Golightly; and the people laughed and wept, as their fathers and grandfathers before them, at the droll humor and the tender pathos, which no living actor can portray like Jefferson. If he would but give us a new play now and then! Age and the love of life have taken from him the courage of the artist. Who can blame him, when life is so sweet as it has always been to light-hearted, sober-headed Jefferson? And it is quite enough to have him with us still! Yet the old play-goers recall how faithfully Mrs. John Drew played her round of characters up to the year

of her death; every year Mrs. Gilbert appears in a new play, although she must be eighty; and both these old ladies were not afraid to dance a minuet on occasions, or a more sprightly measure. While reverence must surround the great comedian's state for the rest of his days, nevertheless his dignity would permit Augustus Thomas to fit him with a new character in the tailor fashion, just to prove to the world that the faculties of Jefferson are as bright today as ever. The minor characters would not matter, for Jefferson never has a capable actor with him; they are the red and blue and green balloons. We forgive him because he is our only one, and because we may not have his like again for a generation.

ISABEL IRVING.

When the serious drama goes out the comic drama comes in. The boards have been occupied for some weeks with entertaining specimens of comedy and farce, a comedy nowadays, and farces are left entirely to amateurs and the continuous performance. The hybrid affair, invented in our dominions and known as

EZRA KENDALL AS JOE MILLER IN "THE VINEGAR BUYER."

the work of local and foreign playwrights. Perhaps their most important achievement is to show that our playwrights cannot write comedy and farce, but only farce-comedy. No one ever sees farce-comedy, is as artificial as the mock-animals in comic opera and children's plays, without being as interesting. The first of these laugh-producers was announced as a comedy of American

financial life with the title, *Skipper & Co., Wall Street;* the second described the antics of two frisky husbands hoodwinking their wives with little success and was called *There and Back;* in the third, a very capable actor, Jameson Lee Finney, illustrated the old truth about *A Fool and His Money* pleasantly but not convincingly; the fourth was a dashing bit of hodge-podge, *Running for Office,* from an interesting and clever group of actors known as the four Cohans. One would like to say flattering things about these productions, but farce-comedy in relation to the drama has the same value and importance as the coon-song to classical music. Our playwrights cannot write comedy and farce, or, if they can, the managers will not permit them to produce legitimate work.

"THE VINEGAR BUYER." ACT II.
EZRA KENDALL. I. DARLING.

The season has come to its end in the usual way, and without other glory than the purely financial. Looking back at the whole array of plays which are supposed to represent the best work of native and foreign talent, no one will be stirred to enthusiasm by the result, and no one will feel like felicitating the managers. Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske of the Manhattan carries away the palm for his production of *Mary of Magdala,* which from every point of view may be considered an artistic success. William A. Brady achieved real distinction by his overdressed production of *Pretty Peggy,* in which Grace George took her place as a really capable actress, and convinced the critics of her capacity. *Resurrection* won much attention and some praise. All the rest was dulness, insincerity, and artistic failure. Frohman tried hard to force the success of his stock company, but could not perform the impossible task; Julia Marlowe, after her fiasco with Catulle Mendez' nasty play, made only a personal success in *The Cavalier;* Sothern produced a very acceptable *Hamlet,* artistically inferior to his earlier work in the same drama; *The Crisis,* much talked of beforehand, left little to talk about after the event; Mr. Daniel Frohman found Daly's shoes far too large for him and his ideas; *The Bishop's Move* was a flat failure in every way; Martin Harvey scored an artistic success during a short stay, but his plays were ancient matter. Here and there gleams of light relieved the gloom; Mary Shaw delighted and astonished her audiences with her work in *Ghosts,* though the play was horrible; Aubrey Boucicault enchanted the elect with his unsuccessful yet tender

Heidelberg; and Ethel Barrymore caught all hearts by her two plays, perhaps a success of personality rather than of art.

It is rather difficult to summarize the results of a season in New York drama, so little of the serious enters into the average production, at least apparently. The variety of interests which produce metropolitan drama, financial, personal, social, corporate and individual interests, hinders the process of specification. Fifteen years ago, with Augustine Daly in his prime, the current of dramatic activity ran straight ahead towards the ideal, and one might measure results by what Daly and his imitators had achieved in a season. This great manager had ideals. It is impossible to decide if our present managers have any other ideal than immediate success. Charles Frohman has the honorable ambition to be the greatest manager of his time, but his methods suggest quantity rather than quality. If a play will not go of its own merit, he is not averse to using such doctoring as will deceive the public into accepting it. The ambition of the syndicate managers is to own the theatrical planet, and dictate to its inhabitants. They are mere dollar-and-rule absolutists, who of their nature must be a hindrance to the natural and healthful development of the drama. The tendency is to secure actors and clever dramatists for certain fixed lines of work, and keep them at it as long as the public will stand it. If this policy could be kept up the end would be complete ruin for acting and for drama. The results of the last season prove very clearly the pernicious effects of the machine-influence, and next season will illustrate this influence still more effectively. In an entire season the metropolis saw just one great drama, *Mary of Magdala!* What need of comment!

"THE CRISIS," ACT III.

THE GOBELIN RECEPTION ROOM, ROYAL PALACE, BELGRADE.

QUEEN NATHALIA'S PUBLIC PROFESSION OF FAITH.

BY B. O'B. C.

To Catholics who have known her in her previous career as crowned sovereign of a devoted people, who have watched her untiring efforts for their amelioration, who saw in her the embodiment of all that a pure, high-souled woman should be, the word "conversion" with regard to her latest step seems somehow unfitting. It sounds more correct to say that she has, at last, openly joined the Church to which unconsciously she always belonged.

QUEEN NATHALIA.

Profoundly religious, Queen Nathalia's fervent nature was eager in God's service from the first. Well may we admit that according to the Church's teaching she was ever within its pale, for in perfect good faith she worshiped Christ and fulfilled His law as far as it was shown to her. The Queen of Servia was a true

SINGING SOCIETY IN NATIONAL COSTUMES

Catholic in all but the name. Such a soul could not be placed in Roman Catholic surroundings, and not eventually recognize her proper sphere. After bitter years of tribulation she has found the "one thing necessary" to bring her peace and internal satisfaction. May the present reconcile her to the past.

Queen Nathalia was a Catholic at heart by her warm devotional inclinations and exactness in accomplishing her religious obligations —peculiarities which must have been very disagreeable to that laxest of priesthoods who only retain their flock by the safe system of absolute non-interference in the fulfillment of church duties. These are purely nominal in the Greek persuasion. Vainly did the Queen strive to arouse, to inspire, vainly she sought the "living among the dead." Her example procured a certain number of exterior imitations only. Those who took care to prostrate themselves at the moment of the Elevation, Catholic fashion (for the Greeks never kneel), did so merely to copy Her Majesty, as even in sacred precincts courtiers' instincts are not to be kept in abeyance. It was plain to everybody that in the Queen's absence the number of Servian ladies who attended public worship in the court chapel was

COURT OF JUSTICE AND CORNER (WITH SPIRE) OF ROYAL PALACE, BELGRADE.

KING'S GUARD.

singularly diminished. This must have been known to her and was, assuredly, one of the many vexatious trials she had to bear. But she was never discouraged, although taking for what it was worth that form of flattering homage which consisted in semblances of piety in order to win favor.

KING ALEXANDER.

The members of the Greek church are supposed to keep a very strict fast during Lent; no meat is allowed, no eggs, or milk. The rules appear to be the same as those followed by the early Christians. Any modification of them, or concession to the less robust frames of modern humanity, would be contrary to the spirit of the schismatic church, whose apparently strict observance of ancient forms and usages is her strong point. But what is the result? The masses do not even affect to follow her ordinances. The priests themselves are extremely lax. I have heard one of them clinch the matter to his own satisfaction by the well-known aphorism: "Not what enters between the lips but what comes from them has any bearing on a man's spiritual destiny!" While Queen Nathalia reigned in Belgrade palace, however, the Lenten rules were most strictly observed, and it was only when her health broke down absolutely, as it regularly did after weeks of vegetarian diet, that she could be persuaded to relax her observance of them.

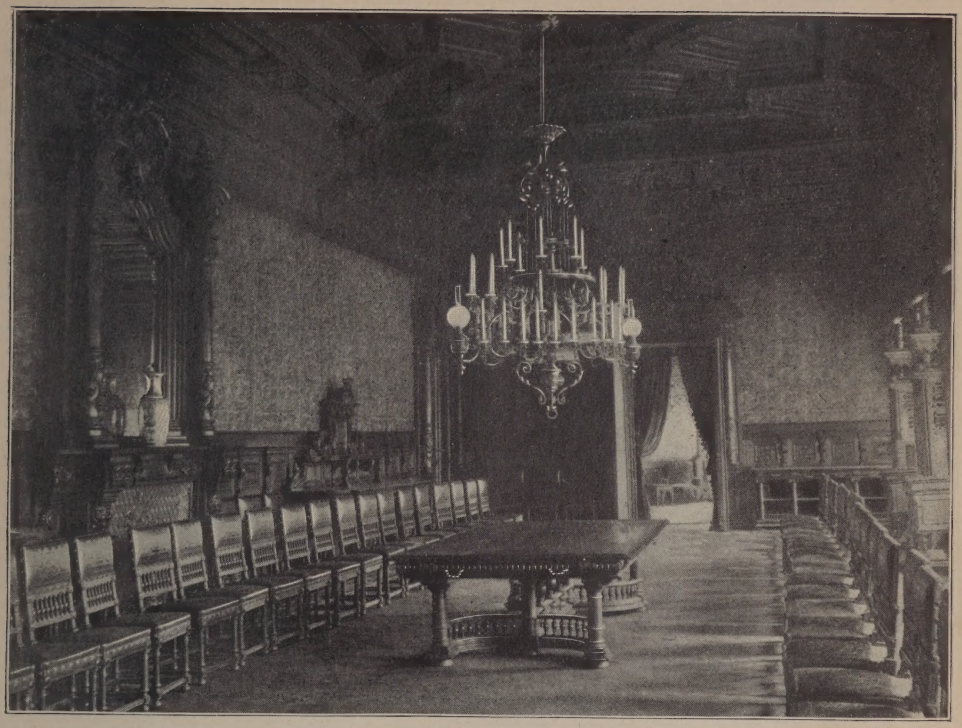
In all she attempted there was evident an earnest desire to accomplish her duty

Нова Војна Академија.
Neue Militär-Akademie.
Military cadet school.

as a Christian. Her charity was not confined to relieving the wants of the public indigent. She had a special gift for discovering those whose position often forbade their making known their straightened circumstances, and most ingenious were her devices for coming to their relief. Though her bounteousness was proverbial, it was reserved to few to know its full extent. Not in gifts and donations only was her charity made manifest. It is a well-known fact that she did not disdain to nurse the wounded soldiers of 1886 with her own royal hands. This was but one of the incidents which contributed to make her so beloved in the army.

Queen Nathalia was Catholic by her unflinching moral principles. She never tolerated even the appearance of anything dubious at her court. No vain or frivolous woman retained her sympathy if it happened to be momentarily aroused. Young and eminently beautiful herself, with a most vivacious temperament, she was naturally drawn to the society of young people, and it was characteristic of her that she sought in preference the company of young girls. Their guileless minds full of trust in the future had for her a particular charm. She was happy among them, smiling tenderly on their beaming faces, and listening with sympathy to their confidences. Never hinting at her own disillusions, she gave a ready hand to help forward to a successful end any com-

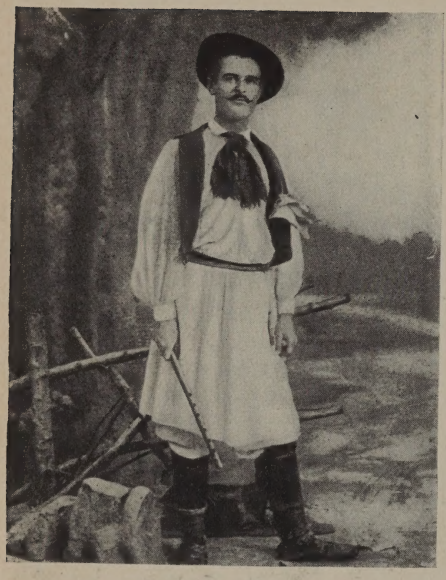
Краља Милана улица — König Milan Str. m. König Palè
King Milan Street with New Palace



CONFERENCE HALL, PRECEDING THRONE ROOM, ROYAL PALACE, BELGRADE.

mendable love-affair. Yes, despite the fact of her own marriage having proved a disastrous failure, I imagine that a more thorough match-maker than this gentle queen is hard to find! The trousseaux she bestowed were legion, and her interest in her protegees never flagged.

Her beauty, and brilliancy of intellect, did not hinder her remaining ever a woman's woman, most faithful to, and staunchly upholding, the cause of her sex. This predilection was easily observable at all times. Although passionately fond of dancing she readily relinquished her partner, to become the centre of a feminine cluster in the ball-room. When holding her "cercle" it was women she singled out and chatted with most. She has been harshly criticised for showing open favor to one, and treating another with marked coldness. It is a fact that she was not skilled in the dissimulation necessary to courts. Essentially straightforward and frank by nature, hers was no easy task. In the zenith of her earthly happiness, before her own divorce could have been dreamed of, she was a foe to this modern invention for accommodating dissatisfied couples and did not scruple to betray the fact. Here again she was instinctively Roman, through her strong sense of rigid morality. The facility with which the usual formalities were waived by the heads of the Servian Church, in order to meet the King's wish —on no grounds but alleged incompatibility, and above all the final acceptance of this unlawful, uncanonical act by the Metropolitan himself, who had resigned his post and gone an exile to Russia rather than recognise its validity, must



A SERVIAN PEASANT.

have been dolorous disillusions to the Queen and probably led the way to her awakening. Another powerful factor must have been the inevitable comparison of two clergies, the one halting, indifferent, often venal; and the other with whom she was later brought in contact. How deeply engrained were her religious beliefs is seen by the length of time her complete evolution took to accomplish itself.

In truth, the ways of God are wonderful. Looking back on her stormy past and contrasting it with her peaceful haven at Biarritz, the Queen of Servia will not regret her thorny crown, but will say with thankfulness: "Thou hast led me, O Lord, by strange paths, into the haven of Thy House!"

LABOR AGITATION IN MONTREAL.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

The great strike of the 'longshoremen of Montreal, which has thrown upward of three thousand men out of work, and called forth almost the entire military force of the city, draws attention to the labor organizations of Canada and to their rapid growth within a short period of time. The movement toward consolidation of interests by Unions has made remarkable progress during the past year. In one month more than 5,000 workingmen were enrolled in the city of Montreal alone, and affiliated with the Labor Congress of Canada, and the American Federation of Labor. Reports from the far west, Vancouver, Winnipeg, and even small cities and towns, show a similar gain in membership, as many as thirty Unions being frequently incorporated within a brief interval.

Thus the labor movement in Canada may be said to have grown in a night. Previous to the year 1900 there were but few Unions, and they were small and weak. Beginning with that year the interest in such matters steadily increased until today it is claimed by those in a position to know, that the strength of organized labor is as great in the Dominion as in the United States. Canada has today 1,400 international and federal labor Unions, having organized more than 1,000 Unions during the past three years, the membership of which will aggregate in the neighborhood of 150,000 wage-earners.

Montreal possesses the largest local society in Canada—that of the 'longshoremen's Union, with 3,300 members, whose differences with their employers are now

affecting the business of the port so seriously. The delay in regard to a settlement of the dispute is said to be caused not so much by the refusal of the steamship companies to grant the increase in wages, as their utter and absolute objection to recognizing a Union which emanates, they say, from the United States, and is in the control of labor agitators living in the United States. The claim of the 'longshoremen is that they are affiliated with the American Federation, which exercises jurisdiction in any portion of the continent of America.

JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

At a great meeting of the strikers in Bon Secours Market Hall, at which more than 2,500 men were present, speeches were made in the French, English, Italian and Hebrew languages, which shows its cosmopolitan nature. The best of order prevailed, however, and the tenor of the remarks was "to remain quiet and stand firm." The burden of responsibility, it was stated, rests with the railroad and steamship companies, who refuse to arbitrate. The calling out of the military was denounced as unnecessary and solely for the purpose of exciting the strikers, or at least of diverting sympathy from men whose lives have been made bitter as a result of hard work and harsh treatment.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the strike is the display of military power which the city of Montreal has thought it necessary to make. Fully 1,-

500 soldiers have been called out, and the river front presents every appearance of being prepared for a siege from the enemy. The gray ramparts that curb the impetuosity of the mighty St. Lawrence, the slopes of Jacques Cartier Square, the historic palisades of Bon Secours Market, all usually given over to the monopoly of placid farmers and their wagon-loads of vegetables, are ablaze now with the bright hues of many uniforms and the fascinating yet terrifying glitter of steel. Add to this the flag of a Red Cross hospital, together with a big army ambulance ready at a moment's notice to bear the wounded from the field of battle, and the atmosphere of war is quite complete. As yet the only disasters have been those resulting from fatigue or the hot sun, as the strikers preserve absolute peace.

The former occasions on which Canadian Volunteer Militia has been called upon to aid civil authority are as follows: Riots connected with the burning of the old Parliament buildings; Cholera Riots; D'Arcy McGee Election Riots; Guibord Riots; Orange Riots; Riel Riots; Smallpox Riots; Canal Riots; Northshore Railway Riots; Valleyfield Riots.

In the meantime, while the soldiers are parading the wharves, and the idle 'long-

RT. REV. PAUL BRUCHESI, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

shoremen are loitering in groups about the usual scenes of their daily toil, a large portion of the first thousand men which it is the purpose of the steamship companies to import, are on their way to Montreal. The men are engaged for the season and will of course entirely displace local workmen. They will be accommodated on a depot ship also sailing from Liverpool, so that no intercourse with the mainland will be necessary.

One of the leading shippers is quoted as saying:

"The present dispute is a crucial one. Upon its result, in a large measure, will hinge the destiny of this port. A recognition of the Union on the part of the steamship interests would mean the casting of a blight upon the port from which it might never recover.

"Twenty years ago two hundred vessels might have been seen in dock at Quebec. Today its shipping interests, notwithstanding the magnificent harbor which it possesses, are comparatively small. Montreal would be in much the same position in a few years were we to recognize the Union. History repeats itself, and the 'Longshoremen are apparently determined that the repetition shall come speedily in this instance.

"For what are the 'Longshoremen striving? It is not for the money; they already have all that they can reasonably expect to get. No one claims that this strike has been precipitated for the purpose of obtaining an increase in pay. They want their Union officially recognized, and that is the only thing that we are indisposed to grant. Given that, the control of the port passes out of our hands; the 'Longshoremen at once become the masters of the situation.

"Consequently the existing strike lacks the very element which has not infrequently made them a success—the element which is calculated to enlist the sympathy of the populace at large. That the steamship companies have treated the men justly—even generously—is seen in the fact that we advanced their compensation over that which obtained last year by twenty-five per cent. Last year the men were in receipt of 20 cents an hour. This year they get 25 cents per hour, with a guarantee of an extra 2½ cents for every hour they have worked, provided they remain with us throughout the entire season.

"The position of the steamship companies is clear. They stand on the two principles ably advocated in the pastoral letter of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who should be recognized by the large majority of the strikers as an adviser worthy of acceptance. These principles are: First, non-interference in our labor matters by foreign agitators, and secondly, the absolute freedom of labor."

Archbishop Bruchesi has in fact issued a long letter relative to the disturbed condition of the city, which he has caused to be read in every church in Montreal. The letter is conservative in its tone and designed to prevent the hasty action of workmen who, through ignorance, might become the victims of unscrupulous agents from outside societies. While not desiring the oppression of the laboring class under his direction, His Grace points out clearly the evils that frequently follow in the train of protracted idleness and revolutionary methods of procedure. It is his wish that all proper concessions be made, and it is certain that his influence will be for a speedy settlement of the present difficulty.

The soundness of the Archbishop's views, and the kindly impartial spirit manifested in his consideration of the rights of capital and labor make the document one to be read with profound interest. For the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity to see it in print I quote the greater part:

Pastoral letter of Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, on the Labor Question:

The many strikes which have occurred of late compel us to give the Labor Question and its alarming problems our most earnest consideration. Our own city seems to be on the verge of fresh labor conflicts. Employers and their men defiantly mistrust each other, and at any moment the most serious incidents may take place, the most deplorable deeds of violence may be perpetrated. We should indeed be open to reproach did we not give to the faithful confided to our pas-

toral solicitude the advice which present circumstances necessitate.

The Church is the Mother of all Christians. The rich and the poor are her children. She loves all men. All indeed may claim her protection. At all times she has manifested a predilection for the disinherited of this world and for those who are engaged in manual labor. Justice demands it as they are the weakest and as what they possess howsoever insignificant it may be, is all the more sacred in her eyes.

The Catholic Church abolished slavery, uplifted and defended the serf. She founded those admirable Labor Organizations which secured for their members the respect due to their rights as well as due competency and comfort. By thus taking the poorest among her children under the mantle of her protection she followed the example set by her divine Master, the son of a carpenter, an artisan Himself during the greatest portion of His mortal career. At times, Our Lord treated the mighty and the rich with great severity. Towards the lowly and the little ones of this earth He was all kindness. He suffered like them and labored with them to sanctify their toils and privations. He taught them patience and resignation, promising them in return the joys and rewards of eternity. Christ, however, did not come to destroy the inequality of human conditions, because it was willed by God, His Father. The very laws of nature render it an inevitable necessity. It would be the height of folly to attempt to banish it from the world or to rebel against it. Jesus Christ, our divine Model, experienced all its misery and humiliations. The poor should tread in His footsteps. Otherwise they will lose all the merit of their sacrifices. Yea more, whether they wish it or not, poverty must exist in spite of all resistance and all deceptive theories. Man will not change one iota of what God has decreed and Christ upheld. Till the end of time God's creatures will form two large classes, the class of the rich and that of the poor. It is the will of God and the law of the Gospel that rich and poor, masters and servants, should live happily together in fraternal harmony, without hatred or anger, but full of mutual esteem, respectful of each others' rights and united by the bonds of Christian Charity as the sons of a same father and as members of a same family. If not there will be no peace for society, no prosperity for nations.

Consequently, Dearly beloved Brethren, what responsibility is not incurred by those leaders and writers who profit by the slightest conflict between capital and labor to foment discord and rebellion and to inspire workingmen with hatred towards their employers! They are the most dangerous foes of the people whose interests they pretend to serve.

Let not our laboring classes heed their suggestions. They have absolutely nothing to gain. Deceived by those false friends and urged on by them to commit the most lamentable acts they will on the contrary forfeit public sympathy with which they cannot dispense and which this country of ours has never refused them. Rather listen, Dearly beloved Brethren, to the counsels of your Church, follow the advice of the Sovereign Pontiff and of your pastors.

The workingman as well as the capitalist has assuredly his imprescriptible rights. The Church recognizes them and sanctions them with all her authority. She teaches that the rich are entitled to a full measure of justice, but at the same time she will be ever ready, in the future as in the past, to defend the privileges of the poor against every unlawful attack. Workingmen and capitalists, however, must comply with their respective obligations.

The Church enjoins on both fidelity in their discharge. The harmonious equilibrium which she is seeking to establish between their rights and duties is precisely what gives weight to her teachings and a beneficent fecundity to her activity. She will not flatter popular passion, nor will she be a tool in the hands of the rich. She inculcates the eternal principles of Charity and Justice to all classes of Society. Leo XIII has clearly defined those principles in his masterly Encyclical on "The Condition of the Workingmen." They alone can solve the problem with which we are now dealing.

In the first place, the Sovereign Pontiff recommends the rich to refrain from all acts of provocation. Consequently they should shun all intrigue and other dishonest means which might be detrimental to the best interests of the poor. True Catholics, he writes, should endeavor to give satisfaction to the just demands of their subordinates.

It would be unreasonable on the part of capitalists and manufacturers to raise unduly the prices of articles which may be absolutely necessary or simply useful to life, and that for the sole purpose of increasing their fortune, without taking into consideration the undeserved privations which such an abusive exercise of power would impose on the working-classes. We do not hesitate to declare that such proceedings would be an intolerable provocation and in fact a negation of justice itself. What convincing arguments would justify the Church under such circumstances, in asking the people to submit and suffer in patience?

If the poor are expected to accept the privations which are inseparable from their condition in life, to respect the rights of others and social order, not only is it important that they be not fraudulently over-charged, but capitalists and manufacturers should not deny them any of their rights.

The first of all is to give them a reasonable salary. What can be expected of a workingman who is most devoted to his task, but who does not receive a just remuneration for his services, that is to say, a salary equivalent to the real value of his work and to the current prices for the necessaries of life?

Likewise would it be wrong to prolong the hours of daily labor beyond the limits fixed by nature, the law of God and the exigencies of their health. It would be equally unjust to deprive the employees of the natural right which they enjoy like all other citizens, to band themselves into separate organizations, provided that the rules and by-laws of such associations give their members a just measure of mutual assistance and protection and do not degenerate into violence or socialistic tendencies. It would be somewhat cruel to lower men's wages too much on account of the disastrous, immoral at times, and ill-regulated labor in which children and married and unmarried females, are engaged. In recapitulation, no happy, final solution of the labor question can be hoped for until all unjust provocation shall have disappeared and until the workingman shall have been restored to the enjoyment of the plentitude of the essential rights enumerated in the Encyclical of Leo XIII.

Once his just demands have been granted, he must fulfill each and every one of his duties towards his employer and towards society. He can no longer urge any serious pretext and refuse compliance. Under such conditions of justice and conciliation, if he should trammel the free exercise of the rights of capitalists he would be guilty of grievous disobedience against the divine precepts and of revolt against the natural laws. He

would be neither a true Christian nor a loyal patriot because by the very fact he would reject the Gospel teachings and paralyze the general prosperity of civil society. He would be clamoring for the enjoyment of his rights and at the same time be guilty of the grossly selfish error of refusing his neighbor the privileges which he enjoys himself. Beware, Dearly beloved Brethren, lest you should deserve the reproach of such utter blindness. Your conduct would cast contempt upon our Holy Religion and a fatal discredit upon our city.

No human power on earth can lawfully prevent you from organizing separate Unions. Still this liberty does not give you the right to contend for ends which are in flagrant opposition to public weal, justice and charity. This freedom of association does not invest you, for instance, with any right to use violent measures and embarrass capitalists and manufacturers in their natural rights, to molest employees who refuse to join your leagues or who have freely pledged themselves by contract to work for those employers.

Let all other citizens enjoy the liberty which you claim for yourselves. Otherwise anarchy and deeds of violence will be the outcome and the poor people will be the first to suffer, and that during an indefinite period. Experience evidences that fact.

With the greatest anxiety do we see the labor organizations of our city seeking for affiliation with foreign associations. The majority of the leaders and members of those international Unions have nothing in common with our temperament, our customs, or our Faith. Granted even that such Unions were not imbued with anti-Christian principles or allied with secret societies which the Sovereign Pontiff has so severely condemned, there would still be danger in this amalgamation. By means of a deeply-laid scheme they send abroad enormous sums of money belonging to our laboring classes. Would not such money if deposited in the coffers of our national and Catholic societies promote the best interests of our country, and could it not be had more readily here in case work was scarce or ceased altogether?

Would it be prudent in the hour of labor conflict to place in the hands of strangers the gravest interests that might be at stake? Have those men a thorough knowledge of our economical position? Are they absolutely disinterested? Have we not among ourselves, among our fellow-countrymen and our co-religionists, a sufficient abundance of resources, forethought, and devotedness? If certain demands cannot be amicably settled by the interested parties themselves why then not have recourse to our fellow-citizens who are above all suspicion? They are not few in number.

Your priests, your Archbishop, Dearly beloved Brethren, will be always disposed to hear your grievances and use their influence in your behalf. Resort at once to measures of conciliation. Submit your claims to arbitration. Much useless annoyance and trouble will be thus avoided.

Demand only what is just and reasonable. Beware of fomentors of discord. Do not become the prey of demagogy. Scrupulously respect all acquired rights. Capital not less than labor contributes to the happiness of individuals and nations. Do not be their enemies. Calmness and reflection will make you realize that there are just limits to your demands. You cannot reasonably expect that the workingman's wages will be ever on the increase and that at the same time the hours of labor will decrease proportionately.

Submissive sons of Holy Mother Church! be generous and accept the lot assigned you by divine Providence. Think

of heaven: the day of eternal retribution. Lead a better life, be more temperate in your habits and more economical in your domestic affairs. Never have recourse to strikes unless rigorously compelled and unless all other means have failed. The most peaceable strikes are a source of general annoyance and of painful privations for the poorer classes.

The almost inevitable result of a general or a partial strike is to fill cities with a host of emigrants who come to swell the ranks of workingmen and thereby cause a reduction in the scale of wages. Another disastrous consequence of a strike is depression of commerce and industry, emigration to other countries, or the sinking in banks of capitals and savings which, otherwise, might be in circulation and benefit all concerned.

Our pastoral solicitude, Dearly beloved Brethren, obliges us to condemn most energetically the tumult and violence that usually follow in the wake of strikes. They violate the first laws of justice, private property, individual and social liberty. Nothing can render them lawful or palliate their disorders and excesses. Organizers and strikers yield to an unwholesome impulse and openly declare themselves hostile to society. We beseech employees to react against the use of means which tend only to foment—and that without the slightest honest compensation—anger and hatred between two classes whose union would secure the moral and material prosperity of the community at large.

They are bound in conscience to sever all connection with leaders or Unions which would urge them to adopt that plan.

To remedy those evils and to prevent them, once more do we advise employees to accept their condition in life with patience, to raise their eyes to heaven, their future home, and to their Saviour, their Brother and Model.

This is, however, but a part of the remedy to solve the labor question. To fully comply with the intentions of Leo XIII it is not enough to have attempted to stem the tide of revolt which is gradually rising in the hearts of the disinherited of the world by unfolding before their eyes the consoling perspective of the abode promised them by Jesus Christ. No, it is the duty of the pastors of souls, of social leaders, and journalists, to set to work resolutely, and actuated by the same Christian Charity to strive to establish the perfect reign of mutual rights and obligations between capital and labor.

Let everybody do his share, writes the Holy Father, and that at once, lest, by delaying the application of the remedy, so grievous an evil should become incurable. Governments should employ the protecting authority of the civil laws and institutions. More particularly should the wealthy people and masters remember their sacred duties. Employees should consult their interests by lawful and just means. And as religion alone is capable of uprooting evil, all should be convinced that the first of all conditions of success is the restoration, to every grade of society, of Christian morality and divine charity, without which the measures suggested by human prudence will be inadequate to effect any salutary result."

Since the above was written the strike has been settled. Though the Union is not definitely recognized, officially, the men are to be re-employed, and will be allowed to wear their Union buttons. The wages are twenty-five cents an hour for day work, thirty for night, and forty for Sundays, with other beneficial changes in the marking of time.

It is believed the condition of the 'longshoremen will be permanently improved, and that they will never sink back to the ill-paid drudgery of the past. Public attention has been brought to bear upon them, which means a good deal.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XVIII.

Ceremonial of the Mass Explained.

Before entering upon a sketch of the ceremonial of the Mass, a few words on the structure of the church will aid us very much in the explanation that follows. The present style of church edifice differs much from the ancient form. The Church of St. Clement's at Rome, Italy, will give us the best notion of the ancient basilica or cathedral. The church formerly had the sanctuary at the eastern extremity, so that the worshipers, when they prayed, could face the east, where the sun rises in all its splendor, and drives away the darkness of the night. It also symbolized the belief in the glorious resurrection of the body from the darkness of the grave to the light of the Beatific Vision. Thus the church sought to impress the great fundamental truths of religion.

The floor of the sanctuary was considerably elevated. In the centre was the bishop's chair, somewhat raised above the seats occupied by the clergy. Immediately in front of him, on a platform elevated two or three steps over the level of the sanctuary, and under a canopy supported by four pillars, was the altar; its front towards the bishop's throne, and its back towards the nave of the church; at the side of the altar stood the deacons. This portion of the edifice was enclosed by cancellæ or rails, and was hence called the chancel, or more commonly, the sanctuary. From this, on either side of the altar, was a descent of three or four steps to the passage, which intervened between it and the choir. This latter extended a considerable distance back of the altar into the nave. It was sometimes called the ambo, though more correctly this name belonged to the pulpit; it was enclosed by a low division inside of which were benches for sub-deacons, the minor clergy, and several pulpit stands, from which the epistles and gospels were chanted and the lessons read and instructions given to the people. The entrance from the church to the choir was in the centre at its western extremity; it was guarded by a sub-deacon, who admitted none but clergymen and those in orders; at its eastern extremity was a corresponding door, where the laity were admitted to communion. The sexes were separated. The catechumens and strangers occupied the western extremity of the building, and they were required to withdraw from the services after the sermon. In the porch of the church, the penitents who were excluded from the services, for their bad deeds, begged the prayers of those who were permitted to attend the celebration of the mysteries.

During the centuries, the churches have gradually assumed a different aspect and their internal discipline has been considerably relaxed. The principal altar has been removed to where the prelate's chair was formerly placed, and now his throne is on the Gospel side of the altar. The sanctuary proper has been enlarged and the outer choir has disappeared entirely: the front of the altar faces the congregation, and the celebrant, while officiating, stands with his back to the people, and not only is the separation between the faithful and the strangers discontinued,

but also between the sexes. In some of the older churches, however, vestiges of the ancient discipline are to be found.

In many places it is customary to bless water and to sprinkle it around the altar and upon the congregation before Mass. In other places when blessed it is placed in holy water fonts in the vestibule of the church for the use of the faithful. The object of this ceremony is two-fold: first, to obtain through the merits of Christ, the blessing of God upon the place and the people; secondly, to excite in the faithful proper dispositions of soul and body, so that they may be rendered more acceptable in the sight of their merciful Redeemer. This custom has existed in the Church since the days of the Apostles. Even among the Jews of old it formed a part of their sacred ceremonial (Num. XIX and Lev. XIV).

Water cleanses from filth and salt preserves from corruption. The Church,—desirous of using those creatures for the sanctification of her people, her churches, her dwellings,—has sanctified the objects themselves by prayer and the ritual. As Eliseus healed the waters of Jericho—by casting salt into them so that he was able to promise, in the name of the Lord, that they should no more cause sterility or death, but bring forth life and good fruit, —the priest prays in blessing the water, that it may sanctify all persons and places to which it shall be applied, bestowing on them the life of grace, and causing them to bring forth the fruits of virtue. When the ceremony is performed by the priest, he first sprinkles the holy water around the altar and then upon the people, making use of the antiphon: "Thou shalt sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow." The first verse of the fiftieth Psalm, "Have mercy on me, O Lord," is then sung, and the entire psalm is repeated by the chancel choir, after which the antiphon is read by the celebrant. It is to be presumed that persons attending this ceremony, with proper dispositions of soul and body, profit greatly by using this holy water. During the Easter time, the antiphon refers to the effects of baptismal water, which had been blessed on Holy Saturday, and, in an emblematical manner, the people are urged to recollect the blessings conferred by the sacrament of baptism and to be careful to preserve its fruits.

When persons use holy water on entering the church, they do so as a reminder of the sentiments that should fill their souls, and free them from the distractions of the world. It is one of the greatest misfortunes to find people in the Church of God, at the solemn services of the Holy Sacrifice, apparently without the conviction that where they stand is holy ground, made sacred by the Lord of hosts.

Incense is also used in the church service as a token of respect and is emblematically instructive and calculated to excite devotion. It was always used in the Christian church. In the Old Law, it was prescribed by God Himself for the purpose of His worship. It was amongst the gifts offered by the wise men to the Saviour at Bethlehem and was introduced into the Christian churches in the very beginning of the Christian era. It teaches us how our prayers should ascend before the throne of God's grace, with acceptable fragrance; but to accomplish this they must proceed from hearts pure and recollected, in which the fire of divine love is enkindled. It teaches how we should unite our aspirations with those of the saints mentioned by St. John in the Apocalypse (Chap. VIII).

In treating of the Mass we shall suppose ourselves to be in a church arranged

according to modern discipline, and the celebrant to be a priest attended by a deacon and a sub-deacon, two acolytes carrying large candlesticks, an incense bearer, a master of ceremonies, and altar boys. We shall also suppose the Mass to be solemnly celebrated,—so as to distinguish it from the same office celebrated by a priest attended merely by a server, and generally without music.

I.

The Mass is composed of two distinct parts; that of the catechumens, and that of the faithful. In order to have an accurate idea of this distinction, it is necessary to know who the catechumens were. In the first ages of the Church, those who were desirous of knowing the Christian doctrine or of being admitted into the church, attended instruction and were called catechumens or hearers; they were obliged to undergo a severe test before being instructed in the secrets of the faithful. They had to pass through four grades before being admitted to baptism, and when they received this sacrament, they were for the first time instructed in the nature of the Holy Eucharist and the meaning and efficacy of the Mass. Up to this period, they were not permitted to be present at the Canon of the holy sacrifice, nor was any one of the faithful permitted to converse with them on the subject. They were not even taught the creed nor the Lord's prayer till the very eve of their baptism.

In the first century, there were very few churches in which they were permitted to be present at any portion of the liturgy; but gradually a change came about and they were allowed to assist at the opening prayers of the service and at the instruction. As soon as preparation was made for the Offertory they were obliged to retire; then the deacons were placed in charge of the doors, and the faithful were warned to see that strangers were not present. Later sub-deacons became the sentinels at the doors, and finally with the lapse of time the lower order of clergy took charge. This discipline fell into disuse with the conversion of all Europe.

The Mass of the catechumens comprises the preparation at the foot of the altar—the Introit—and succeeding parts as far as the Offertory; and the Mass of the faithful commences at the Offertory and continues to the end. The Mass of the catechumens may be considered therefore as a preparation for the sacrifice. Formerly that portion of it which was said at the foot of the platform, before ascending to the altar, was left, in a great measure, to the discretion of the celebrant, but subsequently the several churches adopted such forms as to each seemed best; some using one psalm and some another; but all having a like object, and each adopting also some form of confession. In these several forms there is very little difference, but the greater number of the western churches have long since conformed to the usage of Rome. Yet some of very ancient standing, have, with due permission, retained their old forms (and some of the religious orders that were founded in those churches have also preserved their peculiar customs).

The priest begins the Mass in the name of the most holy Trinity by making the sign of the cross; by putting his right hand to his forehead, then to his breast, then to the left and right shoulders, to show that all his expectations are founded upon the merits of Him who died upon the cross. He then, with his attendants, recites an antiphon taken from the psalm XII, "Judica Me Deus," together with a portion of the psalm itself. The word antiphon means opposed voices. At a very early period the custom was intro-

duced into the assemblies of the faithful, of dividing the attendants into two parts, and by alternate or opposed voices chanting or reciting psalms and hymns. The psalm used at the foot of the altar was written by David when he was absent from his country, to avoid the wrath of Saul; it breathes the fervent longings of the exile for an opportunity of worshiping at the altar of his God, in the midst of the solemnities of his people. It is therefore very appropriate for the expressing of the sentiment of the priest, who goes to offer the Eucharistic sacrifice. The antiphon is: "I will go up to the altar of God; to God who bestows joy upon my youth." It is concluded with the doxology: "Glory be to the Father," etc., which there is reason to believe was received from the apostles. The psalm, "Judica Me," is omitted in Masses for the dead and at certain periods of the year.

Bowing down at the foot of the altar with his ministers, the priest is filled with an ardent desire of ascending to the altar of God to offer the holy sacrifice but he is deterred by a sense of his own unworthiness, and therefore he confesses to God, to the heavenly host and to his surrounding brethren, and asks that all would intercede for him with their heavenly Father. He next expresses, in scriptural extracts, the joy and consolation he expects from that mercy which the Lord hath promised, and then ascends to the altar, praying that God would take away their iniquities, so that they might go up with pure minds to the holy place. When he has concluded the confession, if he be a bishop, the maniple is put upon his left hand. This custom is preserved as a testimony of ancient usage, when the chasuble covered the arms and hands of the celebrant.

When the celebrant arrives at the altar, he kisses it as a token of respect; if he is a bishop, he kisses the book of the Gospels; on other occasions throughout the Mass, he kisses it in the same manner as is customary for the priest. The prayer for either is the same. The deacon and sub-deacon bend their knees as they attend him on either side during this salutation. His prayer is to entreat God, through the merits of those saints whose relics are before him in the altar, to extend His mercy and lessen the temporal punishment that might yet remain due to the sins of him who ventures to approach the altar. These prayers are said in an undertone of voice, because in the first place, they regard principally the individual himself, and also because they are said whilst the choir sings the Introit.

After the salutation of the altar, the deacon gives incense to the celebrant, kissing, through respect, the spoon and the hand which receives it. After casting the incense upon the fire in the thurible, the celebrant makes the sign of the cross over the smoking perfume, praying thus: "Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art burned." Then taking the thurible from the deacon, he perfumes the cross and the altar, at the conclusion of which ceremony the deacon receives it back and exhibits his respect for the celebrant by incensing him. Having returned the censer to the acolyte who has it in charge, the deacon, followed by the sub-deacon, goes up to attend the priest while he reads the Introit. The book is placed for this purpose on the Epistle side of the altar. The Introit is generally a psalm appropriate to the solemnity, but sometimes it is taken from some other portion of the Old Testament. When reading the antiphon, the celebrant and his attendants make the sign of the cross upon themselves; but in Masses for the dead it is made rather towards the book, which is emblematic of their desire to have the merits of Christ applied to re-

move any temporal punishment that may still remain. Instead of the doxology, the usual prayer for the dead is said: "Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." The name Introit, or at the entrance, is appropriately given to this because it was originally chanted at the entrance of the people and the clergy, and was continued till they were all in their proper places.

Mystic writers give us two interpretations of this portion of the Mass: first, that it represents the entrance of the Saviour into the world by His incarnation; again, that it should remind us of His entrance into the garden of Gethsemane to begin His sufferings. It is well to indulge in both these reflections. After the Introit, the choir chants the Kyrie Eleison thrice in honor of the Father, Christe Eleison thrice in honor of the Son, and Kyrie Eleison thrice in honor of the Holy Ghost. The celebrant and his attendants repeat the phrases of the invocation alternately in a low voice. This is a Greek supplication for mercy; Lord have mercy on us, Christ have mercy on us. It is of very ancient usage, as the Church is made up of various nations having different languages and rites. She incorporated some of their phrases in her liturgy, especially Greek and Hebrew. Of the latter she kept *Amen, Alleluia, Hosanna,* etc. This custom was not established by any law, but gradually spread itself through the Church.

On festival days the angels' hymn, "Gloria in excelsis," glory to God in the highest, is chanted, the celebrant leading and the whole choir following. It is omitted on Sundays in times of penance, during Advent and Lent, on certain vigils, etc., and in Masses for the dead. This hymn comes down to us from the most remote period of the Christian era. The Greeks are greatly attached to it. Formerly the celebrant read this hymn at the Epistle side; now he goes to the middle of the altar as a more convenient place. At the conclusion, he goes with his attendants to sit during the time that the choir sings what he has read.

If a bishop celebrates pontifically in his own church, he reads the Mass of the catechumens at his throne, or if in the church of another, at a seat prepared for him at the Epistle side of the altar. At the conclusion of the hymn, turning towards the people, the bishop salutes them with the words: "Pax Vobiscum," —Peace be with you. This was the salutation of the Saviour, Whose messenger and minister he is, to the apostles (John XX, 19-21). It is very appropriately made after the Angels' hymn, by which peace is proclaimed to men of good-will. Whenever the bishop repeats the hymn, he uses this mode of salutation, but on all other occasions in the Mass, his salutation is similar to that of the priest, "Dominus Vobiscum,"—The Lord be with you.

During the penitential seasons after the celebrant invited the congregation to prayer, the deacon proclaimed, "Flectamus Genua,"—Let us kneel; and after some time spent in secret prayer, he added: "Levate"—rise. At present the custom is for the sub-deacon to say "Levate" after bending the knee. At the end of the prayer, the choir answers "Amen," which is an aspiration of consent to the petition. The number of these prayers or collects differ. They vary from one to seven.

After these prayers are said, the sub-deacon chants the Epistle whilst the celebrant reads it in a low voice. The chant is the old style of reading important public documents. The variety upon this was very great. After finishing the Epistle, the sub-deacon goes to the celebrant with the book, and kneels to receive his blessing; he then rises and gives the book to

the deacon or to the master of ceremonies, and the deacon places the book of the Gospels on the altar. The hymns and psalms which follow the Epistle are generally called the Gradual because the singers stood or sat upon the gradus or steps of the pulpit. In times of penance the chant was slow and drawn out and was therefore called tractus or "tract." At Easter time the responseries are the Alleluias which are frequently repeated. The "prose" became popular towards the beginning of the tenth century; five have been preserved in the Roman missal; one for Easter, the Exultet; one for Pentecost, Veni Sancte Spiritus; one for Corpus Christi, the Lauda Sion; the Stabat Mater, and the greatly admired Dies Irae, which is said in the Masses for the dead.

The missal is now removed to the Gospel side, which shows the passing of the law and authority from the priesthood of Aaron to that of the apostles. The celebrant, bowing in the middle of the altar, prays to the Lord to cleanse his lips and heart, that he may worthily announce the holy Gospel; after which he proceeds to read it in a low tone of voice, while the choir continues its chant. At the conclusion, he again puts incense into the thurible; the deacon repeats on his knees the "Munda Cor Meum," and going to the altar he takes thence the book, and kneeling before the celebrant he requests his blessing and then proceeds to chant the portion selected for the occasion. He is preceded by the incense to show the sweet odor of the word of God, and the lights follow to exhibit how it illumines the understanding, driving away the vapors of passion and banishing the darkness of ignorance. The sub-deacon assists in holding the book which the deacon perfumes as a token of respect. He greets the people with the usual salutation, and after being answered, he proclaims: "the following of the Gospel according to St. Matthew," or which ever Evangelist it may be, making the sign of the cross upon his forehead, his mouth, and his breast, to show that he will profess the faith of his crucified Redeemer openly and in his heart. He had previously made the same sign upon the book where the Gospel begins, to show the source whence the faith is derived. The people answer while they also sign themselves, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord." He then chants the selection in the solemn tone in which the ancient heralds of the East proclaimed the laws of the people. At the termination, he points out the opening sentence to the sub-deacon who immediately proceeds to point it out to the celebrant who kisses the gospel as a token of affection. After the kissing of the book, the deacon incenses the celebrant.

During the chanting of the Gospel, the people, as well as the clergy, stand. Military Orders or distinguished officers lay their hands on the hilts of their swords, or hold them drawn, in token of their devotion to the Gospel. The celebrant at the altar stands with his hands joined, and turns towards the deacon, who announces the sacred word; if the officiating clergyman be a bishop, he stands uncovered holding his crosier. From the beginning, it was the custom to hear the Gospel with this remarkable reverence. The rites, however, vary, but the object is always the same; namely, to show great veneration for the word of God.

The custom of laying the book on the altar and taking it thence, though now retained for its mystic instruction, was originally introduced from the high respect in which the Gospels were held by the first Christians. These portions of the Gospels were not made up in the same volume with the Epistles, the Psalms, and the Collects, but were kept separate

and brought with great ceremony from the sacristy to be laid upon the altar before the ceremony began. When the proper time for proclaiming the Gospel came, the deacon then went to bring them to the ambo or pulpit.

II.

Toward the conclusion of the Mass of the Catechumens, immediately after the sermon, the attendants at the foot of the altar began their preparation for the Mass of the Faithful, the commencement of which was the Oblation. The celebrant having intoned the Creed, the choir took it up in the name of the laity, as a grand profession of faith. At mentioning the name of Jesus, reverence is made by bowing the head; but at the passage which states His humiliation to become man for our sakes, the people kneel; and on two great festivals,—the Annunciation, and the Nativity of our Blessed Lord,—the celebrant and his attendants go to the altar steps and kneel. Whilst the latter part of the symbol is chanted, the deacon, receiving the burse from the master of ceremonies, pays due respect to the celebrant, and proceeds to spread upon the altar the corporal or cloth which is to be under the offerings. When the Creed is finished, the celebrant, before the Offertory, salutes the people again with the address, "Dominus Vobiscum," to which he receives the usual answer. From this to the preface may be considered the Offertory. At present it consists in the offering of the bread and wine by the celebrant, the incensing of the oblation, of the altar and of the attendants, the washing of the fingers, the subsequent prayer, the invitation given to the people to pray, and the secret prayer. Originally, it was customary for the faithful to bring to the church the provisions which they furnished for the support of the clergy and the necessaries for the sacrifice and for the use of the temple; they offered them at this period of the service and the deacons selected what was proper for the altar; the remainder was sent to the bishop's residence whence, under his direction, the clergy were supplied. This contribution was called an oblation or offertory. Some few vestiges of this ancient practice still remain, but the faithful now, when they wish to have a special commemoration in the Mass, for themselves or their friends, bring the contribution privately to the clergyman. They also place an offering of money in the collection box, for the support of religion.

About the year 400, a custom began at Carthage of singing a hymn or psalm during the Offertory. This was continued till the choir was admonished by the celebrant that they might conclude. From Carthage the custom spread to other churches. Having read the appropriate offertory selections, he is now ready to commence the oblation whilst the choir continues the chant. If a bishop celebrates pontifically, he now goes to the altar, having taken off his gloves and washed his fingers, that he may more conveniently perform his duty.

The sub-deacon, at this time, has placed on his shoulders a large silk scarf; going to the credence table, he takes the chalice, over which an attendant brings the end of the scarf, and he carries the offerings up to the deacon, who is at the right hand of the celebrant. The deacon receives the chalice, and taking off the paten or small plate with the bread, he delivers it to the celebrant, kissing as usual the object given and the hand which receives it. The celebrant lifting the paten with both hands presents to the Lord the bread that is to be consecrated, and prays that it may be acceptable. Making the sign of the cross with it over the altar, he places the bread upon the corporal. Meantime,

the deacon has cleansed the chalice with the purifier, and poured wine into it for consecration: one of the acolytes having brought up the cruets containing wine and water, from the credence table, the sub-deacon holding the cruet with water requests the celebrant to bless it. If a bishop be present within his own jurisdiction it is carried to him and blessed. The water is blessed by the appropriate prayer and sign of the cross, and a small quantity of water is mixed with the wine in the chalice; after which, the celebrant, receiving it from the deacon, offers it in like manner as he has done the bread, and then laying the chalice on the corporal, he covers its mouth with the pall. The sub-deacon receives the paten which he holds enveloped in the scarf, and retires to his place behind the celebrant.

The object of introducing the bread and the wine is so well known as to require no explanation. The mixing of a small quantity of water with the wine has been practised from the beginning, and there exist proofs of the Saviour having used the wine mingled with water when He instituted the sacrifice of the Mass. It mystically represents the Incarnation. The quantity of water is extremely small and is altogether lost in the wine, to show how imperfect is the human nature which our blessed Saviour assumed. It also shows how completely we should subject ourselves to the Divine Will; and so live in the fulfilment of His commands that we could say with the Apostle (Gal. ii. 21), "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Another mystical lesson is that of the perfect union of the two distinct natures, divine and human, in the one person of Jesus Christ: we are also reminded of the water mingled with blood that came forth from His side when it was opened with a spear.

In Masses for the dead, the sign of the cross is not made over the water, for the same reason that no blessings are given at the sacrifice, because it is offered in behalf of those who are no longer so subjected to the authority of the celebrant as to be blessed by him. The wine has no cross or prayer over it, as it represents the divine nature upon which no blessing can be conferred. The prayers at the offering of the host and chalice, though not the most ancient, yet distinctly express what was always prayed for by the celebrant. A beautiful mystic lesson is taught by the Offertory. Here the people might reflect upon the manner of the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem; whilst He was going as a Lamb to the slaughter, the multitudes greeted Him with the joyful welcome of "Hosanna to the son of David," though this same people were, in the course of a few days, to cry out: "Crucify Him." Thus we can contemplate the approach of that Victim Whom we crucify by our sins.

The original usage was to consecrate the Eucharist upon the paten, which was very large, and was kept upon the altar not only to contain what served for the Communion of the priest, but also for the people. About twelve hundred years have passed away since the custom has been introduced of consecrating upon the corporal, and then the paten was removed from the altar and held enveloped in a scarf by one of the attendants until it was required, after the Lord's prayer, for the purpose of breaking the Host upon it. Various customs prevailed regarding the person who was to keep it and the manner in which it was to be held. For some centuries it was given to an acolyte, who not being in holy orders was not permitted to touch the sacred vessels, but held it enveloped; subsequently the duty was given to the sub-deacon, who though in holy orders, yet continues to wear the scarf for the purpose of keeping this

sacred vessel clean by having it rolled in this veil.

The prayer which the celebrant recites, bowing down after having covered the chalice, has been taken from the Mozarabic Missal and is founded on Danl. iii. 39, 40. Then looking to Heaven, he invites the Holy Ghost to descend, and makes the sign of the cross over the oblation. The incense is now put into the thurible and blessed; the offering, the altar, and those present are perfumed in due order, to teach us mutual respect and also how we should now send up our prayers before the throne of the Eternal. The celebrant next washes his fingers at the corner of the Epistle, not merely to remove any impurity that might have been contracted from the censer, but as an admonition to him how necessary it is to have the utmost purity of soul for the solemn services in which he is to be engaged. The celebrant repeats the following seven verses of psalm XXV: "I will wash my hands amongst the innocent, and will compass thine altar, O Lord; that I may hear the voice of Thy praise and tell of all Thy wondrous works. I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. Take not away my soul, O Lord, with the wicked, nor my life with bloody men in whose hands are iniquities; their right hand is filled with gifts. But as for me, I have walked in mine innocence; redeem me and have mercy on me. My foot has stood in the direct way; in the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord." To this he adds the "Glory be to the Father," etc.

Going then to the middle of the altar, the celebrant, bowing down, with hands joined in supplication, prays to the Holy Trinity to accept the sacrifice which is about to be offered, that it may be to God the testimony of adoration; that it may redound to the honor of the saints who are with Him in heaven, and conduce to the celebration of those who are present, and of all the Church. He also beseeches the intercession of the saints; then kissing the altar, he turns round to request the congregation to pray in like manner that this sacrifice may prove acceptable to Heaven, and advantageous to those present: "Orate Fratres," etc. They answer that it may be received by Almighty God to the honor and praise of His own holy name and for their benefit as well as that of Holy Mother Church. The prayer which follows is called the "secret" because it is said in a low voice. The tenor of the prayer corresponds to that of the collect, and at its termination, the words, *per Omnia sacula saculorum* are chanted, to give the people notice that the prayer has been concluded and to give them an opportunity of answering, "Amen."

The celebrant then commences the *Preface*, which precedes the *Canon* or principal part of the liturgy. This invitation is chanted. It is preceded by the usual salutation of "Dominus Vobiscum." After the choir answers, he invites the congregation to lift their hearts, by the words, "Sursum Corda"; they answer, "Habemus ad dominum,"—We have them to the Lord. He continues to lead them: "Gratias agamus Domino Deo Nostro,"—Let us give thanks to the Lord, our God. He bows his head, and they answer: "Dignum et justum est,"—It is fit and just. He then continues to chant the Preface commencing with the declaration that it is truly fit and just, becoming and useful, always and in all places, to give thanks to God for His blessings, but especially on the occasion for which we are assembled: he then declares the nature of the festival and the dispositions which are appropriate. Wherefore he calls upon them to render their praises through Jesus Christ, our Lord, uniting their voices in humble

strains with the angelic hosts, who sing, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the heavens are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest; blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

The celebrant ceases his chant when he arrives at the trisagion or thrice holy, and the choir continues the thrilling strain which the enraptured prophet and beloved evangelist heard in the heavenly court; a sweet-toned bell gives notice to the assembly that the most solemn part of the Mass is about to commence, so that they may redouble their attention. This is also the moment to reflect upon the arrival of the great Victim of reconciliation in Jerusalem when the multitude took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him and cried: "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord" (St. John XII). The deacon now goes up to assist the celebrant. The portion which succeeds is called the "Canon." The meaning of this word is "a rule," and is applicable to these prayers because however the others might vary, this scarcely differs in the various churches, and few changes have been made in it from the earliest period of our Church. Since the days of Gregory the Great, which is upwards of twelve hundred years, it has continued altogether unchanged. Pope Vigilius in the year 540 A. D., called it the "canonical prayer." Innocent I, about 140 years earlier, called it the "prayer by excellence." St. Augustine and St. Cyprian gave it the same name. In 789 it was called the "Mass." In 1195, it was styled the "secret of the Mass" by the Council of York, under the pontificate of Celestine III. A Council at Oxford 1222, during the pontificate of Honorius III, gives it the name of the "canon of the Mass." Several very ancient writers refer to it as the "prayer during the action." The Council of Trent says, "that it was a compilation of the words of the Saviour, the traditions of the Apostles, and the institutions of some very holy Pontiffs."

The discipline of the first ages of the Church regarding the "secret," prevented its being reduced to writing; but a most remarkable similarity prevails in the liturgies of the several early rites, which evidences that they must have been derived from a common source.

The custom which still prevails of reciting the Canon in a low voice so as not to be heard by the people, thus giving to understand that the change which is effected in the bread and wine is the effect of the invisible and imperceptible operation of the Holy Ghost, has been derived from very ancient times. The priest lifts up his hands and eyes to Heaven, at the commencement, when he invokes the most merciful Father to receive the gift about to be offered; then bowing down, he makes his supplication, and kisses the altar previous to making thrice the sign of the cross over the offerings. He then entreats that these may be received for the whole Church, especially for her visible head, the Pope; then for the bishop of the diocese, in some places for the temporal rulers and benefactors of the Church. He then begs of the Almighty, in a special manner, to regard some living persons whom he particularly recommends; amongst them are his immediate benefactors, relatives and spiritual children. He concludes by the recommendation of all present according to the measure of their devotion, of which the Lord alone can judge, calling then to mind the saints who are in celestial glory with the Lord; he places before the Divine Mind that we not only communicate with them in the doctrine to which they adhered, but that we hold their names, their virtues, and their relics in veneration and trust much to the aid which we expect from

their prayers and merits through Jesus Christ.

From the beginning it was usual to have in the church, dyptics,—that is, parchments with two folds, so as to make three columns,—the names of three classes of persons inscribed thereon. First were the Apostles and martyrs whom the Church believed had died in the perfect love of God, and consequently were in bliss, for no one could exhibit greater love than to lay down his life for his friend (St. John XV. 13). These names were read in the assemblies of the faithful when they congregated round the holy altar, not to pray for them, but rather that they might pray for us. These saints were brought under the divine observation upon the same principle as the Israelites of old so frequently brought their deceased patriarchs before the Lord, that He might be induced to act towards the Christian flock as He did toward Jerusalem when it was threatened by Sennecherib (4 Kings XIX. 34). "And I will protect this city and will save it for my own sake and for David, my servant's sake." Upon another column were inscribed the names of those who had died in the peace or communion of the Church, leaving indeed hope, but not assurance, of their being acceptable; but yet as they might be liable to temporal punishment, though released from the guilt of sin, or by reason of lesser sins not fully repented of, being members of the Church, they shared in her communion and might be aided by her prayers, so that through the merits of the Saviour and the suffrages of their brethren, their suffering might be diminished either as to its intensity or duration, or both. The doctrine of the people of Israel and of the early Christians, was that which the Catholic Church has held from the beginning, and holds today.

The Jewish people continue the custom of praying for their dead. They hold memorial services for them on the day of their decease or interment, on the third day, on the seventh day, on the thirtieth, and on the anniversary. This people, dear Protestant friends, did not borrow from Catholics the religious practices which they observe. They trace back this belief and practice to the revelations made even before the Lord called their fathers from Egypt to give them His written laws upon Mount Sinai. They find the example in Gen. i. 10, where the children of Jacob celebrated the exequies of seven days, not with the mere grief of the uninstructed, for they "were not sorrowful even as others, who had no hope." (1 Thess. IV. 12). The observance of the thirty days is mentioned in Numb. XX. 30. This nation has always observed the anniversaries of their dead, by prayer, even to the present time. All the Christian liturgies had, from the beginning, prayers for the deceased; for, as St. John Chrysostom observes: "It was not vainly regulated by the Apostles that the tremendous mysteries commemorated should be made for the dead." And St. Augustine informs us in his confessions, that his dear mother, St. Monica, when she found herself dying, near Ostia, requested that she be remembered at the holy altar; and in many passages of his works he informs us that commemorations should be made in behalf of the souls of the faithful departed. Thus some saints were prayed to, and others were prayed for.

The third column contained the names of the living. Amongst these, that of the Pope was first, then that of the immediate bishop and some of the prelates belonging to the same province; also that of the emperor or king, and the great benefactors. During the first eight or ten centuries it was usual for the deacon to read those names at the proper time; and if

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REV. ANGELO RODRIGUEZ, O. S. A., DIRECTOR OF THE VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Vatican Observatory ranks with the finest establishments of its kind in the world. First and foremost among those interested in its progress is Leo XIII, to whose farsightedness and enthusiastic love for science, and magnificent generosity, are due both its resurrection from oblivion and its steady progress. Few branches of learning hold more attractions for him than the study of Astronomy, and few projects lie nearer his heart than this: to make the Specula Vaticana an observatory of the very first rank. Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, is president of the administrative council of the Observatory, but the Assistant Secretary of State, Cardinal Mocenni, ordinarily presides at the weekly meetings, and in general he is the Pope's official representative in the administrative work of the Institute. The working staff consists of eight persons, viz., a Director and Vice-Director; a Calculator and Measurer, each with his assistant; and two specialists in meteorological observation. Fr. Francis Denza, the first Director, died towards the close of 1894. His abilities and his industry as an astronomer may be inferred from the fact that in his day he was looked upon as the famous Father Secchi's most formidable rival. He was the founder and director of the Italian Meteorological Society, and a member of many scientific associations at home and abroad. He was a profound mathematician, an inventor of no mean ability, a keen and patient observer, and a prolific

VERY REV. JOSEPH WISSEL, C. SS. R.

writer; and altogether his death was a severe loss, not only to his august friend and patron, Leo XIII, but to the whole scientific world.

To be chosen as the worthy successor of this brilliant scientist was the merited distinction conferred on the Rev. Angelo Rodriguez, the present Director of the Observatory. Father Rodriguez took the habit of the Augustinians in 1878, and six years later was ordained priest. In 1885 he was appointed to the chair of Physico-mathematical sciences, in the Royal College of Alfonso XII, and in 1892 obtained the degree of Doctor of Sciences in the Central University.

He had always shown a predilection for studies connected with Astronomy and Meteorology, and in 1884 he published an article upon the beauties of the twilights of the preceding year—a work which was rewarded by the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences of Cadiz. Many of his writings were published in the Augustinian Review "La Ciudad de Dios," by which means his rapid and profound advance in scientific studies became known abroad, and he was in consequence elected a member of various academies.

In 1896, Father Rodriguez was appointed Director of the College of Guernica, at which place he erected a meteorological observatory under the patronage and at the expense of the Provincial Committees of Vizcaya and Guipuzcoa, communicating daily by telegraph to the said provinces the forecast for the atmospherical changes for the following twenty-four hours. These forecasts were of the greatest benefit to the sailors and fishermen.

He was still at the head of this college when he received the order from his Superior General to go to Rome. Promptly obeying the call, he arrived in Rome, where Leo XIII conferred upon him the high honor of Director of the Vatican Observatory.

The noble traits of character and the modest, retiring disposition of this learned Augustinian add to the esteem in which he is held.

A notable event was the recent celebration in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, of the golden jubilee of Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.SS.R. The exercises opened with a procession, in which the trustees of the church, cross bearer, acolytes, the Knights of St. Peter in uniform, with the American and Papal flags in front, and hundreds of school children, escorted the jubilarian and the Archbishop from the house to the sanctuary. The procession passed up the aisle to the strains of the Coronation March. Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Wissel, and the sermon was delivered in German by his nephew, Rev. Joseph R. Wissel, C.SS.R., of New York city. A remarkable coincidence noted by the preacher is the fact that Father Wissel was ordained in the church in which the celebration of the golden jubilee was observed, and also that the jubilarian is the sole survivor of the six who entered the priesthood together in that church fifty years ago. Archbishop Ryan gave the episcopal blessing at the close of the Mass, and Very Rev. Wm. J. Luecking, C.SS.R., of Baltimore, Provincial of the Order, offered congratulations in English and read the blessing conferred by the Pope on the venerable priest.

Father Luecking said in part that at the altar of St. Peter's Church the jubilarian had fifty years ago received a double grace. Then he received the holy priesthood and made his triple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. "Today we are here to help him to thank Almighty God for His graces; to witness the renewal of his vows after fifty years' faithful adherence to them and to ask for him the grace of final perseverance. God Almighty has written down on the Book of

Life the good works of our jubilarian, but the human heart looks also for the approval of its earthly superiors. The Archbishop has come today to bestow his blessing. A few weeks ago Father Wissel was in Rome, where he met the Superior General of his order, who requested and now sends the blessing of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, who graciously and lovingly deigns to impart his blessing to our venerable jubilarian, who asks you through me to help him thank God for the blessing bestowed on him during his long career; to beg for him the grace of final perseverance. And may we not also ask that his career of usefulness and goodness shall continue with us for many years to come?"—A prayer that will be echoed with heart-felt fervor by Catholics everywhere who have come under the influence of this devoted missionary.

RT. REV. FRANCIS A. GASQUET, O. S. B.

The London Athenæum Club has done itself honor by electing as a member, under the special rule, Rt. Rev. Francis Gasquet, D.D., Abbot-President of the English Benedictines. Father Gasquet is, needless to say, one of the most distinguished of living historians, while

RT. REV. DOMINIC REUTER, D. D., O. M. C.

as a conversationalist he has no superior. Cardinal Vaughan is already a member of the Athenæum, as was Cardinal Manning before him.

Rt. Rev. Dominic Reuter, D.D., O.M.C., recently elected Procurator-General of the Franciscan Order throughout the world, was born in Prussia, December 5, 1856. When three years old he came to New York with his parents, and his rudimentary education was received in the public schools of Albany. In 1876 he made his profession in the Order of Minor Conventuals of St. Francis, and five years later he was ordained priest at Innsbruck, Austria. Returning to America the same year, Father Reuter became regent of studies in St. Francis College, Trenton, and held that position until 1885, when he was called to Loretto to become Papal Confessor for the English at the Holy House. Later he held the same position at St. Peter's, Rome. Father Reuter was recalled to America in 1890, since which time he has been Regent of Studies and Rector of St. Francis College, Trenton, with the exception of one year, 1896, during which time he was master of novices at Syracuse. Four years ago he was elected Assistant Provincial and Secretary of the American Province, an office to which he was re-elected last August. For the past two years Doctor Reuter has been moderator of the Trenton diocese.

The International Biblical Commission created by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, as first apponted, consisted of twelve members, one from each of the principal Catholic countries. It was subsequently discovered that the work was so extensive that the commission originally named would be inadequate to perform the task imposed. The commission has recently been reorganized, and two cardinals have been added to the original three, while the number of consultors has been increased to forty members, comprising the most prominent biblical scholars in the Church.

It is a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to all connected with the Catholic University at Washington to know that Very Rev. Charles P. Grannan, D.D., was named a consultor on both the original and on the reorganized commissions. In this signal honor the University has also a share, as Doctor Grannan has been connected with it from the beginning, and has taken a prominent part in its development.

The work of the commission is being pushed forward vigorously. For the present it is being conducted principally by correspondence; but when the proper time arrives there will take place in Rome a general session of all the members of the body. An exclusively biblical library, consisting of the best works in recent times, whether written by Catholics or by non-Catholics, is to be formed for the use of the commission, and a portion of the Vatican Library has been set apart by Leo XIII for this special library, as well as for the other purposes of the commission.

Rev. Charles H. Colton, says a cablegram from Rome, was appointed Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., by the Consistory. This announcement as yet lacks official confirmation, but it is

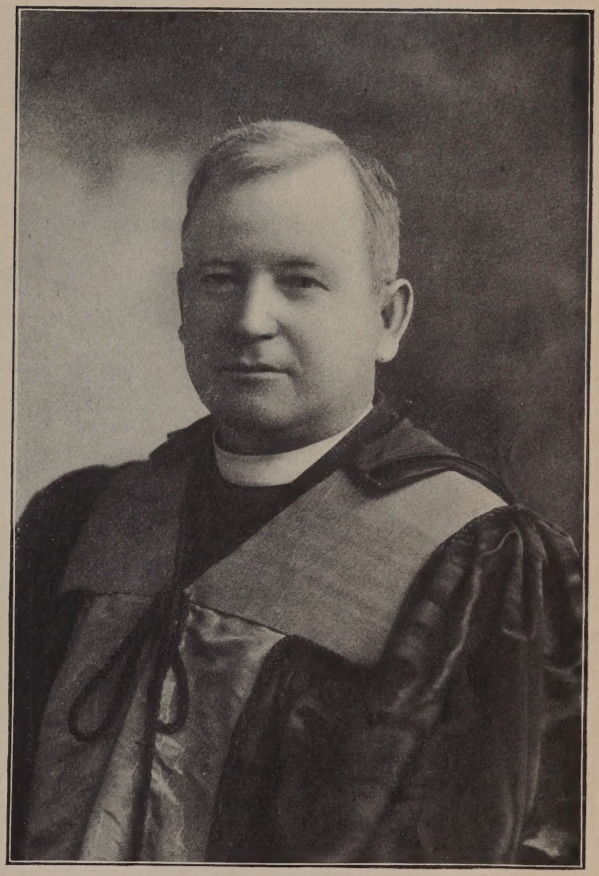
presumed that the dispatch is correct. It was announced some time ago that Father Colton had been nominated for appointment to the see of Buffalo, and on two other occasions he was honored by his church associates, once on the bishops' list of nominations for the archbishopric of New York, and later to the bishopric of Newark. Rev. Charles H. Colton is one of the most prominent pastors in New York City, where he was born in the pro-cathedral parish about fifty-five years ago. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in 1873, and later entered the archdiocesan seminary of St. Joseph at Troy. After his ordination he was appointed assistant curate at the church of St. Stephen, and in 1887 was made rector. His labors in St. Stephen's furnish a record of noble activity, crowned by success.

In 1894 Archbishop Corrigan appointed Father Colton Vice-Chancellor of the archdiocese, and in this office he has become endeared to the clergy. In reply to messages and enquiries that followed the press announcement of his elevation, Father Colton said:

"I am an humble servant of God and I hope to go where I am sent to do the work of the Master. I have not sought the honor nor expected elevation. I did not personally ask for any mission. The parting from a parish in which I was born and educated, and in which my entire priesthood, except four months, has been spent, will be by no means pleasant, but if I am called to another field of labor I must go, and I only hope to have the same aid, comfort and co-operation among my new friends, parishioners and co-laborers, as I have had in my work here. I must sever many tender ties and associations in New York that have grown stronger with my growing years from childhood all through my priesthood, but I know that I will have godspeed for the duties that are to come."

Mr. Thomas F. Walsh of Washington has provided a fund for the study of Irish history in Columbia University. He will also award a gold medal for excellence in this department, yearly.

It will be a matter of interest to many to note the progress made in this branch of study by Columbia students. Commenting on



VERY REV. CHARLES P. GRANNAN, D.D.

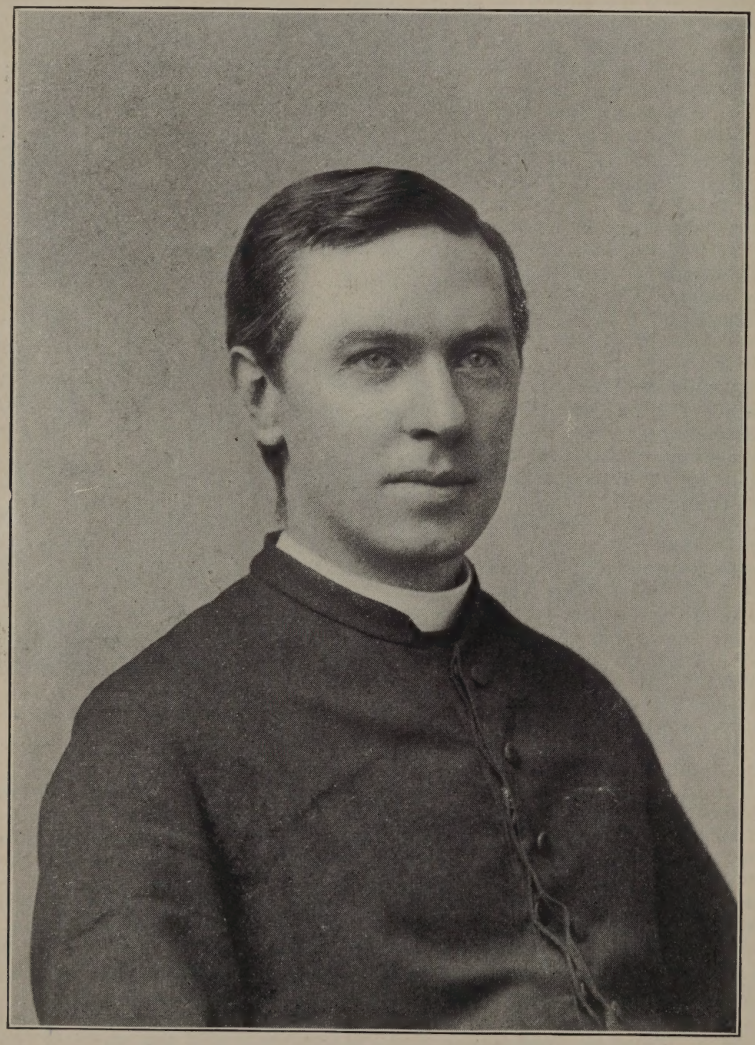
Mr. Walsh's generous encouragement, a writer makes this pertinent comment:

"And now for the correct sources of information, so as to get at the suppressed truth, and for professors who will aid the student in discovering that truth! But they should be other than anti-Irish bigots of the Mahaffey stamp. To Irish history, especially as travestied by hostile British pens, the paraphrase of Madame Roland's dying words upon the scaffold is applicable: O, History, what lies are told in thy name!"

If the aim of historical instructon be the interpretation of the world to the student, it is a mistake to tolerate a narrow scheme of study which leaves out of account a people so closely identified with the development of America. An important result of the study of Irish history should be an enlightened patriotism, or at least its intellectual counterpart, for something more than knowledge is

required to make a patriot. It is impossible to look for patriotic feeling from one who is ignorant of what his country has stood for in the development of civilization. On the other hand it would be difficult to stifle feelings of love for a country which had called out the self-sacrificing devotion of some of the greatest men of all time, and had meant much to the hopes of those everywhere who loved liberty and self-government. The difficulty is not the mere exciting of feelings of patriotism, it is the cultivation of a patriotism which should be faithful to the nation's best traditions. A subject, the study of which results in such intellectual, moral, and patriotic advantage as Irish history, should receive careful consideration from educators, and be given a place of honor in the school curriculum.

A writer in the Literary Digest gives a most appreciative review of "The Light Behind," Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's latest book. "A second perusal," he says, "leaves the reader more convinced of its grace and power. It is quite removed from the drastic and conscious assurance of Mrs. Humphry Ward.



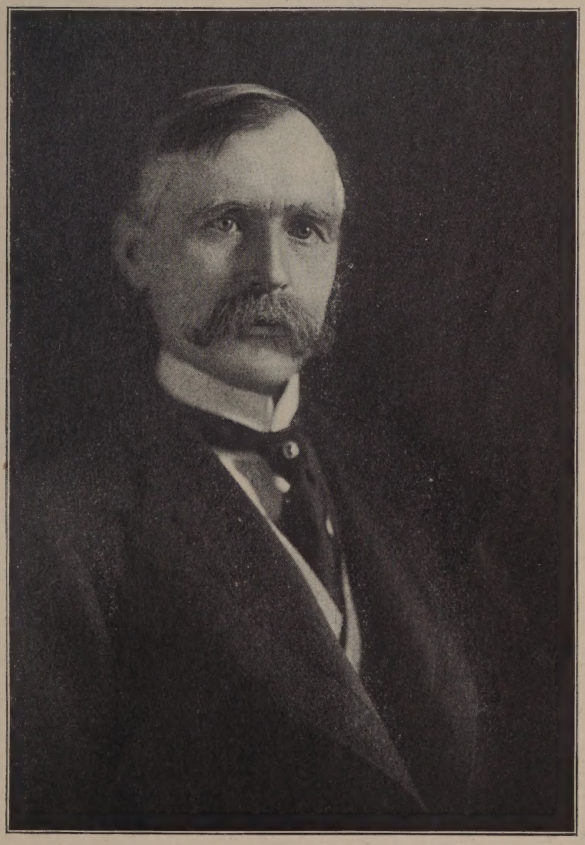
REV. CHARLES H. COLTON.

This charming story is from the pen of a Roman Catholic of England, and the spirit of Catholicism breathes through it delicately and logically, but not in the way of dogmatism. It is a novel by a Roman Catholic rather than a Roman Catholic novel. The

quality in it that merits most praise is the suavity with which the writer blends into artistic unity human instincts, the conventions of London society, and psychological interest. That its effect is not more vitally felt by the reader is due to the perfect harmony of its elements—something akin to the admirable poise of a great lady whose serenity may not be duly appreciated as an expression of strength.

The theme, morally tragic, is not emphasized by any violent gesticulation.

Lady Muriel Cheriton is unhappily married to a sensual, neglectful husband. Soon after the beautiful young woman of twenty has made what the world would call a brilliant marriage, the desolating ignominy of her position is enforced upon her. She has a friend, a worthy adviser, in Mr. Biddulph, permanent under-secretary in the Colonial Office, a widower. Almost following this exquisite young wife's realization of what she had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, she "had had opened to her a vision of joy and love, forbidden only by a vow already despoiled and desecrated by her husband." She found in Biddulph, at this crisis, stanch refuge, "in a tenderness that had a divine characteristic of never sparing her present suffering, any more than he could spare himself in her service. . . ." "He had saved her from the mirage, had bade her fix her eyes on a higher point, on the horizon between two worlds."



THOMAS F. WALSH.

James J. Phelan was born in what is known as the Ninth ward of the City of New York, his father being a prominent business man engaged in the California trade. He attended the public schools and St. Francis Xavier's College. Showing an aptitude for business life, his father established him in a general store in what is now known as the Borough of the Bronx. After spending five or six years in this business, he formed the firm of Phelan & Duval, Importers, in the lower part of the city. In 1883 he became Treasurer and New York Manager of the American Contracting and Dredging Company, the only American Company that obtained a contract from Count Ferdinal de Lesseps, and who successfully demonstrated what American pluck and ingenuity could do, by building fifteen miles of the Panama Canal. Mr. Phelan's associates in this great enterprise were, Henry B. Slaven, the late Eugene Kelly, the well known banker, Charles N. Fry of the Bank of New York, Geo. Bliss of Morton Bliss & Co., and Commander H. H. Corringe. The Company wound up its business after the failure of the Panama Canal Company.

Mr. Phelan was then appointed by Mayor Grant of New York as Treasurer of the Department of Docks. While holding that position he developed many plans for the improvement of the water front, which were subsequently carried into effect, notably the widening of West street, from the Battery to

JAMES J. PHELAN.

Canal street, the building of large piers, to admit the modern steamships, from 10th street to West 23rd street, which cost several millions of dollars.

His term of office expiring in 1895, Mr. Phelan went abroad, visiting the principal cities of Europe. On his return he accepted the appointment of treasurer to several large corporations, along with the management of several large estates which have been entrusted to his care.

MRS. WILFRID WARD.

In 1899, at the earnest solicitation of the late lamented Hon. John A. Sullivan, who was elected to the presidency of the Catholic Club, and by the members of the club generally, Mr. Phelan was induced to accept the treasurership of the Catholic Club. At this juncture the Club affairs were at a low ebb, and by introducing many economic reforms and refunding its debt at a low rate of interest, and by perfecting plans for its increase in membership, he has succeeded with his co-workers in placing the Club on a secure foundation. The Club has now over 1,000 active resident members and about 400 non-resident members, with a large waiting list anxious to join.

Mr. Phelan was an intimate friend of the late Archbishop Corrigan and was one of the trustees of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum for many years. He is also an active member of the Xavier Alumni Sodality. He organized many councils of the Catholic Benevolent Legion and was the first president of the first council established in New York city, and a member of the Supreme Council for many years. He is an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a life member of the Catholic Summer School, and is connected with many church and benevolent societies of this city.

Mr. Phelan was married in 1875 and has three sons and four daughters. One son is practicing law and the other is a civil engineer connected with the Rapid Transit Subway of the City of New York.

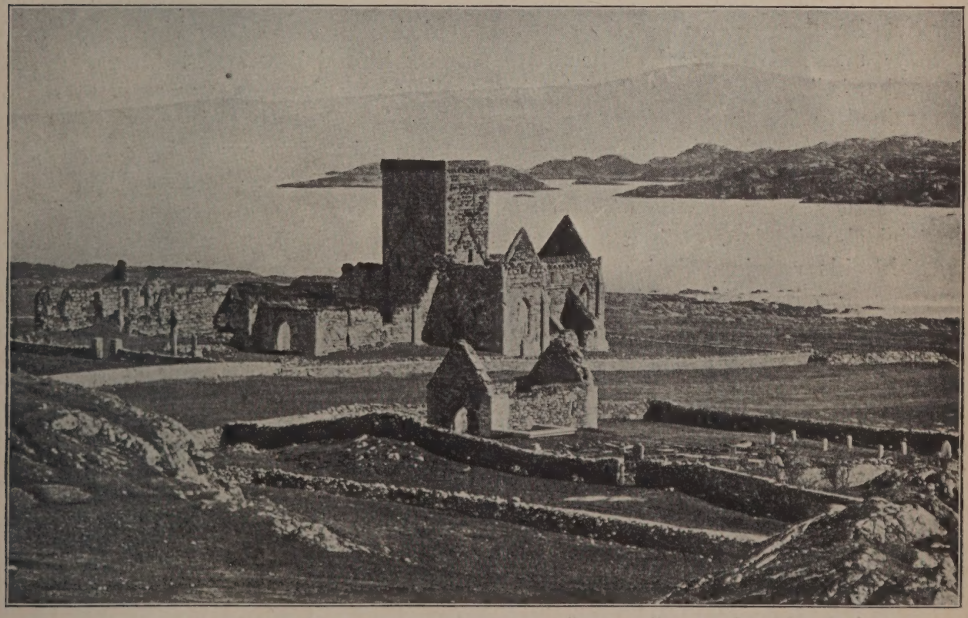
OFFERED FOR SALE!

AN ISLAND WITH A GLORIOUS PAST,

Said Columba, when he landed from his coracle upon the silver strand of Iona: "This place, small and mean as it appears, shall be honored not only by the kings of the Scots and their people, but by the rulers of strange nations and those subject to them. By the holy men also of other churches it shall be held in reverence." And the prophecy came true. For two centuries Iona was the nursery of bishops, the centre of education, the asylum of religious knowledge, the point of union among the British Isles, the capital and necropolis of the Celtic race.

Today it is in the real estate market, offered to the highest bidder by its present owner, the Duke of Argyll. Here is an opportunity for wealthy Catholics to save from further desecration this isle of sacred associations.

Iona is a lonely island of the Hebrides, about a mile from the Scottish mainland, some three miles long by one broad, and containing about 2,000 acres. A wild, ungrateful, craggy spot it is, anchored amid tempestuous seas, cold and lonely and barren; but it suited the resolute, sorrowful Columba, whose very love of books caused his exile. Columba came of a fierce and warlike line, the Hy-Niall of the north, and was himself a man of ardent temperament and strong passions. A very ancient chronicler, no less a person than his successor, the learned Adamnan, has left us a portrait of this beneficent promoter of learning and refinement. "He was a man of well-formed and powerful frame, his skin was white, his face was broad and fair and radiant, lit up with large, gray, luminous eyes; his large



IONA CATHEDRAL AND ST. ORAN'S CHAPEL.

INTERIOR OF IONA CATHEDRAL.

and well-shaped head was crowned with close and curling hair. His voice was clear and resonant, so that he could be heard at the distance of more than 1,500 paces, yet sweet with more than the sweetness of bards." From his youth Columba was trained to the service of the Church, first at Kells, and then in the schools of Moville and Clonard. He was a model of the monastic scholar, to whom idleness is a special abomination. When not occupied with his religious duties, Columba was ever found reading, writing, teaching; when he could not study, he was wont to take a hand in the manual labors of the monastery, and carry on his broad, bare shoulders the great sacks of meal from the mill to the kitchen. He was about twenty-four when he founded the monastery and schools of Derry, among his own tribesmen of Tir-Connell, on the banks of the Foyle, not far from the spot where stand the ruined walls of the great fortress of the Northern Clans. It was perhaps the site of the school of the ancient Druids, for even then there stood on the site a beautiful grove of oak trees, which Columba spared, and carefully tended as a shelter for his students. A pretty legend has floated down the ages, telling how the angels were wont to descend from heaven and crowd every leaf on the oaks of Derry to hear the monks of Columba chant the sacred strains of the psalms. In the after years of his exile, Columba's heart often turned with wistful eagerness to his beloved Derry, and we have yet some very ancient verses on this school attributed to the saint:—

"The reason I love Derry is
For its peace, for its purity,
And for its crowds of white angels
From one end to the other.

"My Derry! mine own little grove!
My dwelling, my dear little cell!
O Eternal God, in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it."

The ancient Irish were passionately addicted to the chase, and so it is no wonder that a man like Columba was an ardent lover of great forests; while yet in Ire-

STREET IN IONA.

land he built another monastic school at Durrow in the King's County, in a spot called the Plain of the Oaks. There is an ancient poem attributed to Columba in which he pours out his affection for his charming retreat of Durrow. There the wind sweeps through the elms and the oaks. There the blackbird's joyous note is heard at early dawn, and the Saint hears yet the echoes of its soft-toned bells, and sees the autumn glories of its many-colored woods.

"O Cormac! beautiful is that church of thine
With its books, with its learning;
A city devout with a hundred crosses,
Without blemish, and without trangression"

Before leaving Ireland, Columba built another monastic school at Kells, which rose to great importance in the ninth and tenth centuries, after Iona had been plundered so often by the Danes that it became uninhabitable. The monastic schools of St. Columba, Derry, Durrow and Kells were the great centres of the Christian ascetic life of the Irish in mediæval times. But they were also busy hives of learning. Columba, who had an absorbing passion for books, was himself one of the most elegant scribes of the old Irish

ST. MARTIN'S CROSS.

Church, and his hand-writing is thought by good critics to be yet extant in such splendid manuscripts as the Cathach, or Battle-Book of the Clan O'Donnell, and the Book of Kells. The latter is undoubtedly the most splendidly illuminated book in the world. Professor Westwood of Oxford, an expert judge in paleography, says: "It is unquestionably the most elaborately executed MSS. of so early a date now in existence, far excelling in the gigantic size of the letters at the beginning of each gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of its very peculiar decorations, the fineness and endless variety of its initial capitals, the famous gospels of Lindisfarne," which was also the work of Irish artists, as the English Lindisfarne was founded and long governed by Irish monks from Iona.

MISSION OF ST. COLUMBA TO THE PICTS, A. D. 563.

In the schools of Columba the fine arts

too were cultivated with much success. Today the church ornaments, the bells, the chalices and wrought vestments are gone. But the old graveyards are there,—melancholy monuments,—and they show what cunning hands the old Irish artists had. At Durrow and Kells the traveller may yet see ancient Celtic crosses, with incised spirals, and knots and frets, that would honor any modern sculptor, and betray the finest poetic feeling, a delicate mysticism of fancy, in their endless interlacings and labyrinthine designs.

But a day came when Columba had to leave Ireland. While visiting his old teacher, St. Finnian, he discovered a splendid copy of the Scriptures, a fine new edition, which the latter had brought from Rome to serve as the prototype for future transcriptions of the sacred text. Finnian was very proud of his book, the most perfect in Erin, and he guarded it jealously in the little church beside his cell, close by the tossing billows of Moville Bay. But Columba stayed up at night to copy it. He was discovered as soon as he finished the transcription. Finnian claimed the book. The two saints went before the Brehon judges, who, having no precedents for judging such a case, in their perplexity invoked an old Brehon maxim,—to every cow her calf,—and so adjudged the copy to the owner of the book. The Ard-Righ, or over-king of Ireland, may have influenced the decision. He was, moreover, guilty of other offences against Columba, whose hot blood could ill stand unjust treatment. He roused his clan,—something unique in the history of war,—there was a desperate conflict for the ownership of the book.

Columba's people won, but the churchmen of Ireland were very severe on the saint for having caused the slaughter of so many thousands. One of the strictest of these old Irish churchmen, Molaise of Innismurray, to whom Columba went to confession, put a proportionate penance on him. He bade him leave Ireland forever, to never set eyes on it again, and to win as many souls to Christ as he had caused lives to be lost in the battle of Cuil-Dreimhue, now Cooladrummon in Sligo (A.D. 561). It cost Columba no small struggle to quit the oak woods of Derry and the little cells of his fellow monks; but he accepted the sentence of exile, and on Pentecost eve, 563 A.D., he landed on the shore of Iona.

The king of the neighboring territory made him a present of the islet, and soon he had built a little village of oaken huts for himself and his companions. This was the origin of the famous school of Iona, to which for centuries the nobility of all the northern kingdoms were wont to send their children. From this little rocky isle all the monastic schools of northern Ireland and many in England were governed. This was the centre of the Catholic propaganda of the Celts from the end of the sixth century to the arrival of the cruel Danes. The abbots of Iona were the greatest ecclesiastics among the Celts. The monks of Iona were regarded throughout the Christian world much as we today look upon the Trappists or the Carthusians,—as the models of the virtues of humility, abnegation and industry. Iona is the Holy Land of the Celtic race. Every inch of its soil is sacred by contact with generations of saints and scholars. On that rocky patch of soil, amid the boiling tides, only God and the soul, only the things of the intellect, can occupy the attention. The school of Iona was soon famous for the industry and the splendid penmanship of its writers and transcribers. Columba himself was the choicest scribe in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France

and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of the continent as teachers of writing. The books written by them were eagerly sought after, just as in our day men pay great sums of money for some small printed book from the early presses of Venice or Amsterdam.

From Iona Columba and his monks travelled afoot over the wild wastes, the pathless mountains, and the lonely, gloomy lakes of the Scotch country, and brought the faith to the wild pagan clansmen of Scotland, while other Irish monks were restoring it to the southern Scots in Britain, and planting it along the Rhine, in the valleys of the Alps, and on the smiling plains of Lombardy.

Columba preserved and restored the order of the bards or poets in Ireland. He inaugurated regular schools for their training and regular provision for their support. In this way he provided for the transmission of the ancient pagan literature of Ireland, the hoary annals of Celtic wandering from the far Orient, the splendid tales of romance and chivalry, the records of the former culture and refinement of his people,—for up to the eleventh century all the annals of the Irish were written in poetry, and committed to memory by a course of the strictest training. Columba was himself, we have seen, a poet of no mean order. We have some Latin poems currently attributed to him, and a few poems in the Irish tongue, which are said to be marvels of tender grace and exquisite sentiment by those who can understand the Celtic, as it was spoken thirteen centuries ago. The Irish annals record occasionally the death of the excellent scribes, the learned doctors, the professors of Iona. One of them, the abbot Adamnan, is very famous in mediæval literature, for his life of Saint Columba, the founder of Iona,—a book which is justly called "the most complete piece of such biography that all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period, but even through the whole middle ages."

Though not a very large book, it offers the most complete picture of the monastic and missionary life of the ancient Celtic fathers. It is replete with surprising and charming details of the simple yet sublime life of these men, and its culminating point is the narrative of Columba's death, unequalled in the continental literature of the last thousand years, for elegant simplicity of narration, intensity of feeling, definite and picturesque description, and those sudden touches of genius which reveal at once the hand of a Master, and reflect a vivid light upon the schools which could produce such men, when the night of ignorance was brooding over France and Italy.

After the year 800, the ravages of the Danes, the insecurity of the times, national and religious jealousies, conspired to prevent Iona from maintaining its once glorious preëminence. There it stands, on the rim of the western world, the most striking relic of the old Celtic glories. The huts of the villagers are interspersed with the ruins of ancient churches, monasteries, schools, and grave-yards. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, eight of Norway, and one of France, are buried in its holy soil, fit resting place for warlike men amid the ceaseless warfare of those dark and stormy seas.

Here also were buried many lords of the isles, bishops, abbots, and priors, The M'Leod of M'Leod, also chiefs of the MacKinnons, Macleans, Macquarries, and other clans. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I., of Scotland, who began to reign in 1034, A.B., and was murdered by Macbeth in the sixth year of his reign. The first enclosure contains the tombstones of the kings, and next those of the chiefs, and within the cathedral are

many stones of equal interest. St. Oran's Chapel with its fine Norman doorway and triple arch is the most ancient structure in the island, having been built probably about the close of the eleventh century. Opposite the west door of the Cathedral is the noble monument known as "The Iona Cross," or "St. Martin's Cross," the more perfect of the two crosses remaining out of three hundred and sixty said to have been erected on the island. Close to the west entrance, beside the adjacent angle of the cloister, is a small chamber called St. Columba's tomb, and here the saint and his servant Diarmid are claimed by some to be buried, though we are told in the "Lives of the Saints" that his relics were carried to Down and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of St. Bridget and St. Patrick. Iona Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary, and once the cathedral of the diocese of the Isles, was built in the early part of the thirteenth century. Adjoining the cathedral on the north are the ruins of the conventual buildings, of which the portion called the chapter-house is the most ancient and remarkable. The monastery lay behind the cathedral, and north of the monastery are the remains of the bishop's house. Iona has now a population of about two hundred and six.

There have been grander architectural piles than those of Iona, monastic seats of greater wealth and pomp, but very few which have exercised a greater influence on the world at large. There is a sad lament by an Irish bard of the seventeenth century which applies with especial grace to these venerable ruins. It was written on the Abbey of Timoleague by John O'Cullinane, and the translation is from the pen of one of the most gifted of the modern Irish poets, Thomas Furlong:—

"Sadly and slowly on my path of pain
I wandered, idly brooding o'er my woes;
Till, full before me on the far stretched plain,
The ruined abbey's mouldering walls arose;
Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,
The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

"I paused,—I stood beneath the lofty door
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed;
That hallowed entrance, that in days of yore
Still opened wide to shield the wanderer's head,—
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book learned sage,
The knight, the traveling one, and the worn man of age.

. . . . . .

There in soft strains the solemn Mass was sung;
Through the long aisles the brethren bent their way;
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray;
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the raised censer flung rich fragrance far around.

How changed the scene!—how lonely now appears
The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall;
The sculptured shape,—the pride of other years,
Now darkened, shaded, sunk, and broken all:
The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done
Their worst to crown the wreck by impious hands begun.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

(Continued from page 618).

any of the living had been excommunicated his name was omitted; this was called "striking him out of the dyptics." At this part of the Canon, which is called the first memento, the list of the living was read first and that of the saints was read in the prayer afterwards.

The names of the saints retained at present in the Canon are only a few of the principal and most ancient, to which is added the general expression "of all Thy saints by whose prayers and merits we beg Thee to grant that in all things we may be strengthened through the same Christ, our Lord, Amen." Then spreading his hands over the oblation as it was usual to do to the Victim (Levit. IV. 8), and looking forward to what is soon to be upon the altar, the celebrant prays that, receiving the Victim with which, by this rite, he identifies himself and the congregation in whose behalf he makes the offering, the Almighty would accept for an atonement, that he would dispose our days in peace, save us from damnation, and place us among the elect. St. Bede informs us in his history of England, that it was Gregory the Great who added the words to these three last petitions.

THE DEFEAT OF GLORIANNA McGINNIS.

(Continued from page 565.)

its side in courageous attitude stood Glorianna. It was a rapid transformation of course, but then it was only a month to graduation, and if anything was to be done it had to be done quickly, or a golden opportunity was gone forever.

Honora Glorianna, however, was not satisfied with signing herself in this sweet romantic manner. Her dear girl friends, who needless to say were legion, and, much to Andy's disgust, nearly all "high-toned Yanks, "were persuaded to address her in fond familiarity as Glory. This be it said all on foreign ground, never within the democratic companionship of Papa McGinnis. That would be the end of it, if he ever heard it, and Glorianna knew it. With her brothers, who were as democratic as Andy, and her sisters, who were not yet old enough to acquire the airs of a princess, Glorianna was abridged into Nance or Nancy, sometimes much to her discomfiture, though when her father was present she seemed to delight in such truly common names.

So went the struggle for style till the great night of graduation. It was a proud night for Andy. Norie was going to sing a French song—she was the only soloist in her class, a fact that delighted Andy still more. After that she was going to read an essay on "The Nebulous Phenomena." It was a very nebulous subject to Andy. He knew much more about laying bricks and making money, but he bobbed his head very knowingly when Norie made known to him the title of the work she had laboriously compiled from some of the standard encyclopedias. He was gratified to think that a daughter of his knew so much about things that he never heard of, and he pictured to himself the great sensation she would make with a French song and that essay. The

whole town would be at her feet and raving about her! He could hardly be blamed for feeling quite elated as he proudly marched down the aisle of the town hall, with Mrs. Andy by his side. They were somewhat late, but she had caused delay on the plan that the distinguished are never on time, and moreover she was wearing a glorious creation made especially for this night at such an expense that everyone must see it. Of course only a late arrival could accomplish this.

They were seated just as the piano struck up a march to accompany the graduates to the stage, and Andy, with a contented smile on his face, turned around to get a glimpse of the fair procession and especially Norie. But a reprimand from his very correct consort re-directed his face to the front. Ah, there she was leading off the march with the minister's son! She was handsome, the handsomest there, Andy knew, and this was a joy to his heart. The programme began, but he paid little attention to the speakers. The heavy essay which a fair girl was sending forth as a message to the world on the subject, "Time is Money," seemed very puerile to him. What did she know about the Nebulous Phenomena? What did she know about French songs? Wait till Nora stood up with a voice like a thrush's, and that girl with the essay on "Time is Money" would be sorry that she ever graduated.

"She's going to sing now," whispered Mrs. Andy, and Andy craned his neck to see how she looked on the stage.

"The next number on our programme," announced the master of ceremonies, "is a French song by Miss N. Glorianna McGinnis."

Andy's face assumed a look of surprise, then indignation, then anger.

"What did he call her?" he said to Mrs. Andy.

"N. Glorianna. It's that way on the programme."

"It's all your fault, woman. Let me out of this."

"Be quiet. Where are you going? Listen to her. She's singing."

"I don't give a damn," said Andy. "She's disgraced me. Let me out I say."

All eyes were turned upon Andy, for he had taken no pains to moderate the expression of his wrath. Mrs. Andy heard the subdued laughter about her, and her face was flushed with shame. But that did not subdue her husband. He took his hat and started for the door, while Mrs. Andy became deeply interested in the programme upside down to the accompaniment of a French song by the unflinching Glorianna.

Andy went home immediately. He felt disgraced. He felt that he was beaten. He had killed that name once, and here it was cropping up again with new vigor, and with not even a mention of the name which his mother had always borne with never an attempt to smother it with high-falutin titles.

"N. Glorianna," he muttered angrily. "N. G., that's what it is, an' they're all N. G. It's too many airs they're gettin'. They'll be changin' McGinnis next. But this is the end. I'll show them that Andy McGinnis is boss, an' that he'll have no upstarts in his house."

While he waited for the return of the women, his anger increased in proportion, and he flashed indignant glances at them as they entered the house with enough flowers in their arms to stock a good-sized greenhouse. They had trembled all the way home in fear of papa's indignation, but they were hurt most by the fact that his rude behavior before such a crowd would be the talk of the town and bring eternal opprobrium upon them.

"Aren't they lovely?" said the sweet girl graduate, holding out a bunch of

roses by way of an attempt to soften his wrath.

"No, they ain't," said he tartly, "they're glorious, gloriannerous. So you did the dirty work on your old man, did you? An' now the old man'll work it back on you. You pack up as soon as you like. Ye'll move back to the old house. I'm goin' to sell this place."

"Andy!"

"Papa!!"

But the imploring voices smote upon a hardened ear.

"Papa!" he sneered. "Call your old man father. I gave ye all ye wanted, an' now ye repay me by bein' upstarts. Pretty soon ye'll be changin' the name of McGinnis. Ye're ashamed of me now because I'm an ignorant Irishman, but I'll give ye cause to be ashamed of me. Gwan now, no more talk. Ye'll pick up in the mornin'. Gwan now, I say."

The two women retreated but not in joy. There was a heavy weight upon their hearts. Oh, the awfulness of it! What would people say? Go back to the old cottage and leave this fine palace? Ah, death was better a thousand times. Glorianna felt bad, but her mamma felt a thousand times worse. Her dreams of the social whirl were, alas! in vain. Neither slept much that night, and Andy knew it. He was happy in the thought that he was bringing home a lesson to them, and he remained implacable.

Early in the morning he rapped on the door of Miss Glorianna's room. She called it her boudoir.

"Get up with you. The movin' wagon's outside."

"Yes, father." There were tears in her voice, but apparently Andy did not notice such a trifle. She looked out the window to see if the horrible dream were true, and sure enough the moving van was patiently awaiting operations! Oh, misery and degradation!

Why had she been so foolish! She heard her father turning to the stairs. It was all lost. He was getting his revenge.

"Father," she called out in desperation, "come here!"

Andy heard the voice and turned back.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Come in."

The indignant papa, the iron ruler, entered and was immediately assailed with feminine argument. The face of the sweet girl graduate of last night was now tear-stained, and pained in expression. In his heart Andy was sorry for her, but still unrelenting. She threw herself at his feet and grasping his hands poured out a torrent of invocation. She would never do it again, no, never, never! She would do this, she would do that. The promises came so fast that Andy lost count of them. Like an immovable judge he stood.

"Will you promise never to use that name agin?"

"Yes, oh yes." Interspersed with sobs.

"Will you promise to leave off yer high-toned airs?"

"Yes, oh yes." Interspersed with tears.

"Will you promise to do all I tell you about the company you keep, an' so on?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, thin," decided Andy, "if so, I won't be too hard on you. You needn't pack up this time. But (it was an awful but) if ever agin—you know what that manes. I'll go now an' send away the movers, but—gwan now an' tell it all to your high-toned mother. I'll have a word with her bye an' bye, meself."

With the same dignity wherewith he had entered, he now left the room. But when the door closed behind him the dignity dissolved, and a broad smile illuminated the face of the democratic Andy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. 2 vols. New York, Longmans, Green & Co., 1903. $4.00.

The history of the Irish struggle for political emancipation is one which has ever found earnest students in this land of freedom. It has been a struggle which has generated, on the one hand, a band of noble, self-sacrificing patriots, and, on the other, of relentless, bitter foes. It has been a struggle which has dug a deep chasm between two neighboring islands, a chasm which the present ruler of England is striving to bridge. Will he succeed? He will, most assuredly, if he deals out justice to all alike, if the Saxon is not more favored than the Celt, and if some attempt is made to atone for centuries of oppression.

The leaders in this important movement naturally call for notice and we are delighted to see the subject handled by so notable a scholar and so eminent a writer as William Edward Lecky. In two volumes, printed and bound with that skill and finish which is intimately associated with the name of the Longmans, Mr. Lecky traces for us with elaborate details the portraits of the "protagonists" in the greatest moral battle the world has ever known. The work was originally published anonymously in 1861, when the author was in his twenty-third year. What a transformation in the present reissue! In place of the crude utterance of an inexperienced student, just emerging from university life, we have the mature reflections and the calm utterances of a man of broad experience and of expansive views. Flood, Grattan and O'Connell receive the lion's share of consideration at the author's hand, though the lesser worthies are not forgotten. Although we cannot possibly endorse all the writer's views and verdicts, nevertheless the book is one which must find a place on the shelves of every well-equipped library. The vivid description of its penal laws must be startling reading for any lover of liberty, and we can well understand how Montesquien said of this code that it could have been "made only by devils and should be registered only in hell."

Lecky pays a well-merited tribute to Grattan's eloquence, whose magnificent speeches are, unfortunately, too little read in our own days. "The eloquence of Grattan, in his best days, was in some respects perhaps the finest that had been heard in either country since the time of Chatham. . . . No British orator, except Chatham, had an equal power of firing an educated audience with intense enthusiasm, or of animating and inspiring a nation. No British orator, except Burke, had an equal power of sowing his speeches with profound aphorisms and associating transient questions with eternal truths." This is great praise, indeed, but not more than Grattan has deserved. There are several points in this really valuable book, which the author would, we think, have changed, if he knew Catholics more intimately and if he had a more generous appreciation of the many excellent traits in the Irish character. The second volume deals almost exclusively with O'Connell and the wonders wrought by his influence in the political condition of Ireland. Mr. Lecky, we feel, has grasped neither the greatness of the Liberator's character nor the intensity of the opposition he had to encounter.

We may well question the truth of the following and of similar statements: "To make the priests the rulers of the country, and himself the ruler of the priests, was his (O'Connell's) first great object." Vol. II, p. 19.

"Education in Ireland has had to combat the influence of a priesthood who care far more for influence than for education, and who especially seek to separate their own people from Protestants." Vol. II, p. 285.

"Cardinal Cullen represented the most extreme type of an Ultramontane priest." Id.

"O'Connell was in close sympathy and alliance with a brilliant school of continental Catholics who maintained *the paradox* that Catholicism was the natural ally of freedom." Vol. II, p. 232.

Statements of this nature show the bias of the writer. Lecky is extremely severe, when speaking of the vigorous langauge indulged in at times by O'Connell. Does the author of these volumes forget that in O'Connell's day the ordinary Englishman and the Protestant Irishman thought no epithet too vile, no term too coarse, when there was question of either Irish or English Catholics. In those days Catholic forbearance was interpreted as weakness and Catholic piety as idolatry. When O'Connell hurled back at his persecutors their own invectives, they began to prate of moderate language and of judicial calmness. What Ireland owes to O'Connell has been most tersely expressed by our own Wendell Phillips: "As shackle after shackle falls from Irish limbs, O'Connell may say, 'This victory is mine; for I taught you the method and I gave you the arms.'"

On the whole, these two fine volumes are a welcome contribution to a most important epoch of modern history.

"The Life of John William Walshe." Edited with an Introduction by Montgomery Carmichael. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1902. $2.00.

Fine, spiritual natures will enjoy this book intensely. It is the story of one who was attracted to the church by her *Mystic* children, especially by the gentle St. Francis of Assisi. The modern *cult* of St. Francis among non-Catholics is at times rather puzzling, but this life gives a satisfactory solution and shows conclusively why the saint of Assisi exercises so powerful a hold over prayerful, devout characters who are outside the fold. The book is one which will perform good service along missionary lines, if scattered far and wide. It is not a work for the multitude, but for those highly educated people who dwell on the loftiest table-lands of religious thought.

An Apology for the Religious Orders by St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Louis, Herder, 1902. $1.60.

In view of the recent banishment from France of the Religious, this work is most timely. It is a translation from the Latin of two of the minor works of the Saint, the translation being edited by that noble Dominican, Father John Procter, who contributes a scholarly introduction upon the circumstances which led to the writing of these little books by the illustrious St. Thomas. In the first part the author takes up the defence of the religious profession against those who, upon one pretext or another, make it the object of attack; in the second he meets the objections of those who seek to deter men from entering the religious state. The objections are stated fairly and adequately, while the answers are calm, convincing and complete. St. Thomas never indulges in rhetorical displays, and his reasons are always sound and to the point. The book will be a comfort to the members of the various orders, and a masterly answer to the unreasonable prejudice of men like Combes, who regard Religious as out-of-date and an obstacle to a country's spiritual growth. The Religious have wrought priceless service to the cause of the Church in the past, and we have every reason to believe that they will continue to do so in the future, if they are true to the spirit and to the regulations of their Founders.

Via Salutis or Various Methods of the Exercise of the Way of the Cross. By Rev. Joseph Mueller, O.S.B. New York, Christian Press Association, 1903.

Father Mueller has culled from many sources several diverse methods of making the Way of the Cross. Since this is a favorite Catholic devotion, as is evident from the fact that the indulgences attached thereto are beyond adequate description, it is most fitting that the faithful should be made acquainted with the means whereby the Saints have reaped the greatest spiritual benefits from this exercise of piety. Monotony tends to formalism, and this is best avoided by judicious change. There are nine *methods* given in this booklet, each one having a special purpose and appropriate reflections. But why should a Latin title be given to a book which is intended for circulation among English-speaking people?

The Sacred Heart Book. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York, Benziger Bros., 1903. 75 cents.

Who does not cherish a lively devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord? Here is an excellent manual, not only for June, but also for the entire year, full of sweet thoughts, of practical suggestions and abiding consolation. Every member of the League should provide himself with a copy of this edifying book, written by that true apostle of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Sacred Heart, Father Lasance.

"The Gift of Pentecost." By Father Meschler, S. J. Translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. $1.00.

Father Meschler is one of the leading ascetical writers of the day. Great interest, therefore, must be attached to this work upon the mission and gifts of the Holy Ghost. Leo XIII has repeatedly urged upon Catholics the need of cultivating an ardent devotion to the third person of the Blessed Trinity. This is not an easy task. Many a theologian has grown gray in striving to fathom the mysterious operations of the Holy Spirit and many a saint has stormed heaven with prayers to be granted a clear understanding of the inner and outer life of the Trinity. Father Meschler does not intend to give us a learned dogmatic treatise, but rather an ascetic work, abounding in comforting thoughts and in devout reflections. To use his own words: "The Holy Ghost is too well known for us to be silent about Him, and too little known for us to say anything adequate to move the hearts of men to love Him. Our Lord likens Him to the gentle breeze of spring. We can feel His soft, sweet breath; we can see the marvels effected by Him, but no man knows whence He comes or whither He goes. Many books have been written about the gifts and operations of the Holy Ghost, but there are very few which are able to move our hearts to love the Per-

son if He does not come before us in the same way as the Son of God, who meets us on our pilgrimage as the Son of Man. The Spirit dwells in the inscrutable depths of the Godhead, and even His work in our hearts is carried on secretly and silently. In the Godhead, as well as in our souls, He is an abyss of mystery. Who shall scrutinise His Being? So much the more desirable is it to get, as it were, a glimpse of the Face of that Uncreated Love, whence all good things come to us." The result of Father Meschler's labors is a book, worthy of a high place in our ascetic literature, a book which will prove helpful to the learned and a blessing to the spiritually-minded.

A Royal Son and Mother. By the Baroness Pauline Von Hugel. Notre Dame, Ind. Loretta Press. Price 75 cents.

Strikingly romantic was the career of the young Russian nobleman, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, who forfeited a large fortune and a splendid position in the land of the Czar in order to consecrate his days to the career of a missionary priest in the then almost undeveloped wilds of Pennsylvania. It is a life which claims our gratitude and our admiration, for Demetrius Gallitzin laid the foundations, broad and deep, of many now flourishing Catholic settlements in Western Pennsylvania. It is also a life which is well-fitted to arouse the enthusiasm of the young and to fan the flame of missionary zeal in earnest, apostolic characters. The Baroness Von Hugel does not propose to give an exhaustive work upon this vigorous champion of the faith, but only to draw vividly, the broad lines of his character. She writes clearly and entertainingly, and her sketch ought to be spread in our colleges and academies. A noble ideal is a powerful force for good. But why does the Baroness insist upon saying: *from whence?*

Discourses on the Priesthood with Panegyric of St. Patrick. By Rev. W. J. Madden. Edited with additions by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis, Herder, 1903.

So unique and so lofty is the office of the priest that it cannot be adequately treated except in a special and somewhat lengthy manner. Father Madden chose, accordingly, to divide his considerations into four different discourses, in each of which a particular phase of priestly activity is described. The sermons are clear, direct and forcible. Many modern difficulties are laid bare with brevity and with vigor. The editor has wisely added two sermons, one on Vocation to the Priesthood and another on Clerical Celibacy. In view of a question much agitated at the present time, this latter discourse will be found most opportune. The panegyric upon Ireland's immortal patron is instructive and fervid, and as such will be read with pleasure and profit.

The Failure of Ritualism. By B. F. DeCosta. New York, Christian Press Association, 1902.

The steady progress of the High Church party in the Episcopal Church is one of the religious phenomena in modern times. Dr. DeCosta gives us in this brochure a description of the movement, and demonstrates its utter failure. It aimed to satisfy the Catholic yearnings of the world, and in this it has so signally failed that its most ardent supporters have only found abiding rest in the Catholic Church. It was never more than a clumsy imitation, and who can be satisfied with an imitation when the genuine article is close at hand? Dr. DeCosta's treatment is pithy and incisive, so that the paper makes delightful reading.

Wreaths of Song—From a Course of Divinity. By the author of Wreaths of Song from Courses of Philosophy. Dublin, M. H. Gill & Son, 1903.

Theology and Poesy are natural allies. In Theology we journey to the lofty mountain peaks of thought, in poesy to the highest form of expression. Hence the Psalms, while giving us exalted outbursts of human language, contain deep mines of theological wisdom. The author of these "Wreaths of Song" aims to tell in musical verse the wonders of God, and of the divine perfections. No easy task assuredly. Yet the power displayed in this booklet of song is undoubtedly far beyond the ordinary. May the work find appreciative readers, and may precious wreaths of glory accrue to its scholarly and poetic author.

Orations of Henry Austin Adams. Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Second Edition. The Adams-Cannon Co., St. Paul, 1903.

In a sympathetic preface the illustrious American Cardinal describes the leading traits of Mr. Adams' magnetic power upon the lecture-platform: "His graceful, flowing periods frequently rising by the very force of the ideas to the height of genuine eloquence; his rich imagery, which seemed to come naturally to mind, just as the thought demanded the expressing; his exquisite humor—sometimes seasoned with a bit of irony or sarcasm—always happy as it was often surprisingly delightful, have made him one of the most entertaining, and we are happy to say, most successful lecturers of the day." These words

forcibly express the secret of Mr. Adams' undeniable power as a lecturer, and we all regret his withdrawal from a field of work in which he wrought so much good. His friends will undoubtedly give this book a warm welcome, for it contains the best of the author's public utterances. The lecture on Newman is exceptionally brilliant, and, though the written word lacks the burning power of the spoken message, we can, in reading this oration, recall the enthusiasm with which it was delivered, and the merited applause which it everywhere received.

"Oberammergau in 1900." By Sarah Willard Howe. New York, The Abbey Press. Fifty cents, cloth.

Miss Sarah Willard Howe is no stranger to the world of letters. She entered the ranks of the noble army of writers when still a maiden pursuing the strenuous duties of school-life. Her first story, published in the Toledo Blade, was well received by critics and since that time her writings have appeared, in rapid succession, in the leading papers of Cincinnati and of Washington. She was, at one time, the youngest professional newspaper editor in this country and her work was accorded a glowing tribute both at Buffalo and in Paris. Thus far, her labors have been spent chiefly in the writing of stories, of letters and of songs. She now comes before the public in the role of a book-writer. For her theme she has selected the Passion Play as given by the simple-hearted inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau in 1900. Miss Howe describes for us the majestic scenery of Oberammergau, the picturesque costume and life of its inhabitants and the wondrous skill and grace with which the Passion Play is performed. The interest of the book is increased by many pictures both of the leading actors and of the surrounding country. It is, however, to be regretted that the illustrations are vague and, in some instances, blurred. All those who desire to have a clear idea of this wonderful play will find Miss Howe's book helpful and entertaining.

Truth. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. New York, John Lane.

The title of this book sadly belies its contents. The truth is conformity to fact and is closely allied to the good and to the beautiful. The statements of this work are utterly opposed to fact, while its revolting coarseness and open neglect of style take from it any attraction it might have had for the casual reader. The plot centres around a Jewish schoolmaster, falsely charged with the murder of his nephew, who has really been killed by a Professor in a rival monastic school. The charge is pushed by wholesale forgery and villainy and with the persistent restlessness of deep-rooted hatred. The key to the situation is found in the fact that Zola regards religious education and the clergy as the enemies of France. Hence, under a superficial disguise, he has brought upon the literary stage the Dreyfus case with the clergy and the Religious as leaders in the drama of the hour. The story has all the vividness which belongs to writers of the flamboyant class; but the incidents upon which it is built are not only without any foundation in fact, but are so opposed to all that is known of French life and of the French clergy that we must deplore the blind prejudice of the author who closes his eyes to the well-attested truth that the laurels won in the past by the land of St. Louis have been due in large measure to the noble-hearted French clergy and to the Religious. In "Truth" we have nothing but a series of calumnies told in an inartistic fashion, with a setting of coarseness which makes the book positively revolting. It is a matter of sorrow to see a man of undoubted ability devote his energies to the unhealthy task of heaping up literary garbage.

Triumphs of Science. Edited by M. A. L. Lane. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903. 30 cents.

This is one of the volumes belonging to "The Youth's Companion Series of Supplementary Readers." The plan thereof is to place within the reach of youthful readers the treasures of knowledge which have for more than seventy-five years appeared in the pages of "The Youth's Companion." When complete, the series will consist of several groups, each containing a number of volumes devoted to a general topic. The present volume deals with the triumphs won in the domain of science. We have "The Story of the Atlantic Cable," "How War Ships are Built," "The Boston Subway," "Harnessing Niagara," with a number of other papers upon subjects equally interesting and instructive. This plan is deserving of hearty encouragement; any work which aids our students, especially the younger ones, to gain an insight into the marvels of nature and into the mental power displayed in the utilization of nature's forces should receive the support of all earnest men. A few expressions ought, we think, to be changed and made less technical.

"A Lad of the O'Friels." By Seumas MacManus. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co., 1903. $1.50.

After reading "A Lad of the O'Friels," one wishes that more "out-of-the-world lives" had been studied by modern writers, so full of gladness and quiet content and the true joys of life is this simple story of boyhood in Knockagar.

Mr. MacManus has done his best work in this latest book, drawing his characters with dignity and strength, and depicting a sturdy

peasantry, upright in principle and given to the practice of large-hearted hospitality.

The first chapter makes Knockagar a very real place into which the stranger enters, sure of as cordial a welcome as that accorded to little Nuala Gildea, the orphaned niece of "The Widow's Pat." The coming of the little girl is the subject of conversation around Toal-a-Gallagher's "Candle," and wise is the counsel and many the offers of assistance showered on the bewildered bachelor, "on the borders of fifty," whose lonely home is to be brightened by the radiant presence of a child. "It's a momentious undertakin' Patrick," Toal said, "a mo-men-ti-ous undertakin'. Ye aren't used to the rearin' of childre or likely much to be—Ye don't know the grievous responsibility ye're takin' upon yer shoulders." For all his need of serious apprehension Pat could hardly restrain the evidences of the great pride he felt, pride that was fully justified when the mail coach from Donegal brought the expected stranger. No wonder Dinny OFriel ran beside the donkey cart "just lookin' at her and never speakin' to her" and that Ellen Burns came out to meet the travelers, and that John Burns awed by her beauty and town-bred air said with dignity—"Miss, ye are welcome to this 'locality'."

This chapter throbs with heartbeats warm and true, and the picture of Pat's little cabin with the neighbors gathering in is one to linger in the memory for many a day. "When Nuala sat by Pat's—now also her own—kitchen fire, holding her hands to the fir blaze and gazing searchingly at the neighbors who sat around, the latter all acknowledged that she was a little lady. Nuala, I remember, sat on a creepy stool on one side of the fireplace; and Pat, who sat nearly opposite, sometimes watching her, and sometimes watching the faces of those who watched her, was bursting with pride for her. And I watched Pat and was proud for him." No wonder Nuala was moved to say as she rose and stood between her uncle's knees, and laid a little hand on each of his shoulders, "I like Uncle Pat. And I think I like everybody."

Sunday at Knockagar, herding in Glenboran, the harvest fair of Glenties, and the pilgrimage to Lough Derg, present situations that give to the author the fullest opportunity to show his country-people at their best. The love story of the Master and Ellen Burns threads its way delicately through the tale, now and again dropping out of sight only to reappear when its presence aids the author's purpose. Pages could be written on the charm and charming characters of this idyl of Irish life which makes the shimmer of sunny waters to be seen, and the sound of the wavelets on the shore to bring with them heart messages like the music of minor chords. Fitting it is that such a tribute to Irish manhood and womanhood should be dedicated to Ethna Carbery, the gentle Irish lady who wrote so lovingly of her people and of the purple-shadowed hills among which she lies at rest.

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The approach of the commencement season and the consequent need for the distribution of prizes should bring to the attention of Catholic educators the fitness of including healthy, well-written Catholic books among their awards. Is it not, at times, disconcerting, to say the least, to find Catholic authors either entirely absent or only poorly represented among an enormous stack of books for distribution among the leading pupils of a Catholic institution? Let us refer, among other works, noticed of late in these columns, to the following as eminently suited for this purpose.

"The Sheriff of the Beech Fork," by Henry S. Spalding, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros. 1903.

This is a manly story, full of dramatic incident, furnishing glimpses into those interesting phases of life which are so common to Kentuckians. The characters are cleverly drawn, and old Mose is perfectly charming. It is exactly the kind of a book to put into the hands of a boy whom we want to make self-reliant, manly, clean-hearted, and *wisely* pious. There is a vein of sincere piety running through the book, which, in an unobtrusive way, will read many a lesson even to a thoughtless boy.

"Harry Russell—A Rockland College Boy," by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros. 1903.

This is also an excellent story, although it deals more with academic scenes than the preceding, nevertheless it is a story well-conceived and attractively written. We are inclined to think that the maiden-cripple, who "was as beautiful as an angel and whose large blue eyes would be the envy of an empress," would have had too much self-respect to keep on her dilapidated flat push-cart only "a few sad and sodden-looking oranges, and three or four dozen still more forlorn-looking, black-skinned bananas." Rare as angels of this description are in life, they are, as far as experience goes, most careful to keep only attractive and highly-polished apples, oranges and bananas. The story fairly swarms with lively incidents and we are sure that boys will enjoy it immensely, and that they will learn therefrom that higher form of boy-life which values whiteness of soul more than a foot-ball victory and honor in deed more than a season of base-ball conquests.

QUESTION BOX.

How are we to understand the *days of creation* as described in the first chapter of Genesis?

The term *day* as used in the opening pages of Genesis has given rise to many and various interpretations. We may, for brevity's sake, confine our attention to four leading views, which, at one time or another, have won the support of theologians. (1) The *literal* interpretation, which accepts the word day in the restricted use of a period of twenty-four hours. According to this theory, the universe was created and formed in six ordinary days of twenty-four hours each. Fossils are looked upon by the defenders of this system, as the result of volcanic activity or as "freaks of nature." Many theologians oppose the literal interpretation on the ground that it is not in harmony with the data of geology and of paleontology. (2) The *interval* theory, which places an indefinite period between the creation of the universe and the work of the six days. The first result of the creative act was to render the world a suitable abode for organic beings. Plants and animals then came into existence as we find them in the fossil state. At some epoch of this period, there was an overwhelming cataclysm which destroyed the earth and all living creatures. Then came a new order of things, a gradual reconstruction of the universe, the various stages of which occupied six days. This theory fails to gain many defenders, because the cataclysm referred to is nowhere mentioned in Scripture; and the six literal days would be open to the difficulties above mentioned. (3) The *ideal* or *mystical* interpretation, according to which the Mosaic narrative presents the work of creation in a series of *quasi-tableaux* in order to make the understanding thereof more easy to the ordinary mind. The description of the creative work is accordingly divided into six different stages for the purpose both of classification and of easy grasp. But this whole explanation seems far-fetched and it is subversive of the generally accepted theory that the Mosaic record is an historical account of the creation. (4) *The Concordistic or harmonious* interpretation, which supposes the days spoken of to be *indefinite* periods of time. This last view has, in general, the support of modern Catholic scholars and reconciles most naturally the teachings of Scripture and the data of science.

What is the origin of Christian Science? Why do Catholics refuse to lend their support to the Christian Science movement?

Christian Science was founded in 1866 by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, formerly President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. In her book, "Science and Health," the foundress says: "In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing." The first edition of Science and Health was published in 1875. Since then the work has gone through more than one hundred editions.

Catholics do not countenance the teachings of Christian Science, because they are a *jumble* of philosophical absurdities and of theological errors. Thus Mrs. Baker proclaims that matter, pain and sin are not realities. "Matter will be finally proven to be nothing but a mortal illusion, wholly inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence," p. 19. "The first idolatry was faith in matter," p. 39. "Sickness is a growth of error, springing from a seed of thought," p. 82. "The dream of disease is like the dreams we have in sleep," p. 82. "Every sort of sickness is a degree of insanity; that is, sickness is always hallucination," p. 406. "Treat a belief in sickness as you would sin with sudden dismissal," p. 114. "Sin, sickness and death are effects of error," p. 469. "Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal; and man co-exists with and reflects soul," p. 13. "Man is co-existent and eternal with God, forever manifesting, in more glorified forms, the infinite Father and Mother," p. 509. It would be difficult to find a book containing so many errors, absurdities, and blasphemies as are contained within the pages of Science and Health. Is it any wonder, then, that the whole movement meets with the absolute condemnation of all healthy thinkers and of all sound Catholics?

How old was the Infant Saviour when the Wise-men came to worship Him? How many came?

The visit of the wise-men, according to Patrizi, took place after the Purification of our Lady and the Presentation of the Holy Child in the temple. As these ceremonies occurred forty days after the nativity, it is clear that the Infant Saviour was more than a month old, when the foreign visitors reached Bethlehem. Some writers, however, place their adoration before the purification, and others, as Papebroch, at one year and thirteen days after Christmas. They are supposed to have been Chaldee-Persian scholars devoted to astronomy. Whether they came from Arabia, from Persia, or from Chaldea, we do not know. Many interpreters declare that they were kings or lords of small territories. Early writers are silent about their number, but common tradition has it that there were three, Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. The question of their number is regarded by the Bollandists as wholly uncertain.

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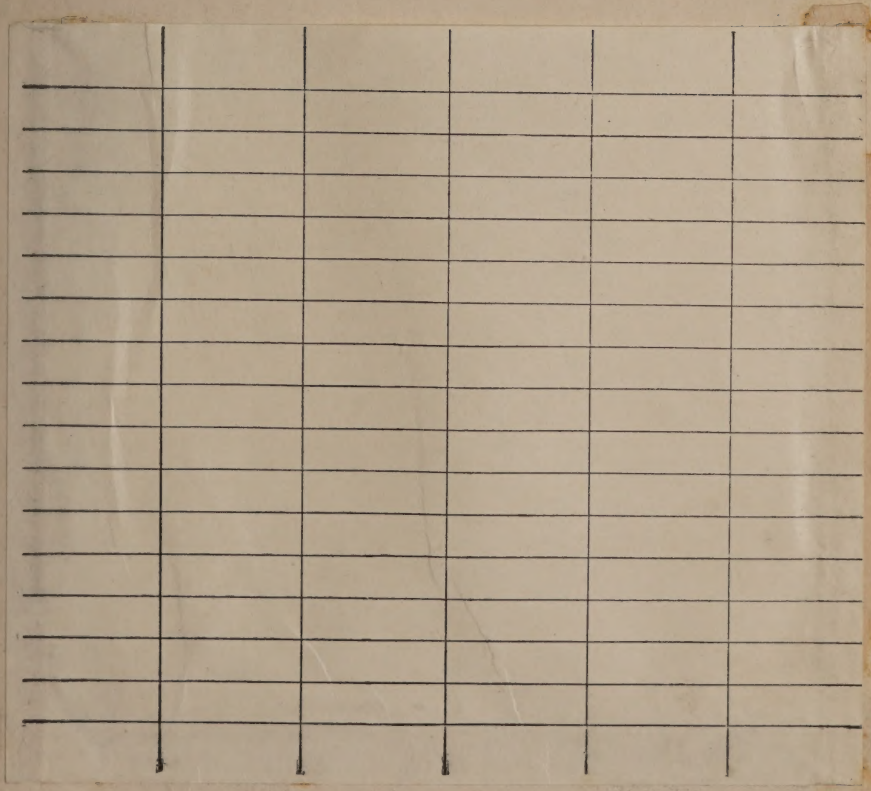

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